Encounter

August 1971 35p

The Practice of Puffers
Henry Fairlie

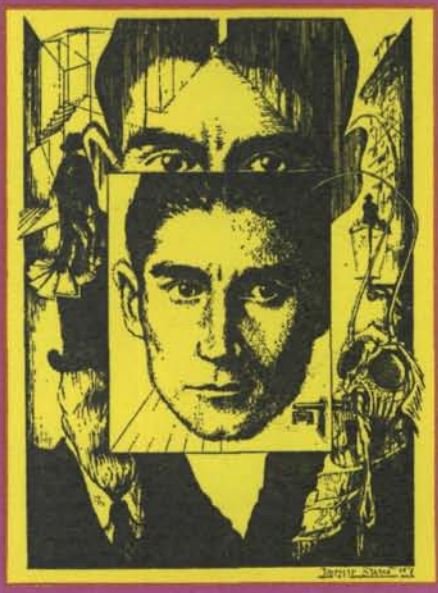
#1 Bestseller
The Greening of America
There is a revolution coming. It will not be like revolutions of the past. It will originate with the individual and with culture, and it will change the political structure only as its final act. It will not require violence to succeed, and it cannot be successfully resisted by violence. This is the revolution of the new generation.
Charles A. Reich

LESSONS OF PRAGUE, 1968
INTERVIEW WITH EDUARD GOLDSTÜCKER

PLAYING LITERARY GAMES
PHILIP HOBSBAUM

THE JEWISH QUESTION TODAY
WALTER LAQUEUR

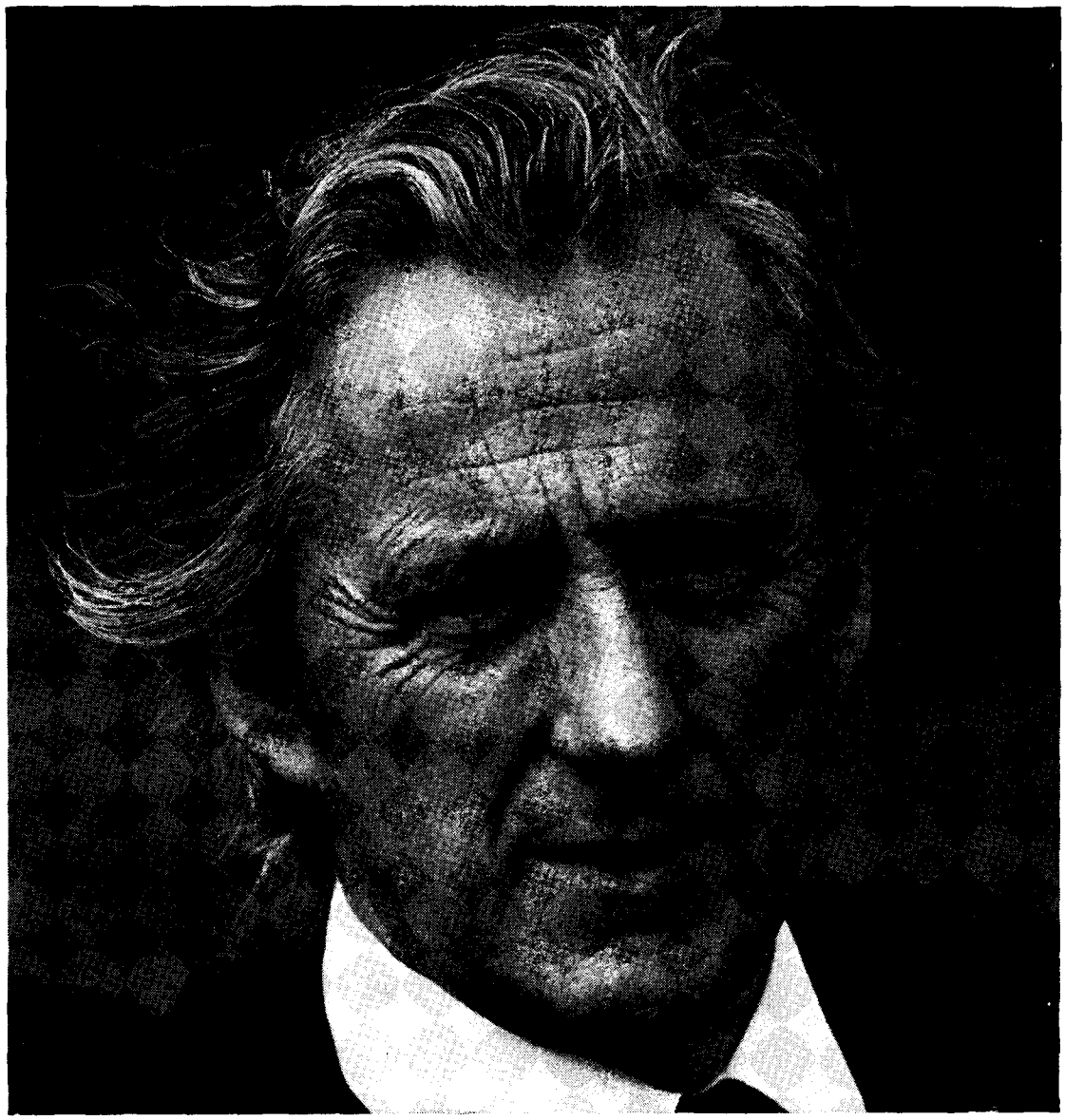
Conversations with Kafka



GOING INTO EUROPE AGAIN?

Harold Evans
Lord Kennet
Charles Wintour
Michael Shanks
Colin Clark
James Morris
Stanley Henig
Peter Hall
Arnold Wesker
Tibor Szamuely
Terence Prittie
John Douglas Pringle
John Vaizey
Anthony Burgess
Kathleen Nott
Anthony Hartley
Ernest Gellner
Maurice Cranston

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Emyr Humphreys National Winner

After five years, the new book from this major British novelist – winner of the Somerset Maugham Award and the Hawthornden Prize.

His new novel tells the story of three brothers whose father was a poet, a chaired bard – a 'National Winner'. It is the first of a trilogy with the subsequent relationships within this family – the mother, the wives, the girl friends – used to reflect the subtlety and complexity of the times we live in.

Macdonald £2.75

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

AUGUST 1971

VOL. XXXVII NO. 2

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* D. J. ENRIGHT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley.* EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: *Bryan Healing.*
GENERAL MANAGER: *Anthony Robinson.* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall.*
ADVISORY BOARD: *Maurice Cranston, Anthony Hartley, John Mander, Goronwy Rees, Edward Shils, John Weightman.*

Published monthly by Encounter Ltd. at 59 St. Martin's Lane London W.C.2.
Per copy: UK 35p: USA & Canada $1.25: India Rs. 4.80. Back numbers 35p ($1.25).
Annual subscription: UK £4: USA & Canada $14 (by air $15.50): India Rs. 54: Elsewhere £4.95.
Full-time students (state place and course of study): UK £3.15: USA and Canada $10: Elsewhere £3.15.
Trade/Subscription Department: Encounter Ltd. 59 St. Martin's Lane London W.C.2 (01-836 4194).
US & Canadian Subscriptions: British Publications Inc. 30 East 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. P.O. Box 6014, Long Island City, N.Y. 11106.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. *© 1971 by Encounter Ltd.*

THE PRACTICE OF PUFFERS — 3 — *Henry Fairlie*
REICH'S "GREENING OF AMERICA"

CONVERSATIONS WITH KAFKA — 14 — *Gustav Janouch*

GOING INTO EUROPE—AGAIN? — 28 — *A Symposium (III)*

THE JEWISH QUESTION — 43 — *Walter Laqueur*
ZIONISM & NEW ANTI-SEMITISM

POETRY

TWO POEMS WITH FRENCH TITLES — 53 — *Peter Porter*
FOUR POEMS — 54 — *Dan Pagis*
NEW VERSE — *D. J. Enright, James Cole, Keith Bosley, Gavin Ewart, Elizabeth Jennings, Daniel Huws, Lawrence Durrell, J. C. Hall, John Welch, Michael Longley, Vernon Scannell, Jean Pedrick, Richard E. Sherwin*

NOTES & TOPICS

A NEW PHILISTINISM? — 58 — *Edward Lucie-Smith*

BOOKS & WRITERS

ENDING THE DEAFNESS IN THE LAND — 61 — *Goronwy Rees*
GUIDING FORCES — 65 — *Derwent May*
DAMAGED INSTRUMENTS — 68 — *Douglas Dunn*

EAST & WEST

THE LESSONS OF PRAGUE — 75 — *Eduard Goldstücker*

AUTHORS & CRITICS

PLAYING GAMES — 83 — *Philip Hobsbaum*

LETTERS — 92

AUTHORS — 96

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sixth impression now selling fast

John Strachey's

THE CHALLENGE OF DEMOCRACY

An Encounter Pamphlet

25p (60 cents) including postage

ENCOUNTER
59 ST MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON WC2

Encounter BINDER

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder enables readers, for half the cost of full binding, to preserve their copies in an attractive and durable format. Each copy of the magazine, as received, can be quickly inserted in the case and secured there. Copies can just as easily be removed.

The binder holds six copies. It is strongly made with stiff covers, bound in maroon and grey cloth, with the title of the magazine blocked in gold on the spine. Full assembly instructions are included with each binder.

The ENCOUNTER Easibinder costs 75p or $2.50, including the cost of packing and posting by surface mail to any address in the world. There is no trade discount.

ORDER BY COUPON OR SIMILAR LETTER

To **ENCOUNTER (Binder), 59 ST MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON WC2**
Please send.....ENCOUNTER Easibinder(s). I enclose cheque/P.O. for.....(75p or $2.50 per binder).
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Henry Fairlie

The Practice of Puffers

The Case of Reich's "Greening of America"

"A GENERATION which has bought eleven editions of a poem by Mr Robert Montgomery may well condescend to listen to a fable of Pilpay" . . . and, settling to the business, Macaulay told the story of a pious Brahmin who was persuaded by three robbers that what his eyes told him was "an ugly dog, lame and blind", was in fact "a fine sheep", bought it for a measure of rice and a pot of ghee "and offered it up to the gods who, being wroth at this unclean sacrifice, smote him with a sore disease in all his joints." So we should be warned, Macaulay scornfully concluded, against "the practices of puffers."

The puffers made *The Greening of America.*[1] The reviews in America were not particularly favourable; if its sales had depended on them, Random House would probably still be left with part of the initial print order. (It seems to have formed a more just estimate of the book than did the puffers: the second print order, as well as the first, was for only five thousand copies.) The book did not need reviews; the puffers did their work.

There was no concerted commercial campaign, no organised "hard sell", which would at least be explicable; and we need not be much concerned with the puff of Professor John Kenneth Galbraith who distributes his praise of books written by his friends and his admirers so lavishly, and with such effrontery, that we must assume that even a gullible public is not bemused by them.[2] We are concerned with those who should know better; whose standards, even if they are not one's own, are at least discernible and do not shift; who carry some ballast.

The standards of *The New Yorker* in the past may not have been one's own, but they have been its own; one has been able to judge it because one knew the standards by which it judged; one has known where it was, and where one was with it. As little as ten years ago—perhaps even less—if one had read in *The New Yorker* the extracts which it published from *The Greening of America,* one would have thought that they were a faultless parody of the Baby-Speak of the young today and of those of middling age who enlist as their spokesmen. But *The New Yorker* was in earnest, not a curl to its lips; it meant the Baby-Speak; it solemnly presented us with Mr Charles Reich where it has been known, with more appropriate solemnity, to present us with Miss Hannah Arendt. (The contrast is valid. When Miss Arendt uses words such as "philosophy" and "consciousness", she has at least puzzled over their meanings, and asks us to do the same, but Mr Reich scatters them from his scatter-brain without meaning; yet we are asked to give him equal weight with her.) If *The New Yorker* goes on like this, it will soon be publishing the glug-glug of Mr Rod McKuen. It has dropped its monocle.

Some six months later, on St. Patrick's Day, I happened to have an appointment with Mr William Shawn, the editor of *The New Yorker.* When I made a passing allusion to the greening of New York during the St. Patrick's Day parade, Mr Shawn said to me: "That all seems so long ago. I don't mean only in time, the months that have passed. The whole mood is

---

[1] Charles A. Reich, *The Greening of America* (Random House, New York, 1970; Allen Lane The Penguin Press, London, 1971), £2.50. A collection of 32 reviews has just been published as a paperback in the U.S., *The Con III Controversy,* (ed. Philip Nobile, Pocket Books, $1.50).

[2] The atmosphere of *après-ski,* which one begins to suspect is his most arduous hour, pervades many of his judgments, as when he introduces his friend, M. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, in a preface to the American edition of *The Radical Alternative,* as "the most literate, the most discussed, the most abused, and quite possibly the most interesting political leader in modern France", which leaves one wondering when he thinks modern France began, and where he places, to take only the most obvious of the most recent of its political leaders, Charles de Gaulle in it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so remote now. It was a last whimper. . . ." (I wished to ask him the last whimper of what, but the elevator came.) The truth is that, if *The New Yorker* had been true to its own fastidious standards, it would have reached the conclusion that the book was as ephemeral as the mood when the typescript was first shown to it. Even at the moment of its publication, *The Greening of America* was a last whimper of what had never been more than a whimper.

WE ARE TALKING, OF COURSE, of a transatlantic phenomenon, and a similar example may be found in the *Listener* of 15 April, a journal whose standards in the past five years have become, to say the least, capricious. On the front page appeared an article, "*The Beatles in their Prime*", by one Mr Tim Souster, which plaintively begins: "The Beatles are no more"—it might be the beginning of a funeral ode to the Duke of Wellington—"What are we left with?" The rest of the article is a shambles—one of Mr John Lennon's lines, "*Mother, you had me but I never had you*", is described as "concentration of thought rather than an avoidance of it"—but it makes one valuable point. Mr Souster is fresh from a re-hearing—he talks throughout of hearing music, and not of listening to it—of the Beatles' albums, and he tells us what he has felt:

> And, of course, our re-hearing of any music is affected by the musical experiences which have accumulated since the previous hearing.

Now watch this point expand:

> In pop music particularly, re-hearing evokes extraordinary strong associations, *often extra-musical ones*, which are the result of pop music's special documentary role. [My italics.]

Now listen to—or at least hear—the admission:

> In some well-worn tracks the 100th re-hearing yields much more association than musical information.

Mr Souster promises us that he will return to "the character and significance of the associations evoked by the music of the Beatles." After picking one's way through the shambles of the rest of the article describing the shambles of the Beatles since they "fell apart in their prime", one comes to the tell-tale summary of "what we are left with":

> . . . their music, through its associations, can now be seen to symbolize a brief but intense era of love and hope, acid dreams, flowers, unity and tolerance. (Indeed, the extra-musical associations which flood back on rehearing the Beatles records now far outweigh in significance and intensity any new musical information we might derive from them.)

So the poppycock continues to the last sentence: "The individual Beatles' new music relates to their former collective efforts in the same way that the present fraught situation compares with the mood of only three years ago. . . . The whole malaise springs from isolation, the absence of social pressure, which Lennon feels on a personal level, but which is central to the Beatles' plight and to that of pop music as a whole today."

Are we not entitled—bound—to feel some impatience with this nostalgia for a mood which, if it existed at all on any serious level, could at the time be seen to be as ephemeral as it has proved to be? *An era,* Mr Souster calls it, a term which used to be reserved for some protracted length of time, during which significant ideas and social movements slowly worked their influence. If there had been any genuine effort at "love and hope . . . unity and tolerance" during that "brief but intense" time, it might indeed have been the beginning of an era. But there was no intellectual or emotional rigour, even though "love and hope . . . unity and tolerance" are all strenuous concepts; there were, as Mr Souster obligingly mentions, only "acid dreams, flowers", things that flicker and flutter and pass. The mood was a hoax, deserving to be mourned even less than it deserved to be celebrated. As the dreams and the flowers fade together, we should merely be glad to notice that there were minds which remained un-blown, and which have been about their work all the time.

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER criticism to be made of the readiness of a journal such as *The New Yorker* to lend itself to the whimper of a whimper. We are in danger—it is again a transatlantic condition—of losing all sense of, all feel for, variety in our public discourse. "The conversation of mankind" is increasingly being conducted at one level, in one tone of voice, about so limited a number of subjects that they are in effect, or are made to seem, one. Viet Nam—the Blacks—the Young: in America, but not only in America, these sometimes seem to be the whole of our range. It does not matter if we add the Environment one year, or Women's Liberation the next, there is no escape from the numbing monotony. The same vocabulary, the same shrillness, the same definitions—the Environment has been raped, the Black has been castrated, the Female is a eunuch—has there ever been such impotent rage? What is more, and perhaps significantly, this vocabulary is accompanied by potent boasts of sexuality.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a part of this process, *The New Yorker* now gives the impression of having an editorial policy, and in "The Talk of The Town", which once had such an individual and so telling a voice, it huffs and it puffs at the atrocious values of the society whose more expensive vanities it richly advertises from week to week; it will blow the house down. It heaves and it peeves as any second-rate propagandist might do. Its voice is no longer its own, it might be that of a speech-writer, and it is this that is becoming a general condition, as we allow every concern in our society—every longing, every need, every activity—to be politicised, the sacred and the profane, the private and the public.

One aspect of this politicising has been most accurately observed by Miss Renata Adler, an observer and critic of acute intelligence and discriminating sensibility, who a few years ago was writing her reporting and criticism of contemporary society for *The New Yorker*. (She still writes for it, but has wandered into fields where her eye and her ear seem less sure.) In the introduction to a collection of her earlier pieces[3] she claimed to have detected "an authentic radicalism in this country now, but it does not abuse the metaphor of revolution. It is not the radicalism of rhetoric, theatre, mannerism, psychodrama, air. And it is not paralysed by viewing every human problem at a single level of atrocity. . . ." I cannot detect this authentic radicalism—either in America or in Britain—and I wonder if she is now as hopeful; but her description of the unauthentic radicalism could hardly be more pointed, and her final thrust could not go more deep. "Viewing every human problem on a single level of atrocity" is not an increase, but a debilitation, of moral sensibility.

The most striking example is the way in which the term "genocide" is today misused, and we tend to acquiesce in its misuse if only out of weariness at having so insistently to correct and admonish *and remind*. Genocide is a fact of our time of terrible meaning—indeed, meanings—for us all; and we may even forgive the almost obsessive nature of Mr George Steiner's concern with the fact, and the almost hectoring manner in which he exhorts us to confront it, because he will not allow us to run away from the unwelcome truth that it occurred in our time in our culture. The reason why many people resist his expressions of his anguish lies partly in his refusal to acknowledge that the poor culture which failed to prevent the concentration camps did not fail to obliterate them, at least in Western Europe, within little more than a decade. One sometimes wants to remind Mr Steiner that our culture is not only Germany, and that Germany was not and is not only the Third Reich. Nevertheless, he is at least talking of genuine atrocity.

Yet, even as I write these words, some youths are selling one of their overground underground newspapers, *Quicksilver Times*, on the streets of Washington, using the term "concentration camps" to refer to the detention of a few thousand demonstrators, rapidly dwindling to a few hundred, then as rapidly to a few score, for periods measurable in hours, in conditions of little worse than discomfort, suffering no personal injury, their confinement openly carried out and as openly avowed by the authorities, filmed by television and reported by the press, a redress of their (imagined as well as real) grievances immediately sought and in most cases effectively gained through the working of the very institutions which they despise. Have these youths never seen a picture or read an account of Buchenwald? At the very least, in those who advertise their moral sense as so exquisite, one would think that simple taste would prevent them from making their banal equation. The detention, without normal arrest procedures, of the May Day demonstrators in Washington may have been unjustified, but to talk of it at the level of atrocity is evidence of an atrophied, not a developed, moral impulse.

It is in this mood that *The New Yorker*, reflecting the time, now goads us to feel outrage at every complicated and human situation. We do not need its goading now, we need its monocle; we need an observer who is detached, a voice which is capable of wryness; we need to hear the accents of disdain, even of remoteness. We need, as I have said, variety in our discourse. Miss Adler dedicated the collection of her pieces to Mr Shawn who published them; and it is as bewildering as it is significant that the journal which was printing her criticism and reporting between 1965 and 1967—not least her observations of the New Left and its "rhetoric, theatre, mannerism, psychodrama, air"—should, in so short a time, be carrying instalments from a book which is gaseous with them.

At any rate, by St. Patrick's Day of this year, *The New Yorker* had accurately placed *The Greening of America*, but this did not stop Mr William Rees-Mogg's *Times* across the Atlantic, a mere month later, at exactly the moment when the *Listener* was mourning the fact that the whimper of a mood had ended

[3] Renata Adler, *Toward a Radical Middle* (New York, Random House, 1969).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a whimper, from pumping the stuff out, sentence after sentence of it which W. F. Casey, when he was its editor, would have told us to send to the *Children's Newspaper*. Someone, in the days when I was on *The Times*, would have asked what the proposed extracts meant: would, so to speak, have looked at the fine print. Above all, Casey would have asked what the title meant—he had a rare gift for judging the quality of an article from the headline which the sub-editors had managed to extract from it, and once memorably questioned a piece which was called "The Awakening Buganda"—and, when his attention was drawn to the use of the phrase in the very last line of the book, "a veritable greening of America", he would have said: "That does not tell us anything either", and would have left for the Garrick with a sigh: "Suffer not the little children. . . ."

THE KITCHEN DEPARTMENTS of American stores have recently begun to display an item called a Slush Mug: a name, with all its overtones, which fits *The Times* today rather well.[4] Am I being too harsh? Then consider the headlines which the sub-editors contrived in order to display the instalments of *The Greening of America:* THE MEN WITH GREY-FLANNEL MINDS . . . A GENERATION BETRAYED . . . PLASTIC LIVES IN PLASTIC HOMES . . . THE FLOWERING OF AMERICA. Slush Mug, all of it. But the sub-editors can hardly be blamed; the headlines exactly reflected the quality of the book, the originality and depth and bite which mark every page, its searching avoidance of cliché, just as the illustration which *The Times* used for the final instalment—flowers sprouting inanely from the roofs of skyscrapers—exactly reflected its perception and keenness and point, its vigorous avoidance of banality. Slush Mug—no more and no less. . . .

During my days on *The Times*, some of us would stroll now and then, during lunch-time, to the Thames Embankment, a few feet above Blackfriars Bridge, and look down at the mouth of an immense sewer. At precisely the same moment each day, it began to disgorge a stream—then a river—then a torrent—of French letters (it was in the days before the Pill) until the Thames was a—veritable—Sargasso Sea of them. We used to muse, as we leaned over the Embankment wall, on the evidence of such human determination in the pursuit of so ephemeral a pleasure, and were sometimes moved to a spirited eloquence, as we recited the names of the streets of Westminster from which they had flowed, much as Disraeli recited the names of the shires of England from which came the opponents of the repeal of the Corn Laws. It was an affecting spectacle; but, has there been some unhappy accident in the rebuilding of Printing House Square? Once a paper of record, it is now an effluvium of insubstantial vapours. The evidence of its passing infatuations tosses, each morning without fail, on the stream of its numbed consciousness: down to the sea on trips.

WE MUST TURN to the book, which we might not be doing if *The New Yorker* and *The Times* had not visited it upon us, and if other serious journals had not given themselves to the celebration of the insignificant during this "era of love and hope." What one asks of *The Greening of America* is that it should live up to—should explain and justify—its opening incantation:

> *There is a revolution coming. . . . It promises a higher reason, a more human community, and a new and liberated individual. Its ultimate creation will be a new and enriching relationship of man to himself, to other men, to society, to nature, to the land.*

Why this separation of "the land" from "nature"? Does Mr Reich intend this emphasis?

The explanation and the justification are necessary because these are exactly the "ultimate creations" which all modern—and some older—revolutions have promised, yet Mr Reich says in the same paragraph: "It will not be like revolutions of the past." (How would that now sound in Robespierre's temple of reason?) He must show us why not; moreover, since we know where earlier promises of these "ultimate creations" have taken us, we must ask him to answer with some rigour. It is all very well to be a sort of Yale-fellow-well-met in coffee-bars with his students, but he has invited a sterner audience.

Here are some jottings on the first seventeen pages of the book, in which he lays out his argument:

p. 3: *"America is dealing death, not only to people in other lands, but to its own people. So say the most thoughtful and passionate of our youth, from California to Connecticut"*, an alliteration which I could cap with my own

[4] According to my dictionary, slush was "Formerly, money raised by the sale of garbage from a warship", a vivid description of the paper's current method of seeking circulation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experience in Colorado. There is no evidence —and Mr Reich offers none—that the second of his statements is true. I have spent a considerable time with American students, and was resident on an American campus during the disturbances which followed the incursion into Cambodia and the shootings at Kent State University. The "most thoughtful" were as divided among themselves as the rest of the students and, precisely because they were thoughtful, were more divided *in* themselves. Even when they were passionate, their intelligence would not permit sweeping statements.

The young today are, in fact, better than their advertised spokesmen allow; and, when passion and thought are joined in them, it is in the creative spirit of Aneurin Bevan's injunction to democratic socialists, "to achieve passion in the pursuit of qualified objectives." How difficult the injunction is—and how worthwhile is the attempt! Of course, Mr Reich would place both Bevan and the democratic socialists in his scorned "Consciousness II"; and, no doubt, the National Health Service with them. But is this not the point? No other single measure would add more to the sum of individual happiness in America today than a National Health Service; all except the very affluent are panic-stricken at the thought of doctors' bills; and their panic makes them ill, so that they require a health service even more. But it seems that Mr Reich idles with the children of parents who can afford doctors' bills.

p. 4: *"This is the revolution of the new generation. Their protest and rebellion, their culture, clothes, music, drugs, ways of thought, and liberated life-style are not a passing fad or form of dissent and refusal, nor are they in any sense irrational. The whole emerging pattern, from ideals to campus demonstrations to beads and bell bottoms to the Woodstock Festival, makes sense and is part of a consistent philosophy".* But, as Mr Shawn had grasped by St. Patrick's Day—the Woodstock Festival, and what it was supposed to represent, is over, man it's *over.* Even Mr Souster is aware of that. At the time, Woodstock seemed to me a seedy affair; but, anyhow, no one denies that the attempts to copy it quickly became seedy, and much worse. Part of the trouble lies in the seductive phrase, "life-style." Why is it needed, unless one can no longer talk of life, much as Americans have found it necessary to talk of a "teaching-experience" because they no longer practise teaching, and have almost forgotten what it is?

p. 5: *"Technology demands of man a new mind—a higher, transcendent reason. . . ."* It does? I know that there is an already vast and still proliferating literature which claims that this is so, and I have read as much of it as I can stomach. But, from time to time, I ask the thoughtful and passionate people whom I know when technology last asked of them a higher, transcendent reason, and I find that they suddenly look at their watches, and say that they must be on their way.

Are we not persuaded that technology has become the daemonic force, out of our control, which "pop" professors represent it to be, because it is recognisable and therefore easy to talk about? We feel at ease when we are told that it is television and automobiles which are devouring us, and we can all talk about our enslavement to them as we ride home in the one to sit in front of the other. What a familiar homebody of an ogre technology is. I cannot help thinking, however, that we have been formed, as children of the twentieth century, much less by advances in technology than by those in pure science, irrespective of the uses to which it can be applied: by advances in physics in the first half of the century, and now by those in molecular biology.

Indeed, even a lay mind may suggest that one of the most striking intellectual facts of our time is that the advances in molecular biology have only been made in rapid and all but fantastic strides since the physicists crossed from their own field into that of the biologists and the chemists, bearing their imperial devices with them. But who of us can talk about physics or molecular biology?

So we exalt technology in "the conversation of mankind"—"pop" sociology has the same appeal—for the reason that Macaulay looked forward to the success of his *History of England:* that it would replace the latest novel on the bedside table of every young woman of fashion. Anyone can understand that technology has altered our conceptions of time and space—although Professor Marshall McLuhan is taking a lot of time and space to catch up with the fact—but that physics has altered them much more profoundly, try tossing that around *après-ski.* So Professor Galbraith peddles his "pop" idea of an autonomous technological corporate state, and Reich "pops" up the "pop", and we all cosily murmur, "Technology demands of man. . . ." Any time now—although I may be mocked for the prediction —we will be found celebrating a tin of Campbell's Soup as the art of our technological age, "loud and powerful and sharp and slogan-clear", as the art critic of the *Washington Post*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said of Mr Andy Warhol's work the other day.[5]

p. 5: *"At the heart of everything is what we shall call a change of consciousness. This means a 'new head'—a new way of living—a new man."* I wish that Mr Reich would leave us with one or the other in so short a space, for the phrases do not, and should not even if they could be made to, mean the same thing. Yet this is the first introduction to the idea of "consciousness" which dominates the book, and we are given no enlightenment later. He tries . . . but we should stick to the order in which he lays out his argument.

p. 8: *"Today both dissent and efforts at change are dealt with by repression."* This is blatantly untrue of America, the country which he is discussing. Let us admit that some of the forms of dissent—say, shooting a judge—may be met with some form of force; let us admit that some of the exercise of force may deserve to be stigmatised as attempts at repression, Mr Reich's sentence is still a lie. It is impossible to think of any other country at any time which has allowed dissent—even open subversion—so much tolerance, and met it with so much lenience, as the United States in the past decade.

As I write, Mr Bobby Seale has just been released on the ground that the publicity given to his first (mis)trial for murder might prejudice his chance of a second fair trial. (Yet a year ago, the President of Yale, Dr Kingman Brewster, who must have made as many careless and foolish statements during the past year as his faculty and his students put together, said that a Black Panther could not hope to receive a fair trial in Connecticut.) At the same time, Mr Abbie Hoffman scampers round the country while he is on bond, virtually unmolested as he continues to preach his own form of dissent if not to practise much *effort* at change. But where is one to start? In the Mississippi Summer of 1961, when the students first got the bit between their teeth, and made a courageous, if often misguided, "effort at change" in the South; where then was the Federal government? Repressing them? Mr Reich knows the answer as well as I do. Federal agents spent sleepless days and nights, often risking their own lives, trying to protect the inexperienced—often terrified—students, who were courting danger with too little preparation.

This is the kind of slur which cannot be allowed to pass. Perhaps the bravest man in America in recent years—perhaps the bravest in the West—perhaps one of the bravest in the world—has been Mr John Doar: during the real battle in the South, between 1961 and 1966, he was down there, week after week, as Assistant Attorney-General. When he ate and where he slept, no one really knows; how he remained alive is a marvel; one can travel through the South today, and still be told by blacks how they had to smuggle him out of their back doors while the rednecks were forcing their way in at the front, looking not for them but for him. Lean to begin with, he was haggard at the end. He was the "Consciousness II", which Mr Reich ridicules. He did not—does one really need to say it?—go to the South with beads and bell-bottoms and drugs. On a hallucinogenic drug, he would have been worse than useless; he would have cost lives, not saved them; then what a martyr he would have been at Yale.

p. 9: *". . . the warmth of the circle of affection which might sustain man against a hostile universe."* This is a crucial remark. Mr Reich—modish as ever—tells us again and again that we have lost all sense of our oneness with "nature." His idea of "nature" is as elusive as his idea of "consciousness", but let us notice, and let us not forget, that he posits "a hostile universe" against which man must be sustained. If the universe—which I take to be nature in one of its more obvious forms—is hostile, then Mr Reich and those who today argue like him must be considerably more strict than they are inclined to be in talking of man's alienation from it, as if it were something of his doing, particularly of modern man's doing.

p. 9: *". . . white 'soul' and blues are just beginning."* I do not know how many black students sit around admiring Mr Reich, but my own experience is that the one thing which the "thoughtful and passionate" black cannot abide is the pretence of the affluent, white, middle-class, student that he is a "white nigger." "White 'soul' and blues"—it really is an extravagant impertinence. As far as I remember, it was Mr Stokely Carmichael who first poured public scorn on the fad of white "soul" food. There is something inexcusably despicable about the rich making a dish of chitterlings when they know that they can go back to steak.

p. 10: *"We seem to be living in a society that no one created and that no one wants."* This is simply another lie. The Poles in Cicero, who screamed at Martin Luther King in the streets

[5] And as the art critic of *New York* magazine recently remarked (30 May), Warhol is "not only our greatest realist, but our greatest moralist as well."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in 1967, want it; and Martin Luther King was in Cicero because he wanted his people to have it; the Jews want it—do they want it!—as they look at Russia and Eastern Europe where there is barely a recognisable Jewish community left; the Dutch in Pennsylvania want it; the Chicanos want it; the Indians want it; the Puerto Ricans want it; the blacks want it. There would be no problem in America, no problem at all, if so many people did not want its society. "Let us in", is the urgent cry; and America, with its tradition of indiscriminate immigration, finds it hard to discriminate. Think only of these figures: 46,000,000 immigrants in the past hundred years; 26,000,000 in this century alone; 11,000,000 since immigration was first restricted in 1921; more than 6,000,000 after Hitler came to power. This is a "society which no one wants"? White Anglo-Saxon Protestant arrogance could hardly be more silly or more savage.

p. 10: *"We know what causes crime and social disorder, and what can be done to eliminate those causes."* The truth is that we do not. There are many splendid theories—all suggesting that one has only to change society in order to eliminate the criminal—but so far they have not worked. But the more important point to notice is that Mr Reich is admitting what his book is supposed to deny: that past reasoning has found the answer, the very researches and analyses of Consciousness II which he so facilely dismisses as now irrelevant.

p. 11: *"In 1968, a majority of the people certainly wanted peace, but they could not turn their wills into action by society."* I do not know where Mr Reich finds the evidence for the first part of this statement, and he of course provides none. But let us take his statement for what it says. A majority of any people at any time are certain to want peace. On the whole, they do not like either the cost or the inconvenience of war. That does not mean, however, that they want peace at any price, and there is no shred of evidence to suggest that a majority of them wanted it at any price in 1968. Those who deserted the Democratic Party at the polls did not support the peace candidates who were standing, but Mr Richard Nixon and even Mr George Wallace.

p. 12: *". . . and no one who only watches television and reads a typical newspaper could possibly know enough to be an intelligent voter."* This is—it has always been and it will remain—the most disreputable of anti-democratic attitudes. I am no easy friend of democracy, but at least it is obvious to me that one does not have to read or to write to be wise and that many who can do both fluently are very stupid. Even more obviously, they are capable of knowing where their own interests lie; as John Strachey said after the defeat of the Labour Party in 1951, whatever the people may not know, they know when the shoe pinches. I do not know what Mr Reich means by "a typical newspaper", but his book does not suggest that he combs the *New York Times* each day for the less accessible information which it carries, let alone that he pores over *Le Monde*, even its weekly English-language edition. But, even if he did, I would not be inclined to look to him for an example of "an intelligent voter."

p. 12: *"Moreover, the media systematically deny any fundamentally different or dissenting point of view a chance to be heard at all—it is simply kept off the air and out of the newspapers."* This is so obviously untrue that one need really do no more than call attention to yet another of Mr Reich's fantasies. There is no "fundamentally different or dissenting point of view" which is today not given prominence in the newspapers and on television, so much so that Vice-President Spiro Agnew's complaints of imbalance almost carry weight. It is for this very reason that Professor Herbert Marcuse and his disciples have had to invent the concept of "repressive tolerance" to explain society's admittedly suffocating embrace of dissenting opinions. The nature of the embrace is interesting and deserves examination; it may be that it is a kiss of death; but the starting point must be an acknowledgment that dissent today is freely expressed.

In this laying out of his argument, Mr Reich is now ready to present us with his definition of "consciousness." It is so important that two relatively lengthy quotations from these early pages must be given:

p. 14: *"To describe what we are talking about, we propose to use the term 'consciousness'. It is a term that has several meanings, including an important one in Marx, a medical one, a psycho-analytical one, a literary or artistic one, and one given to us by the users of hallucinogenic drugs. Our use of the term 'consciousness' will not be exactly like any of these, but it gains meaning from all of them, and is consistent with all of them.*

"Consciousness, as we are using the term, is not a set of opinions, information, or values, but a total configuration in any given individual, which makes up his whole perception of reality, his whole world view. . . ."

p. 16: *"Included within the idea of consciousness is a person's background, education, insight, values, emotions, and philosophy, but*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

consciousness is more than these or even the sum of them. It is the whole man; his 'head'; his way of life. It is that by which he creates his own life and thus creates the society in which he lives.

"As a mass phenomenon, consciousness is formed by the underlying economic and social conditions. There was a consciousness that went with peasant life in the Middle Ages, and a consciousness that went with small town, pre-industrial life in America. Culture and government interact with consciousness; they are its products but they also help to form it. While consciousness is the creator of any social system, it can lag behind the system. . . ."

What catholicity! What convenient eclecticism! How toothless it all is! Nothing to chew on and nothing to chew with! Why not spatchcock Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel into the list of sources at the beginning? He had a word or two to say about consciousness. What about the Romantics, do they not deserve even a passing mention? Why not throw in existentialism and phenomenology to boot? And what is all this about the peasant in the Middle Ages—an undefined and unrecognisable character to whom Mr Reich reaches now and then to give his thesis some historical trapping—does he have any knowledge of how he lived and worked and prayed? Does he know how impotent the peasant's consciousness was before the impact of natural disaster or economic change or social degradation? How equipped was his consciousness to cope with the advent and the triumph of the windmill, the subject of one of Marc Bloch's essays? But I suspect Mr Reich talks of the medieval peasant without having read a page of *Feudal Society*.

THE LITTLE LEARNING—the trifling with knowledge—is one thing. But the general manner of the passages which I have quoted is as deceitful, and one knows what purposes it is intended to serve. Mr Reich constructs circles in which his argument may move without challenge. If one begins to question his assertion that "consciousness" creates society, Mr Reich is ready, in the very next sentence, to admit that "underlying economic and social conditions" create "consciousness." "Culture and government . . . are its products, but they also help to form it . . . the creator of any social system, it can lag behind the system." Yet this befuddled "consciousness" is the higher, transcendent "reason" to which we must aspire and (p. 16, still) "This transcendent reason has made its first appearance among the youth of America". This is the stuff which *The New Yorker* and *The Times* published for real! It could not have happened —and one must say this again and again— on either journal ten years ago.

THE ENTIRE BOOK can be subjected to this kind of examination without yielding any enlightenment. Thus we are told (p. 22) that Consciousness I allowed "self to be cut off . . . from nature (defined as an enemy) . . ." Yet, as we have seen, Mr Reich has himself defined it as an enemy, "a hostile universe", against which man must be sustained by his own "circle of affection." We really must stop tolerating this muddled and meaningless way of discussing serious issues. In the course of an adverse review of *The Greening of America*, Mr Peregrine Worsthorne still felt it necessary to say that, although Mr Reich did not provide any answers, he at least asked some of the right questions. It is this (in Mr Worsthorne's case, uncharacteristic) weakening of our own convictions before the ill-educated definitions of poseurs such as Mr Reich which is unforgivable. It is very difficult to ask the right questions, and they cannot be asked from ignorance. We cannot ask the right questions about our industrial society on the basis of the wholly idealised picture of pre-industrial society on pp. 27-28 of Mr Reich's book.

This should be especially important to such as Mr Worsthorne, because there is much in the attitudes of the young and of Mr Reich as their spokesman which seems to contain an echo of conservative attitudes. Mr Reich is constantly lamenting that our society has "no culture, tradition, social order", and accusing the Americans of preventing "anything traditional from being carried along." Twenty-five years ago in Britain and twenty years ago in the United States, "the new conservativism" was based openly on a rejection of the exaggerated rationalism of the past two centuries, a belief that the Enlightenment had ignored a large part of human nature, a contempt for commercialism and industrialism and a horror at their destruction of community, a recognition that men were hungering for tradition and ritual and familiar ways. This new conservatism was largely journalistic, but behind it lay a philosophical revolt against the Enlightenment which had begun with the Romantics almost before the Enlightenment had triumphed. A conservative is therefore likely to listen to the young and their spokesmen today with some bemuse-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment: he can find the vocabulary but not its sense.

For what they are trying to make of conservatism is a revolution; and that spells reaction. It is reactionary to imagine a golden pre-industrial age, and anyone who is inclined to imagine that there was such an age—anyone who wishes to green America or England again—had better read Macaulay's devastating riposte to Southey. He seizes on Southey's picture of pre-industrial rural England:

> the old cottages . . . such as the poet and the painter equally delight in beholding. . . . The ornamented chimneys, round or square . . . the edge of clipped box beneath the windows, the rose-bushes beside the door, the little patch of flower-ground, with its tall holly-hocks in front; the garden beside, the bee-hives, and the orchard with its bank of daffodils and snow-drops . . . indicate in the owners some portion of ease and leisure, some regard to neatness and comfort, some sense of natural, and innocent, and healthful enjoyment. The new cottages of the manufacturers are on the manufacturing pattern—naked, and in a row.

"Here is wisdom", Macaulay burst forth.

> Here are the principles on which nations are to be governed. Rose-bushes and poor-rates, rather than steam-engines and independence. Mortality and cottages. . . . We are told that our age has invented atrocities beyond the imagination of our fathers; that society has been brought into a state compared with which extermination would be a blessing, and all because the dwellings of cotton-spinners are naked and rectangular. . . . Does Mr Southey think that the body of the English peasantry live, or ever lived, in substantial or ornamented cottages, with box-hedges, flower-gardens, bee-hives, and orchards? If not, what is his parallel worth?

There is much in Macaulay's complacence which is objectionable; but, if a dislike of industrialism and, now, of technology is not to descend into reaction, or to evaporate into mere idle visions and romantic nostalgia, we need his voice; it is a voice which one would naturally hope to find in our more serious journals, but are disappointed.

Now is the time for all good conservatives and true to come to the aid of the liberals. In the opening chapters of his little book on conservatism, Quintin Hogg (acknowledging his debt to J. C. Hearnshaw) said that it was the task of the conservative to extract and preserve the truth which lay in each succeeding heresy. It is never the task of the conservative merely to reject or indiscriminately to react *against;* and his task today, when so many of the liberals of yesteryear are in flight before treacherous and naïve doctrines, is to defend the truths deposited by the very liberalism which for so long has been his enemy. When so many liberals panic before Dr Herbert Marcuse's sly talk of "repressive tolerance", the conservative must defend the forms of toleration which were won against his opposition. Precisely because, in his opposition, he understood the inadequacies of mere tolerance, he must now, in his defence, display his equal understanding of its precarious benefits. I take liberalism, here, in its widest sense. When Mr Reich, again using the "pop" language which he "pops" up, scorns "linear thought"—a convenient excuse, by the way, for writing nonsense—the conservative may recognise a part of the ancestry of such an attitude in his own long questioning of an excessive rationalism; but, when the attack on "linear thought" degenerates into a rejection of all rational and scientific inquiry, he must defend them. The conservative who once persecuted Galileo must be ready in time to become his defender, and let us be in no doubt that it is Galileo who today is under attack from the "New Left."

MR REICH AND THE YOUNG he is supposed to represent do not ask the right questions, because their ignorance is baleful. Here is Mr Reich, for example, describing the attitudes of the Founding Fathers:

> The framers of the Constitution were men who deeply feared power, believed that any and all power corrupts, and rejected the idea of any form of power over individual lives. They laid their strictures against all the types of power they knew about or had experienced. . . . All power was limited to that specifically granted. Thus the framers showed their conviction that power of any sort was the chief evil that could beset any people.

The man who can write those sentences knows nothing of what he writes. He cannot have read *The Federalist,* through which there runs a sustained argument for executive *and* federal *and* Presidential energy, *i.e.,* power. He cannot have understood why the Founding Fathers reached so often to the great Roman authors for their precedents. He cannot have followed George Washington's increasing despair at the lack of discipline of the individual states and the feebleness of their support for the Confederate Army, and the undying conviction born of that experience that the United States could win and maintain its independence only by a massive exertion of federal power. He cannot

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have any knowledge of the work of John Marshall, drawing on the same experience, as he led the Supreme Court in its earliest days from confident assertion to confident assertion of the supremacy of the federal law. Yet it is a "professor of law" at Yale who is writing, and this is his picture of the American Constitution.

THE APPALLING PROSPECT is that his pupils will be as—they can hardly be more—ignorant. I have talked to two of them who gave up his course after one semester. How does Mr Reich teach law? As I understand it, from the description which these former pupils gave me, he explains that laws are enforced in an environment of custom and habit, and that, if one changes that environment, the impact of the laws will change. Well and good; it is hardly an original observation, and it does not by itself get one very far; it requires elaboration. How does Mr Reich provide this elaboration? He sends his pupils away to change some part of the environment of the Yale Law School, "and the next day"—I am quoting the former pupils—"one finds that the chairs and the tables in the Law Library have been changed around." This is the kindergarten. It is certainly not how George Washington went about the business of revolution. Yet none of this charlatanism—for it is nothing else—seems to worry Dr Kingman Brewster. His mind is with the Black Panthers, not with the pupils to whom I talked, representative of many, who said that they did not pay their fees to move furniture around.

For do not all these cases in the end connect? If Dr Brewster had known something of the Constitution and the legal history of his country, he would never have made his statement that a Black Panther could not obtain justice in a court in Connecticut. (In so far as they have not received justice, it is because their case is not being tried again; they have received something else, an almost excessive fair play.) Ignorance is breeding ignorance from university president to university faculty to university student, and it seems that one can no more expect Yale University than *The New Yorker* to try and stop the rot.

As far as I know, no newspaper or journal or television network in the United States tried to find out how Mr Reich teaches the profession which he has chosen and in which he is protected. None seems to have asked why he has so much time to spend in coffee bars with his students, or why he thinks that a book can be written in coffee bars. Mr Reich was suddenly presented and accepted without pedigree, without credentials, without circumstance to his life, and no one thought of inquiring into them. A good teacher at an American campus today simply does not have the time to sit around gassing to his students about life; and this was as true at Oxford University twenty-five years ago. The medieval historian to whom I was sent at Oriel gassed to me, indeed, but he gassed—memorably—about England after the Conquest; and, in teaching me how to understand the Constitution of the Church under Langfranc and Anselm, I like to think that he made it difficult for me thereafter to write the kind of historical untruths about the Constitution of the United States under the Founding Fathers which come so easily to Mr Reich.

This is my general complaint: that there seems to be no one on journals such as *The New Yorker* or *The Times* in these days who was ready to ask, or capable of asking, whether a man of such ignorance as Mr Reich again and again shows himself to be—the ignorance, not of a medieval peasant, but of a modern professor—could possibly be writing sense elsewhere. One really should have, on the staff of a serious journal, someone who knows something about the Roman settlements in Dacia; and one really should have, as a "professor of law" at a serious university, someone who knows something about his country's Constitution.

The same test can also be applied to *The Greening of America* in reverse. The many American students with whom I have discussed the book tell me that they reject his picture of Consciousness III—that is, his picture of them—but accept as true his pictures of Consciousnesses I and II—oh! the tedious gimmickry of these categories. I have tried to suggest to them that a man who gets the present—in which he affects to live more really than the rest of us—so wrong may also be getting the past wrong. The truth is that Mr Reich is as banal in describing the society of today as in describing the societies of pre-industrial America and of the New Deal; and he is particularly banal in describing today's young, both the good and the bad in them.

His incantations to the young at the end of the book are as trivial as his incantations to revolution at the beginning:

> The extraordinary thing about this new consciousness is that it has emerged out of the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> wasteland of the Corporate State, like flowers pushing up through the concrete pavement. Whatever it touches it beautifies and renews: a freeway entrance is festooned with happy hitchhikers, the sidewalk is decorated with street people, the humourless steps of an official building are given warmth by a group of musicians. Every barrier falls before it.

This is the stuff of *Love Story*, the other notable contribution made to the literature of the Western world by Yale University during the presidency of Dr Kingman Brewster. But it is also more vicious—much more vicious—than that.

Mr Reich—it is true of many others—is a Pied Piper. Most of us by now have stood among the street people who congregate near any university: the stoned and the rocked and the rolled. During my months on an American campus, I used to walk through them on the sidewalks every day, on the way to a place called a library, where the furniture and the books were conveniently where they had been the day before. The waste of those young lives on the streets—the casualties of the whole hallucinogenic and psychedelic hoax! Slumped from dawn to dawn against shop windows, begging for loose change, and always—always—one in tears. "A bad trip!" How casual the explanation, how convenient the dismissal. But the Pied Pipers are always there to tell them that is beautiful: that they "beautify" and "renew." Has Mr Reich not heard their tears, for they sob aloud? And all the other ageing Pied Pipers—from Kerouac to Corso to Ginsberg—do they not hear them either?

The attitude of the serious and the capable students to these casualties of their own generation is moving; they do not see them as beautiful, as "flowers pushing up through the concrete pavements." They have been through that bit, as they would say. They try to organise ambulance services for the casualties, ambulance services of all kinds; and their methods are recognisably those of Consciousness II. They do not do it with "beads and bell-bottoms", and one day soon, I believe, they will turn on the Pied Pipers with their own anger. They will see that the lies which they have been told have been those which promised them that it would be easy: that revolution would be easy, that a new consciousness would be easy, that a higher and transcendent reason would be easy. For this, in the end, is what is most unforgivable about *The Greening of America*, the promise that there will be no pain.

> The new consciousness is sweeping the high schools, it is seen in the smiles on the streets. It has begun to transform and humanize the landscape. When, in the fall of 1969, the courtyard of Yale Law School, that Gothic citadel of the élite, became for a few weeks the site of a commune, with tents, sleeping bags, and outdoor cooking, who could any longer doubt the clearing wind was coming?

It was all a lie when it was supposed to be happening. It could be seen to be a lie when Mr Reich wrote about it. It was a past lie when *The New Yorker* peddled it. It was an ancient lie when *The Times* whored with it. Pied Pipers all of them; and to all of them we should show only our contempt, our thought as linear as we can make it. It is the last line of defence available to us.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

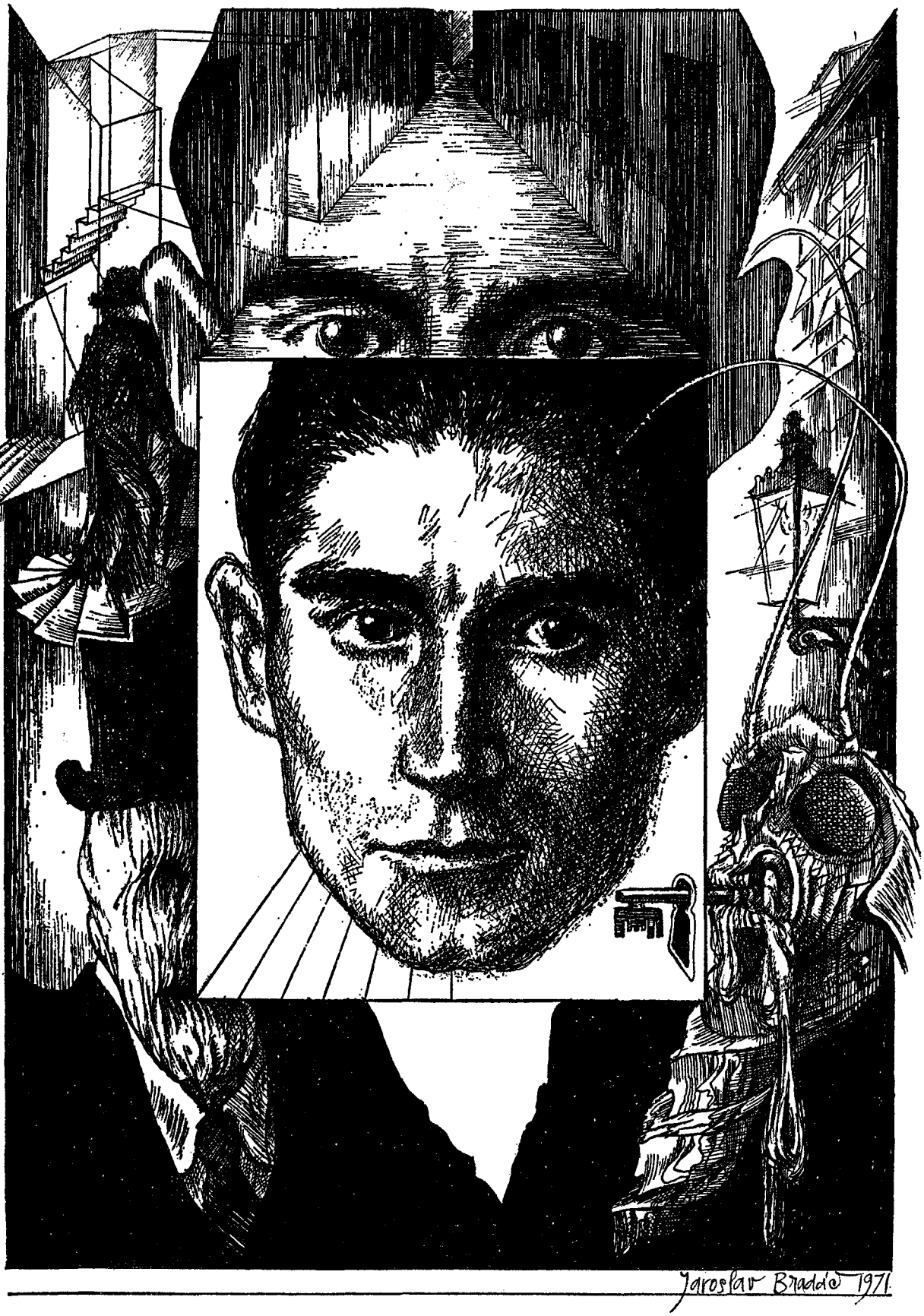
All departments of ENCOUNTER have moved to

59 ST. MARTIN'S LANE

LONDON W.C.2

TELEPHONE: 01-836 4194

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gustav Janouch

Conversations with Kafka

IN THOSE DAYS [Prague, 1922] I often used to meet a student called Bachrach who, so far as I knew, was only interested in three subjects: music, the English language and mathematics. He once said to me: "Music is the sound of the soul, the direct voice of the subjective world. The English language mirrors a worldwide empire of finance. Mathematics plays a part in this. But that isn't important. Mathematics transcends the empire of crude accountancy. It is the root of every rational order, reaching out to the metaphysical."

I always listened to his pronouncements in speechless astonishment. This pleased him. In return, he often gave me magazines, books and theatre tickets. So I was not surprised when he handed me a brand-new book.

"Today I have something very special for you."

It was an English book, with the title *Lady into Fox,* by David Garnett [published in 1922].

"What good is it to me?" I said bitterly. "You know perfectly well I don't read English."

"Yes, I know. The book isn't meant for you to read. The book is only a proof of what I'm about to say. Your admired Kafka is becoming world-famous. This is demonstrated by the fact that he is being imitated. This book of Garnett's is a copy of *The Metamorphosis.*"

"A plagiarism?" I said sharply.

"No, I didn't say that. Garnett's book just has the same starting point. A lady changes into a vixen. A human being is transformed into an animal."

"Could you lend me the book?"

"Of course. That's why I brought it. You can show it to Kafka."

THE *first—and incomplete—edition of Gustav Janouch's memoir of Kafka was published in 1951, and it immediately took its place as a valuable and fascinating source-book for literary research. Yet for many years the author was unhappy with the version, the fragmentation of which he thought was the fault of Max Brod to whom the original manuscript had been sent.*

But in this he was mistaken. As it turned out, a large part of the original text—which was based on Janouch's youthful diaries and his manuscript "Treasury of Ideas"—had never been sent off to Brod for publication. Janouch was at the time (1947) under arrest in a Prague prison; and although he was innocent, his wife had burned his papers during the year-long interrogations. As Janouch writes in a postscript to a new edition (shortly to be published by André Deutsch in London, and New Directions in New York), "The mutilated book became a spiritual torment to me. I was an important witness who refused to testify. . . ."

Luckily enough, a missing copy of his old "Treasury of Ideas" (originally put together two years after the death of Kafka in 1924) did turn up in a dilapidated old cardboard box on the bookshelves of the lavatory of Janouch's old house in Prague's Nationalstrasse. These papers included the missing sections of his "Conversations with Kafka"—"Max Brod had not wilfully bowdlerised my book. He had not omitted or suppressed a single paragraph. I had been unjust to him for years. . . ."

The following extracts (translated by Goronwy Rees) are from this new, and previously missing, material. The self-caricature (on p. 19) and the other drawings in the text are from Kafka's own notebooks.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The next day I went to Franz Kafka's house, as he was not at his office. This was, incidentally, the first and last time I ever visited Franz Kafka at home. A thin lady dressed in black opened the door. Her beautiful grey-blue eyes, the shape of her mouth, and the slight arch of her nose showed that she was Kafka's mother.

I introduced myself as the son of one of Kafka's business colleagues and asked if I might speak to him.

"He is in bed, I'll ask," she said.

She left me at the foot of the stairs. After a few minutes she returned. Her face shone with a kind of joy, which did not need to be put into words.

"He's pleased you've come. He's even asked for something to eat. But please don't stay for long. He's tired. He can't sleep."

I promised to leave at once. Then I was taken through a long narrow ante-room, and a large room with dark brown furnishings into a smaller room where Kafka lay in a simple bed covered by a thin white counterpane.

He smiled, held his hand out to me, and with a tired gesture pointed to a chair at the foot of the bed. "Please sit down. I shall probably not be able to talk for long. Please forgive me."

"You must forgive me," I said, "for taking you by surprise. But I felt I had something really important to show you."

I took the English book out of my pocket, laid it on the counterpane in front of Kafka, and told him about my latest conversation with Bachrach. When I said that Garnett's book imitated the method of *The Metamorphosis,* he gave a tired smile, and with a faint dissenting movement of his head said: "But no! He didn't get that from me. It's a matter of the age. We both copied from that. Animals are closer to us than human beings. That's where our prison bars lie. We find relations with animals easier than with men."

Kafka's mother came in.

"Can I bring you something?"

I stood up. "No, thank you. I won't disturb you any longer."

Frau Kafka looked at her son. He had lifted his chin and lay back with his eyes closed.

I said: "I only wanted to bring the book."

Franz Kafka opened his eyes and with a glance at the counterpane said: "I will read it. Perhaps next week I'll be back at the office. I'll bring it with me."

The following week he was not at the office. It was ten days or a fortnight before I was able to walk home with him. He gave me the book and said: "Every man lives behind bars, which he carries within him. That is why people write so much about animals now. It's an expression of longing for a free natural life. But for human beings the natural life is a human life. But men don't always realise that. They refuse to realise it. Human existence is a burden to them, so they dispose of it in fantasies."

I pursued his idea a step further: "It's like the movement preceding the French Revolution, when people cried: Back to Nature!"

"Yes!" Kafka agreed. "Only today people go further. They not only say it; they do it. Safe in the shelter of the herd, they march through the streets of the cities, to their work, to their feeding troughs, to their pleasures. It's like the narrowly confined life of the office. There are no longer any marvels, only regulations, prescriptions, directives. Men are afraid of freedom and responsibility. So they prefer to hide behind the prison bars which they build around themselves."

A RAINY, DAMP OCTOBER DAY. In the corridors of the Accident Insurance Institution the lights were on. Kafka's office was like a twilit cave. He sat bent low over his desk. In front of him lay an octavo sheet of greyish office paper. In his hand was a long yellow pencil. As I approached him, he laid the pencil down on the paper, which was covered with hastily executed sketches of strange figures.

"You've been drawing?"

Kafka gave an apologetic smile: "No! These are only doodles."

"May I look? As you know, I'm very interested in drawing."

"But these aren't drawings to be shown to anyone. They are purely personal, and therefore illegible, hieroglyphs."

He took the piece of paper and with both hands pressed it into a ball which he tossed into a waste-paper basket beside the desk. "My figures have no proper spatial proportions. They have no horizon of their own. The perspective of the shapes I try to capture lies outside the paper, at the other unsharpened end of the pencil—in myself!"

He reached into the waste-paper basket, took out the ball of paper he had just thrown in, smoothed out the crumpled sheets and tore it into very small pieces, which with a vigorous

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gesture he swept into the basket again.

I surprised Kafka drawing on several occasions and each time he threw his "doodles", as he called his drawings, crumpled up into the waste-paper basket or hid them quickly in the middle drawer of his desk. One would guess that his drawings were an even more intimate and private matter than his writing. This naturally inspired me with a growing curiosity, which I exerted myself to hide from Kafka. I behaved as if I never noticed the hasty sweeping away of the drawings. Yet my pretence always left a sense of strain and constraint behind. I could not talk and listen as easily and without embarrassment as before, when nothing—or so I believed—had been concealed from me.

This did not escape Kafka's notice, he realised my uneasiness, and so one day, when I had once more caught him drawing, he pushed his writing pad over to me and, avoiding my eyes, said: "Take a look at my doodles. There's no sense in my continuing to arouse an unsatisfied curiosity about them, which I force you to disguise. Please don't be annoyed with me."

There was nothing I could say. I felt as if I had been caught out in an act of indecency. At first, I felt that I should simply push the drawings back across the table. Then I pulled myself together and with my head bent sharply to one side looked obliquely at the paper. It was covered with strange minute sketches, in which only the abstraction of movement was emphasized, of tiny men running, fighting and crawling, and kneeling on the ground.

I was disappointed.

"But these aren't anything. You really didn't need to hide them from me. They're perfectly harmless sketches."

Kafka slowly wagged his head to and fro—"Oh no! They are not as harmless as they look. These drawings are the remains of an old, deep-rooted passion. That's why I tried to hide them from you."

I looked again at the paper and its little men.

"But I don't understand you, Herr Doktor. What passion is there here?"

Kafka smiled indulgently.—"Naturally it's not on the paper. The passion is in me. I always wanted to be able to draw. I wanted to see, and to hold fast to what was seen. That was my passion."

"Did you take drawing lessons?"

"No. I tried to define what I saw in a way that was my own. My drawings are not pictures but private ideograms." Kafka smiled.—"I am still in Egyptian bondage. I have not yet crossed the Red Sea."

I laughed: "The first thing after the Red Sea is the desert."

Kafka nodded: "Yes, in the Bible and everywhere else."

He pushed his hands against the edge of the desk, leaned back in his chair, and, his body relaxed, stared up at the ceiling.

"The false illusion of a freedom achieved by external means is an error, a confusion, a desert in which nothing flourishes except the two herbs of fear and despair. That is inevitable, because anything which has a real and lasting value is always a gift from within. Man doesn't grow from below upwards but from within outwards. That is the fundamental condition of all freedom in life. It is not an artificially constructed social environment but an attitude to oneself and to the world which it is a perpetual struggle to maintain. It's the condition of man's freedom."

"The condition?" I asked doubtfully.

"Yes," said Kafka, and repeated his definition.

"But that is a complete paradox!" I cried.

Kafka took a deep breath. Then he said: "Yes, in fact it is. The spark which constitutes our conscious life must bridge the gap of the contradiction and leap from one pole to the other, so that for one moment we can see the world as if revealed in a flash of lightning."

I was silent for a moment. Then I pointed to the paper with its drawings and asked quietly: "And the little men—what about them?"

"They come out of the dark to vanish into the dark," said Kafka, pulled out a drawer, swept the scribble-covered paper into it, and said, in a completely unemotional voice: "My drawing is a perpetually renewed and unsuccessful attempt at primitive magic."

I stared at him uncomprehendingly, and must have looked very stupid. The corners of Kafka's mouth twitched. He was obviously suppressing a smile. He hid his mouth behind his raised hand, coughed and said: "Everything in the human world is a picture that has come to life. When the Eskimos want to set fire to a piece of wood, they draw a few wavy lines on it. That is the magical picture of fire, which they'll bring to life by rubbing their fire-sticks together. That's what I do. Through my drawings I want to come to terms with the shapes which I perceive. But my figures don't take fire. Perhaps I don't use the right material. Perhaps my pencil doesn't have the right powers. It's also possible that it's only myself, and nothing else, that lacks the necessary powers."

"That must be so," I agreed, and at the same

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time tried to smile ironically. "After all, Doctor Kafka, you're no Eskimo."

"Quite right. I'm no Eskimo, but like most people today I live in a bitterly cold world. But we neither have the furs of the Eskimos, not their other means of existence. Compared with them, we're stark naked." He pursed his lips.—"Today the warmest clad are the wolves in sheep's clothing; they manage very well. They're properly dressed. What do you think?"

I disagreed. "Thank you, no. I'd rather freeze."

"Me too!" cried Kafka, and pointed to the central heating radiator, on which water was steaming in an oblong tin dish. "We don't want our own or borrowed furs. We'd rather stick to our comfortable desert of ice." We both laughed: Kafka to cover up my incomprehension, and I—to accept his kindness as something that goes without saying.

I RECEIVED a rude letter filled with abuse from an acquaintance to whom I had lent small sums of money and now couldn't afford to lend any more. Conceited ape, ox and idiot were among its mildest expressions.

I showed it to Kafka, who laid it on the edge of his desk with the tips of his fingers, as if it were some dangerous object. Then he said:

"Swearing is something horrible. This letter seems to me like some smoking fire which burns one's lungs and eyes. Swearing destroys man's greatest invention—language. It is an insult to the soul and a murderous offence against grace. But so is any use of words without proper consideration. For to speak implies to consider and define. Words involve a decision between life and death."

"Do you think I should get a lawyer's letter written to the fellow?" I asked.

Kafka shook his head vigorously.

"No! To what purpose? In any case, he wouldn't take such a warning seriously. And even if he would—leave him alone. Sooner or later the ox he talks of will toss him on his horns. Men can never avoid the ghosts they have called into the world. Evil always returns to its point of origin."

★

I OFTEN MARVELLED at Kafka's wide knowledge of all the varied architectural features of the city. He was familiar not only with its palaces and churches but also with the most obscure alleys of the Old Town. He knew the medieval names of the houses even though their ancient signs no longer hung over their entrances but in the city museum in the Poric. Kafka read the city's history out of the walls of its ancient houses. He conducted me by crooked alleyways into narrow, funnel-shaped interior courtyards in Old Prague, which he called "spittoons of light"; he walked with me, near the old Charles Bridge, through a baroque entrance hall, across a court no bigger than a handkerchief with round Renaissance arches and through a dark tubular tunnel, to a tiny inn enclosed in a small court which bore the name of *The Stargazer* (Czech: *U hvezdáru*), because here Johannes Kepler had lived for many years, and here, in the year 1609, his famous book, which far outstripped all the scientific knowledge of his day, the *Astronomia Nova* was born.

Kafka loved the streets, palaces, gardens and churches of the city where he was born. He looked with joyful interest through the pages of all the books on the antiquities of Prague which I brought to him in his office. His eyes and hands literally caressed the pages of such publications, though he had read them all long before I placed them on his desk. His eyes shone with the look of a passionate collector. Yet he was the precise opposite of a collector. The past was for him not some historically dead collector's piece, but a supple instrument of knowledge, a bridge to today. . . .

★

MY SCHOOLFELLOW, Ernst Lederer, gave me an anthology of expressionist poetry: *The Twilight of Mankind—Symphony of Today's Poetry*. My father, who often looked at what I was reading, said: "That isn't verse. It's verbal mincemeat."

I protested: "That's not fair. It's simply that modern poetry employs a new language."

"Agreed!" said my father. "New grass grows every spring. But this grass is indigestible. It's

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

verbal barbed wire. I'll have another look at the book."[1]

A few days later I spoke to Kafka on my way to my father's department on the first floor of the Workmen's Accident Insurance Institution. After exchanging greetings, he presented me with the expressionist anthology and said reproachfully: "Why have you scared your father with this book? Your father is an upright honourable man, with a wealth of valuable experience, but he has no feeling for this kind of trifling with the collapse of logical expression."

"So you think it's a bad book?"

"I didn't say that."

"A confection of empty words?"

"No. On the contrary; the book's a frighteningly authentic proof of disintegration. Each of its authors only speaks for himself. They write as if language was their own personal property. But language is only lent to the living, for an undefined period. All we have is the use of it. In reality it belongs to the dead and to those who are still unborn. One must be careful in one's possession of it. That is what the writers in this book have forgotten. They are language destroyers. That is a grave offence. An offence against language is always an offence against feeling and against the mind, a darkening of the world, a breath of the ice age."

"Yet it's always done in the heat of burning passion!"

"Only verbally. It's a kind of Couéism."

"It's a betrayal," I burst out. "These people pretend to be something that they're not."

"And so? What's unusual in that?"—His face had a fascinating look of pity, patience and forgiveness.—"How often is injustice committed in the name of justice? How often does damnation fly the flag of enlightenment? How often does a fall disguise itself as a rise? We can see it all now quite properly. The war didn't only burn and tear the world, but also lit it up. We can see that it is a labyrinth built by men themselves, an icy machine world, whose comforts and apparent purposefulness increasingly emasculate and dishonour us. That is clear in this book which your father lent me. These poets whimper lyrics like freezing children, or wail ecstatically like fanatical fetish worshippers, who strain their words and their limbs all the more, the less they believe in the idols before which they dance."

[1] The book was the famous anthology of expressionist poetry, *Menschheitsdämmerung Symphonie jüngster Dichtung* (The Twilight of Mankind. Symphony of Contemporary Poetry), edited by Kurt Pinthus (1919).

KAFKA: SELF-CARICATURE

AT KAFKA'S shortly before noon. He stood at the closed window. With raised hand, he leaned against the window frame. Two paces behind him stood S., a minor official with small bleary eyes, a comical lump of a nose, red-veined hamster cheeks and a rumpled reddish beard. As I entered, S. asked anxiously: "So you have no idea how the reorganisation of our department will turn out?"

"No," said Kafka, greeted me with a nod of the head, pointed to the visitor's chair beside his desk, and continued: "All I know is that the reorganisation will throw everything into confusion. But don't be alarmed! You won't rise or fall as a result. In the end, everything will be as it was." In response, the official caught his breath: "So you think, Herr Doktor, that once again they'll overlook my merits."

"Yes, that must be assumed." Kafka seated himself at his desk. "After all, the Board will not reduce its own importance. That would be absurd." S. went red in the face. "That's shameful! It's so unfair. The whole place ought to be blown up."

Kafka, huddled together, looked up anxiously at S. and said gently: "You don't really want to destroy the source of your income, do you? Or do you?" "No," answered S. apologetically. "I didn't mean that. You know me, Kafka, I'm a perfectly harmless man,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but this reorganisation, the perpetual uncertainty in the office, turns my stomach. I had to clear the air. What I just said was only words. . . ."

Kafka interrupted him: "That's the great danger. Words prepare the way for deeds to come, detonate future explosions."

"That's not what I intended," protested the alarmed official.

"So you say," replied Kafka with a smile. "But do you know how it looks to others? Perhaps we're already sitting on a powder barrel, which will translate your wish into reality."

"I can't believe that."

"Why not? Look out of the window. There's the explosive already which will blow up our Accident Insurance and every other institution in the neighbourhood."

The official crooked his stubby finger on his chin—"You're exaggerating, Herr Doktor. There's no danger from the street. The state is very strong."

"Yes," Kafka agreed, "its strength springs from the people's apathy and their need of peace. But what will happen when we can no longer satisfy them? Then your words of abuse today may turn into a universally valid principle of denigration, for words are magical formulae. They leave fingermarks behind on the brain, which in the twinkling of an eye become the footprints of history. One ought to watch one's every word."

"Yes, you're right there, Herr Doktor, you're right there," said the dumbfounded S., and took his leave.

As the door closed, I laughed.

Kafka gave me a razor-sharp look.

"What are you laughing at?"

"The poor chap was terribly comic. He entirely failed to understand you."

"When one man fails to understand another, he is not terribly comic, but isolated, wretched, cut off."

I tried to defend myself. "You were joking." But Kafka made a slow, negative movement of his head.

"No! What I said to S. was said in all seriousness. Today the entire world is haunted by dreams of reorganisation. That can mean all kinds of things. Do you understand?"

"Yes," I said softly, and felt the blood rush to my face. "I am insensitive and stupid. Forgive me."

Kafka, however—throwing back his head—only giggled a little. Then he said benevolently: "Now it's you who are being—in your own words—terribly comic." I looked contritely at the ground. "Yes, I'm a wretched creature." I rose to my feet.

"What are you doing? Sit down!"—With a sharp jerk he opened a drawer of his desk. "I brought a whole pile of periodicals for you today." He smiled and I felt even more ashamed. But I remained seated.

★

LATER, ON TWO OCCASIONS, I was to see other members of the staff coming to Kafka to question him about the projected reorganisation. Kafka, however, had nothing definite to tell them. This depressed him, because it made such people feel that he was not a friend of the staff but merely a devoted servant of the Insurance Institution. So some of the staff made unpleasant remarks about Counsellor Franz Kafka; in particular, the father of one of my schoolfellows, a certain M., whom I met at Kafka's. "Well then," he said, in a voice whose dispassionate tone clearly revealed a feeling of hatred, "you're saying nothing. That's perfectly natural. The Institution's legal representative can't go against the management. He must keep his mouth shut. Forgive me, Herr Doktor, for speaking so plainly and for disturbing you."

M. bowed and left.

Kafka's face was carved in wood. His eyes were closed.

"What impertinence!" I said angrily.

"He's not impertinent," Kafka said gently, and looked at me with dark, sad eyes. "He's only afraid. So he's unjust. Fear for one's daily bread destroys one's character. That's what life is like."

I pouted: "Thank you, but not for me. I'd be ashamed of such a life."

"Most men indeed don't really live at all," said Kafka, in a strangely soft voice. "They cling to life like little polyps to a coral reef. But in doing so men are far worse off than those primitive organisms. For them, there's no firm barrier reef to ward off the breakers. They haven't even a shell of their own to live in. All they can do is to emit an acid stream of bile, which leaves them even weaker and more helpless, because it divides them from their fellows. But what can they do about it?"

Franz Kafka spread out his arms and let them fall helplessly, like a pair of broken wings.

"Should one put out into the sea which gives life to such half-formed creatures? It would only be a protest against one's own life, because one is oneself only one of these wretched little coral insects. All one can do is to practise patience and suppress every single

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drop of bile that rises up in one. It's the only way not to be ashamed of humanity and of oneself."

ONCE AFTER SUPPER I mentioned my afternoon walks with Kafka to my father. He said: "Kafka personifies patience and kindness. I cannot remember an occasion when there was trouble in the Institution on his account. Yet his approachability is not a sign of weakness or a desire to please. On the contrary; he is easy to get on with because, by being completely fair, just, and at the same time understanding towards others, he commands a similar response from everyone around him. People speak freely to him, and if they find it hard to agree with him, they prefer to say nothing rather than disagree. This happens in fact quite often, because Kafka expresses unpopular views which are completely his own and contradict accepted opinion. The people at the Accident Insurance Institution don't always understand him. But all the same they are fond of him. For them, he is some strange kind of saint. But so he is to many others. Not so long ago an old labourer whose leg had been smashed by a crane on a building site said to me: 'He's no lawyer. He's a saint.' The labourer was to receive only a paltry pension from us. He brought an action against us which was not in the proper legal form. The old man would certainly have lost his case, if at the last moment a well-known Prague lawyer had not visited him and—without being paid a penny by the old man—had not expertly redrafted the labourer's case, so that he helped the poor devil to win it. The lawyer, as I learned later, had been instructed, briefed and paid by Kafka, so that, as the legal representative of the Accident Insurance Institution, he might honourably lose the case against the old labourer."

I was delighted, but my father looked anxious.

He said: "It's not the only case which Kafka has conducted in this way. The staff take different views about it. Some admire him. Others say he is a bad lawyer."

"And you?" I interrupted my father. "How do you feel?"

My father answered with a helpless gesture.

"Who am I to judge Kafka? For me, he's more than a business colleague. I am very fond of him. Because of that, I'm worried by these campaigns for justice." His face was overcast as he reached for the coffee cup in front of him.

Later I learned that my father gave Kafka active assistance in those "campaigns for justice"; that he was really more than a mere business colleague and on various occasions Franz Kafka's trusted accomplice.

When he had replaced his coffee cup in front of him, he said: "Neighbourly love is often a risky thing; just because of this, it is one of the greatest moral values. Kafka is a Jew, but he is far more capable of Christian love than the dear good Catholics and Protestants in the office. Sooner or later they'll be forced to feel ashamed of this. That could lead to some kind of unpleasantness or other. Men often try to disguise one failing by an even greater one. Some careless member of the staff could quite easily blurt out something about Kafka's campaigns for justice. So Kafka ought to be a little more cautious in his love of his neighbours. You tell him so."

When I accompanied him home two days later, I told Kafka what my father had said. He was silent for a few moments, and then made the following statement: "Things are not exactly as your father sees them. There is no contradiction between Christian love of one's neighbour and Judaism. On the contrary! Love of mankind is an ethical achievement of the Jews. Christ was a Jew who brought his message of healing to the whole world. Furthermore, every value—material as well as spiritual—involves a risk. For every value demands protection. But so far as shaming others is concerned, your father is right. One ought not to provoke people. We live in an age which is so possessed by demons, that soon we shall only be able to do goodness and justice in the deepest secrecy, as if it were a crime. War and revolution haven't ceased to rage. On the contrary. The freezing of our feelings stokes their fires."

Kafka's tone offended me, so I said: "So—as in the Bible—we're in the fiery furnace?"

"Yes," said Kafka, "it's a miracle that we survive it."

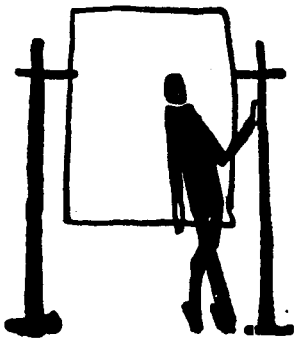
I shook my head. "No, it's perfectly normal. I don't believe in the end of the world."

Kafka smiled. "That's your duty. A young man who doesn't believe in tomorrow morning is a traitor to himself. If one wishes to live, one must believe."

"In what?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In the significant interrelation of all things and all moments, in the external existence of life as a single whole, in what is nearest and what is farthest."



A FEW DAYS LATER I learned some interesting details about his relations with the anarchists.

Kafka and I were walking from the Altstädter Ring through the Geistgasse and past the Church of the Brothers of Mercy, to the Moldau. There we turned to the left, crossed the square in front of the Parliament House and sauntered along the Kreuzherrengasse to the Charles Bridge, where we entered the Karlsgasse and so returned to the Altstädter Ring.

During our walk we met various passers-by of no particular interest. On the corner of the Ekidi and the Karlsgasse, however, we almost collided with two ladies of a quite unmistakable kind. One had an almost circular, white-powdered face, under a great bird's nest of red hair, while the other, somewhat smaller, had a painted mousy face and the slightly swarthy complexion of a gypsy.

We stood against the wall, but the two women in any case took no notice of us. They were too deeply occupied with an event which had occurred shortly before.

"He took me by the scruff of the neck and shot me out of the door," the darker one whined.

Red-Head bleated triumphantly: "What did I tell you? You're not allowed inside the place."

"What rubbish! The Altstädter Café's open to the public like any other café."

"But not to you. You're not allowed in. Not since you jabbed fat Emma in the stomach."

"She deserved it. The old sow."

"Yes, so she is. But the porter's her old man. That's why he kicked you out."

"What a *ravachol*! The way he held me—"

The pair vanished into an alley.

We walked on in the opposite direction.

"Did you hear that last word?" Kafka asked.

"You mean *ravachol*?"

"Yes. Do you know what it means?"

"Yes, of course! *Ravachol*'s Prague slang. It means something like violent brute, bully, ruffian."

"Yes," said Kafka. "At first that's what I too took the word to mean. But in fact it's a French surname which in its Czech form has with the passage of time become a Czech noun indicating a specific characteristic."

"Something like Solomon or Herod?"

"Yes, more or less," said Kafka. "Ravachol was a French anarchist. In fact his real name was Franz Augustin Königstein. But he didn't like the German name. So he adopted the French version of his mother's name—Ravaschool. The simple Prague newspaper reader, however, pronounced it as it looked to him in print—Ravachol. The Press took an interest in him for quite a long time."

"When was that?"

"That was between 1891 and 1894. I was a small boy then, and our Czech nursery maid took me to school every day across the Altstädter Ring and through the Teingasse to the Fleischmarkt. After lessons the maid usually waited for me at the school door. But sometimes she was late, or school ended earlier than usual. I was always glad when that happened. I always joined a gang of the biggest gutter-snipes in the class and with them I marched off to the Ziegengasse in the opposite direction from which I might expect the maid to come, and nearly every evening there was some kind of rough-house."

"In which you certainly took no part," I said without thinking, in a voice of the deepest conviction, because I really could not imagine Kafka as a schoolboy being involved in any kind of fighting.

But Kafka laughed, threw his head back and said: "I didn't take part in such street fights? Though I hadn't any experience of fighting, and at heart I was frightened, I always pressed into the thick of them in order to convince my schoolfellows that I wasn't the spoiled mother's boy that they used to call me. And also I didn't want to seem a little Jewish weakling. But I didn't convince them, because usually I was beaten up. I often came home after outings in tears, dirty, the buttons off my jacket and my collar torn. The house was here."

Kafka stood in the Kleiner Ring near the baroque entrance of the Schubert House and with a brief nod of the head indicated the medieval house *Minuta* which juts out from

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the front of the adjoining houses and divides the Altstädter Ring from the Kleiner Ring. "My parents lived on the upper storey. By day they worked in the shop. They left the housekeeping to the cook and the nursery maid. They were always very upset when I returned crying, torn and dirty from one of those street fights. The maid wrung her hands, cried, and threatened to tell my parents about my behaviour. But she never did. On the contrary! The cook and the maid together destroyed the evidence of my battles as quickly as they could. Once while they were doing so the cook muttered: 'You're a *ravachol*.' I didn't know what she meant. I asked but she only said: 'That's what you are. You're a real *ravachol*.' She thus included me in a class of humanity which was quite unknown to me. She made me a part of a dark mystery which made me tremble. I was a *ravachol*! The word affected me like a verbal spell which evoked an unbearable tension. In order to escape from it, one evening while my parents were playing cards I asked what a *ravachol* was. Without looking up from his cards, my father replied: 'A criminal, a murderer.' I must have looked extremely surprised and stupid, because my mother asked me anxiously: 'Where did you hear that word?' I stammered some reply. The knowledge that the cook had recognised a murderer in me paralysed my tongue. My mother looked me inquiringly in the face. She was already about to lay down her cards and subject me to interrogation. But my father wanted to go on playing cards and said rather testily: 'Where would he have heard that word? In school or on the streets somewhere. People are talking about the fellow everywhere.' My mother replied: 'Yes, they make too much fuss about such riff-raff.' Then my father slapped a card—Trumps!—on the table and I crept completely dumbfounded from the room. The next day I was feverish. The doctor was summoned and diagnosed an inflammation of the throat. He prescribed some medicine or other. When the maid went to the chemist's with the prescription, the cook sat on my bed. She was a large, fat, good-natured person whom we called Frau Anna. Now she stroked my hands which were lying on the counterpane and said: 'Don't be afraid, you'll soon be well'—But I hid my hands under the counterpane and asked: 'Why am I a criminal?' The cook opened her eyes wide at me and said: 'A criminal? Who told you that?'—'You! You yourself!'—'Me?'—"Frau Anna" pressed her fists to her massive bosom and said indignantly: 'That's completely untrue!' But I said: 'It's the absolute truth. You called me a *ravachol*. That's a criminal. My parents said so.'—Then "Frau Anna" clapped her hands above her head and smilingly explained: 'Yes, I did say *ravachol*. But I didn't mean any harm. *Ravachol*—it's just something people say. I didn't mean to insult you.'—She stroked my cheek to comfort me. But I turned my face to the wall. Immediately afterwards the maid came with the medicine. The name of *ravachol* was never spoken again amongst us but it remained within me like a thorn, or rather like the broken-off point of a needle which circulates about the body. The inflammation of the throat disappeared, but subjectively I remained a stricken invalid, a *ravachol*. Outwardly nothing had changed. People treated me in the same way as before, but I knew that I was an Ishmael, a criminal, in short—a *ravachol*. I took no further part in the other boys' street fights. I always went home like a good boy with the nursery maid. People were not going to say of me that I was a *ravachol*."

"But that's absurd!" I cried without thinking. "Time must have washed it all away."

"On the contrary!" Kafka gave a painful smile. "Nothing sticks so fast in the mind as a groundless sense of guilt, because—since it has no real foundation—one cannot eliminate it by any form of repentance or redemption. So I remained a *ravachol* even when I had apparently long forgotten the incident with the cook and had learned the real meaning of the word."

"You studied Ravachol's life?"

"Yes. And not only Ravachol's but the lives of various other anarchists. I went deeply into the lives and ideas of Godwin, Proudhon, Stirner, Bakunin, Kropotkin, Tucker and Tolstoy, frequented various circles and meetings, and devoted much time and money to the subject. In 1910 I took part in the meetings of the anarchist *Club of the Young* which, disguised as a mandolin club, met in the inn *Zum Kanonenkreuz* in Karolinenthal.[2] Max Brod

[2] At the beginning of the twentieth century the public house, *Zum Kanonenkreuz*, was a well-known anarchist meeting place, and in 1910 it played an important part in the trial of the Czech pacifist League of Youth. Max Brod, who together with Franz Kafka frequented the anarchist meetings in the public house, has preserved its atmosphere in his novel *Stefan Rott oder Das Jahr der Entscheidung* (Stefan Rott, or the Year of Decision). In it, he mentioned many of the participants by their real names; among them, Michael Mares, whose reminiscences of Kafka's part in the Prague anarchist movements were printed by Klaus Wagenbach in 1958 in his book *Franz Kafka—eine Biographie seiner Jugend*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sometimes came with me to the meetings, though he had little sympathy with them. He regarded them as a kind of youthful aberration. But for me they were a very serious matter. I followed in the footsteps of Ravachol. They led me later to Erich Mühsam,[3] Arthur Holitscher,[4] and the Viennese anarchist Rudolf Gassman, who called himself Pierre Ramuz and edited the journal *Wealth for All*. They all attempted to realise the happiness of mankind without the aid of grace. But—," Kafka lifted both arms and let them fall helplessly, "I could not march shoulder to shoulder with them for long. I stuck to Max Brod, Felix Weltsch and Oskar Baum.[5] They are closer to me."

He came to a halt. We had reached the house where he lived. He smiled wistfully at me for one or two seconds. Then he said, "All Jews are—like me—rejected *ravachols*. I still feel the blows and kicks of the naughty boys on my roundabout way home, but I can't fight any more. I no longer have the strength of youth. And a protective nursery maid? I haven't that either any more."

He held out his hand. "It's late. Goodnight."

★

WHEN I ENTERED HIS OFFICE, Kafka was busy turning out his desk. On the narrow side to the right, where a chair stood ready for any visitor who might arrive, lay a pile of books, newspapers and office memoranda. Kafka waved to me across the desk.

"Greetings from my paper dungeon!"

I sat in the visitor's chair and said:

"That's a real forest of documents. You've completely disappeared in it." I heard Kafka's brief laugh, then immediately he said: "Then everything is in order. What is written illuminates the world. But the writer disappears into darkness. So away with it!"

He pulled out the middle drawer, opened the side compartments, and began to stuff the pile of books and papers into the desk.

I wanted to help him. But when I handed him one of the files he shook his head vigorously.

"Leave it! Quite by accident we might be unlucky enough to put things in order. Then I'd be in trouble. I might lose the excuse, which is extremely important to every conscientious official, that I had been unable to perform my appointed task, not through lack of professional competence, but because of the infernal disorder of my desk. That would be a terrible revelation, which I must avoid at all costs. Therefore I must carefully preserve the disorder of my desk."

As a proof, he slammed the middle drawer shut with a violent jerk, and said, in an exaggeratedly sinister and conspiratorial voice: "My complaints about the disorder in the office, and especially around myself, are only a trick, by which I try to hide the insecurity of my existence from the accusing and inquisitive gaze of the outside world. In reality, I only manage to live because of the disorder, from which I steal the last remnant of personal freedom."

★

ONCE—I don't remember the exact date—we were strolling one afternoon from the Altstädter Ring along the Pariser Strasse to the Moldau. Kafka suddenly halted opposite the Old Synagogue and said, without any relevance to the preceding conversation: "Do you see the Synagogue? It's overlooked by all the surrounding hills. Among the modern houses surrounding it, it's only an ancient anomaly, an alien body. So is everything Jewish. That is the reason for the hostile tensions which always condense into violent outbursts of aggression. The ghetto—in my opinion—was originally a drastic act of liberation. The Jews wished to cut off their environment from the unknown, to relax the tension by erecting their ghetto walls."

I interrupted him. "Of course, that was foolish. The ghetto walls only strengthened what lay outside them. The walls have gone, anti-semitism remains."

"The walls have been replaced within," said Kafka. "The synagogue already lies below

[3] Erich Mühsam (1878-1934), socialist poet, dramatist and essayist.

[4] Arthur Holitscher (1869-1941), impressionist novelist, dramatist and essayist.

[5] Oskar Baum (1883-1941) went blind early in life and made his livelihood as a teacher of music. His writings were deeply autobiographical: *Uferdasein. Aus dem Blindeneben* (Living on the Bank. A Blind Man's Life); *Das Leben ist Dunkel* (Life in Darkness), 1909; in addition, *Die Tür ins Unmögliche* (The Door to The Impossible), 1919. His play *Das Wunder* (The Miracle) received its first performance in Prague in 1920.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ground level. But men will go further. They will try to grind the synagogue to dust by destroying the Jews themselves."

"No, I don't believe it!" I exclaimed. "Who would do such a thing?" Kafka turned his face to me. It was sad and withdrawn. There was no light in his eyes.

"The Czechs are not anti-semitic," I said. "They would never let themselves be led into pogroms. They are not drug addicts of extremist ideologies."

"That is right," said Kafka, beginning to walk again. "But the Czechs themselves are only a little anomaly within the living space of the great powers. For that reason, there have been many attempts to undermine their spirit. First their language was meant to disappear and then the people. Yet one cannot by violence abolish what has sprung from the dust of the earth. The original seed of all being and all things always remains. The dust is eternal."

From Kafka's compressed lips there came an indefinable sound. I don't know whether it was a short growl or a bitter laugh. I looked him inquiringly in the face. But he began to talk to me about my stamp collection.

★

IN THE SPRING OF 1921, two automatic photographic machines, recently invented abroad, were installed in Prague, which reproduced six or ten or more exposures of the same person on a single print.

When I took such a series of photographs to Kafka I said light-heartedly: "For a couple of krone one can have oneself photographed from every angle. The apparatus is a mechanical *Know-Thyself*."

"You mean to say, a *Mistake-Thyself*," said Kafka, with a faint smile.

I protested: "What do you mean? The camera cannot lie!"

"Who told you that?" Kafka leaned his head towards his shoulder. "Photography concentrates one's eye on the superficial. For that reason it obscures the hidden life which glimmers through the outlines of things like a play of light and shade. One can't catch that even with the sharpest lens. One has to grope for it by feeling. Or do you think that one can successfully apprehend the profound depths of this ever-returning reality, before which, through all former ages, whole legions of poets, artists, scientists and other miracle workers have stood in trembling longing and hope, by pressing the knob of a cheap machine?—I doubt it. This automatic camera doesn't multiply men's eyes but only gives a fantastically simplified fly's eye view."

I BROUGHT Kafka a special edition of the Prague Czech magazine *Cerven* (June), containing a translation of the rhythmically flowing poem *La Zone* by Guillaume Apollinaire. But Kafka knew the poem already.

He said: "I read the translation soon after it appeared. I also knew the French original. It appeared in the book of poems, *Alcools*.[6] Those poems and a cheap new edition of Flaubert's letters were the first French books I held in my hand after the war."

I asked: "What impresion did they make on you?"

"Which? Apollinaire's poem or Capek's translation?"—Kafka clarified my question in his own sharp, decisive way.

"Both!" I declared, and immediately gave my own opinion. "I'm overcome by them."

"I can quite imagine it," said Kafka. "They're a verbal masterpiece. Both the poem and the translation."

That set me going. I was pleased that my "discovery" had Kafka's approval and so I tried to propagate and explain my enthusiasm. I quoted the lines from the beginning of the poem in which Apollinaire addresses the Eiffel Tower as the shepherdess of a flock of traffic-jammed motor-cars, mentioned the clock with the Hebrew numbers on the Jewish town hall in Prague to which he refers, recited his description of the agate and malachite walls of St Vitus's Cathedral on the Hradschin, and brought my judgment on Apollinaire's work to a climax with the words: "The poem is a great bridge cantilevered from the Eiffel Tower to the St Vitus Cathedral and spans the whole multicoloured phenomenal world of our time."

[6] Guillaume Apollinaire, *Alcools. Poèmes 1898-1913* (1913). Karel Capek's translation appeared in the Prague journal, *Cerven*, on 6 February 1919.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes," said Kafka, "the poem is really a work of art. Apollinaire has combined his visual experiences into a kind of revelation. He is a virtuoso."

The last sentence was filled with a peculiar, ambivalent tone. I felt that there was beneath the words of admiration an unspoken, yet clearly apparent reservation, which, against my will, found a gently swelling echo in myself.

"A virtuoso?" I said slowly. "I don't like the sound of that."

"Nor do I." Kafka took me up directly and —as it seemed to me—with relief. "I am against all virtuosity. The virtuoso rises above his subject because of his juggler's facility. But can a poet be superior to his subject? No! He is held captive by the world he has experienced and portrayed, as God is by his own creation. To liberate himself from it, he places it outside himself. That's not an act of virtuosity. It's a birth, an addition to life, like all births. Have you ever heard it said of a woman that she is a virtuoso in child-bearing?"

"No, I haven't. The words Birth and Virtuosity don't suit each other."

"Of course not," Kafka agreed. "There are no virtuoso births. There are only difficult or easy but, in every case, painful ones. Virtuosity is the monopoly of comedians. But they always start where the artist leaves off. One can see that in Apollinaire's poem. He concentrates his different experiences in space into a super-personal vision of time. What Apollinaire displays for us is a film in words. He is a juggler, who conjures up for the reader an entertaining picture. No poet does that, only a comedian, a juggler. The poet tries to ground his vision in the daily experience of the reader. You can see that, for instance, in this."

Kafka reached into a side drawer of his desk and placed before me a small grey-green pasteboard-covered book. "These are Kleist's stories," he said. "They are genuine poetry. In them, the language is perfectly clear. You'll find no verbal flourishes, nothing pretentious. Kleist is not a juggler or an emotion-monger. His whole life was spent under the pressure of the visionary tension between man and fate, which he illuminated and held fast in clear universally intelligible language. His vision was meant to become a universal existential value accessible to everybody. He aimed to achieve this without verbal aerobatics, commentaries and illusions. In Kleist, modesty, understanding and patience combined to create a strength which is necessary for any successful birth. For that reason I read him again and again. Art is not a matter of a sleight-of-hand which disappears in a flash, but of an example which has an effect over a long period. You can see that quite clearly in Kleist's stories. They are the root of the whole of modern Germany's art of language."

★

ON Kafka's desk lay a pile of letters, pictures and travel brochures.

To my look of inquiry he replied that he wished to spend some time in a small mountain sanatorium.

"I don't want to go into a health factory," he said. "All I want is some kind of family *pension,* where one will be under medical care. I don't want any comforts or invalid luxury."

I said: "The most important thing for you is the location and the mountain air."

"Yes, that as well," Kafka agreed. "But the most valuable thing is that one should be forced, even for a short time, to cast off the chains of one's old habits—to present, in the show window of the world that has been clarified by memory, an inventory of the much depleted portfolio of one's life. Wherever one goes, one only travels towards one's own misunderstood nature."

★

"PATIENCE IS THE MASTER KEY to every situation. One must have sympathy for everything, surrender to everything, but at the same time remain patient and forbearing," Kafka said to me, when we were walking one crystalline autumn day through the leafless Baumgarten. "There is no such thing as bending or breaking. It's a question only of overcoming, which begins with overcoming oneself. That cannot be avoided. To abandon that path is always to break in pieces. One must patiently accept everything and let it grow within oneself. The barriers of the fear-ridden "I" can only be broken by love. One must, in the dead leaves that rustle around one, already see the young fresh green of spring, compose oneself in patience, and wait. Patience is the only true foundation on which to make one's dreams come true."

This was Kafka's fundamental principle in life, and he tried to impress it on me with never-failing understanding. It was a principle of whose truth he convinced me by his every word and gesture, every smile and every look of his large eyes, and by all his long years of service in the Accident Insurance Institution.

As I learned from my father, for fourteen

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years, that is to say for nearly half the average length of a generation, Franz Kafka sat behind his smoothly polished desk in the smoke-filled air of the factory at No. 7 on the Pořic. He entered the Institution on 30 July 1908, as an assistant and at his own request retired as a principal secretary on 1 July 1922. Frau Svatek, who cleaned Kafka's office, and also our own house in Karolinenthal, told me: "Kafka came and went as silently as a mouse. He disappeared in the same way as he lived at the Insurance Institution throughout the years. I don't know who cleared out his desk. In his hanging cupboard there was only Kafka's threadbare grey second-best coat which he kept there for a rainy day. I've never seen him with an umbrella. A cleaner took his coat. Whether he took it to Kafka or kept it—I don't know. I scrubbed the empty cupboard with soap and water. On his desk stood an old, slender glass vase, containing two pencils and a penholder. Next to it was a lovely blue-and-gold teacup and a saucer to match. Treml, who watched me while I cleaned up, said: 'Take that rubbish away!' The vase was part of Kafka's working equipment. He often drank milk and sometimes tea out of the cup. So I took what Treml called the rubbish and brought it home."

I was sitting opposite her in the kitchen. Frau Svatek went to a white glass-fronted china cupboard, from which she took the "rubbish" rejected by Treml, cleaned them carefully with a cloth and respectfully placed them before me on the table.

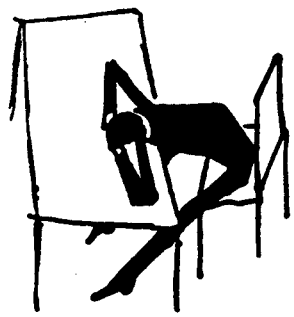
"Take them, young man. You were very fond of Kafka. I know that. You don't have to tell me. He was very good to you when you really needed it. I'm sure you will take good care of the cup he used to drink from."

And so indeed I did. The little porcelain cup accompanied me in the most varied circumstances and dwellings. But I never used it. I was ashamed to put my lips to the rim which Kafka had raised to his mouth.

Whenever I saw the blue-and-gold cup which Frau Svatek had given me, I could not help thinking of the words which Kafka once spoke to me in the twilight as we were walking through the rainswept Teinhofe: "Life is as infinitely great and profound as the immensity of the stars above us. One can only look at it through the narrow keyhole of one's own personal existence. But through it one perceives more than one can see. So above all one must keep the keyhole clean."

Have I always done that?

I don't know; I believe that only a saint—like Kafka—could do it.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Going into Europe—Again?

THE *small interrogatory doubt can now, as we go to press, probably be removed. After the June agreements in the Brussels negotiations it would appear that Britain is, after all, going into Europe, that after fifteen years of zig-zag post-war politics an enlarged Community is at long last a real prospect.*

It was in 1960 that Raymond Aron published in these pages an impassioned, if somewhat premature, "Letter to an English Friend" in which he pleaded: "We are all involved in the same adventure. Atlantic solidarity seems no less vital to us than European unity. . . . We ask you to make your choice. Join the Common Market. . . . Do not be half-a-century behind the times. Let the old Continent seek its future beyond the frontiers of nationalism."

Alas, this was not—as the following Gaullist years forced us to recognise—the voice of France and what we optimistically took to be "the new authentic tones of a modern European generation which would never allow a relapse into the old shabby habits of nationalist power-politics and chauvinistic prejudice. . . ." After the shock of the General's "non", *we found ourselves compelled to register "the sinking feeling that the European train has gone off the track of history." Yet it did seem to us obvious that the wreckage caused by the atavistic French veto would not be permanent. We are rather pleased to recall what we said then:*

> *". . . Its Gaullist theory is a personal aberration, its impulse a political eccentricity, its spirit an unreal and untenable patchwork of outmoded sentiments. What is hopeful is the persistence of the makers of the new Europe, the avant-garde of the Atlantic community. A political movement does not dissolve when it meets a set-back, nor do revolutionaries resign when a rising fails. The new and youthful forces in the West will re-group themselves, and possibly even gain in strength now that at last a 'European emotion' has been created. . . . We do not despair."*
>
> (ENCOUNTER, *March 1963*)

Nor do we despair now of the creative process of practical intellectual re-orientation which the British public mind will be undergoing once the national debate on Europe has been successfully concluded. As the three instalments of our ENCOUNTER *Symposium suggest, there is at the moment a confused picture revealing traces of the zigs and zags of the past decade—a combination of isolationism on the inward-looking Left and Right, and Europeanism in the outward-looking liberal, conservative, and socialist centres. Our random sampling of intellectual attitudes in Britain gives a rough result, this time, of almost three to one in favour of "going into Europe". Of the 67 published replies, a tabulation reveals:*

FOR (including those tentatively "FOR," on balance): 46.

AGAINST: 17.

INDIFFERENT, UNDECIDED (etc.): 4.

In the next number we will be publishing two critical evaluations—by Andrew Shonfield, the newly appointed Director of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, and by Leopold Labedz, Editor of Survey Magazine*—of the general picture of the British public mind which has emerged.*

M.J.L.

A Symposium (III)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Harold Evans[50]

SCENE. A London club on a fine English summer's day. Enter distinguished philosopher and linguist, one of those cultured refugees from pre-war Europe who knows more about the life of English letters than the natives. He speaks (*with vehemence*):

"Europe you ask? It is an abomination, the peril of England. Think of that advertisement of a pig at one end and sausages at the other. England will be the pig in the machine. Her originality, her way of life, her virtues, will all be corrupted and destroyed! . . ."

That bit is true, and if it were in a play there would, to do justice to British opinion today, be a further stage direction:

Porters from Covent Garden who have overheard the speech through the open windows carry the philosopher shoulder-high round the market.

Those who believe, as I do, that Britain should join the Common Market, are up against a powerful sentiment which has grown stronger since ENCOUNTER's last symposium. It is intellectualised, at one level, as protecting our sovereignty and Commonwealth links, at another it emerges as a cry about the price of butter. The sentiment is insularity mixed with inertia, psychological insecurity aggravated by battered national pride. It is much more potent than worries about butter or New Zealand or international law. Dean Acheson is still right: We still have not found a role. The old do not want to; Enoch Powell's nationalism runs like rum through their veins. The young, consciences in search of causes, have been offered little vision of Britain in Europe.

Of course it is easier to react against the positive discernible evils such as South African racialism and oppression in Czechoslovakia than to be fired by vague ideas of European amity, or of an independent Fourth force alongside the giants of the United States, Russia, and China. I myself am quite impressed by the idea that Britain in Europe will have more influence, more control of her future, be more able to contribute to the maintenance of peace and the development of European civilisation. I do not think people in Britain realise (or want to realise) how our influence has declined, how our horizons have grown more limited. Anyone who travels beyond the Costa Brava knows how Britain shrinks. That is a political and social view. I also believe that economically there is more potential success for Britain in the Common Market than out of it. (I do not for a moment believe any kind of NAFTA is on). This is arguable of course. Perhaps in the short term, depending on Mr. Rippon's small print, we will be hurt a bit, and I would like to see proper protection for the regional life of Britain and the developing nations and New Zealand; but I believe the long-term future of an off-shore Britain, my children's future, is one where we would grow more slowly—where we will seem, since poverty is a relative matter, to be getting poorer.

MIDDLE-CLASS OPINION may sniff at economic growth, but if we did become the poor relation of Europe I fear the psychological and political consequences in Britain. The frustration and envy engendered, easily exploited by any nationalist demagogue, would do more to wreck the "British way of life" than the kind of loose partnership envisaged in mixing with those wicked continentals. As for the philosopher's fear that we shall all become *Wurst*, has anyone noticed, in eleven years of the Economic Community, that the French have been becoming less French?

Wayland Kennet[51]

ENCOUNTER is still calling it "Going into Europe" as it did in 1962. The eccentric use of language in this phrase and others like it—"Joining Europe", etc.—has, among other things, made the whole Common Market debate in this country rather unreal. Does anybody know a definition of Europe which excludes Britain? The only sense in which Britain is not "in" Europe is that it is separated by some water from the mainland of the continent. In this sense Japan is not "in" Asia and Cuba is not "in" America, or the Americas. But Britain is clearly not in America or Asia, and one wonders where those who use this phrase really feel we are. And anyhow, even if we were to agree that our insular separation had some importance for the discussion about the Common Market, the Europe we are not in would still not be that part of Europe which happens to be covered by the Common Market: it would be the whole land mass from the Atlantic to the Urals, just as it has been for the last thousand years.

So the debate is not about "joining Europe", it is about whether to join an economic community formed only fourteen years ago by six out of the thirty European states, and whether to take part in the debate whether, and if so how, this community shall lead on to a political community, perhaps in time with federal overtones.

It is a commonplace that in some respects the nation state is no longer the most convenient social unit. Modern communications make it needlessly small, modern industry makes it unprofitably small. But it remains the only device known to man for public participation and control in the regulation and shaping of society in general. This need not always be so; but we must take care not to lose any of this control as we *advolve* (opposite of devolve—volve upwards) powers and functions to larger units. Some of it,

[50] HAROLD EVANS is Editor of *The Sunday Times* (London).

[51] LORD KENNET, author and parliamentarian, wrote (as Wayland Young) a study of *The Italian Left* (1949), a Penguin on *The Profumo Case* (1963), and a work on love and sex, *Eros Denied* (1965). He served as a Parliamentary Secretary in the Ministry of Housing and Local Government during the Wilson Labour Government, when he was concerned with the environment.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

indeed, has already been lost as it were downwards, to the international corporations.

Most of the functions which a West European nation state can no longer conveniently carry out alone, like catching up with the international corporations, and coping with industrial pollution, and talking about what to do if the American army partly goes home, and clubbing together for communications satellites, and most important of all, simply getting a co-ordinated foreign policy so that we don't cancel each other out—most of these Britain could very conveniently carry out in an enlarged Common Market. This is so because the countries concerned are geographically close to us and economically like us. It is a natural companionship. In the long term, politics, economics, and the sense of history all strongly push us to join and expand the Common Market.

BUT THERE ARE THESE unpleasant short-term disadvantages: particularly price rises. One can imagine price rises so grave as to make it impossible to go ahead however great the long-term benefits; for instance, a sudden five-fold increase in the price of land would be one such. Equally one can imagine price rises which would be readily accepted in this context: for instance, a penny on a packet of cigarettes. The real price increases will be somewhere between the two. Perhaps by the time this appears we shall know what they are.

At the moment we do not; and since no responsible judgment can be made between short-term disadvantages and long-term benefits while either are unknown, there is no more to be said about whether we *should* sign the treaty. At the moment, we divide between those who hope it will be right to, and those who hope it won't. For myself, I hope it will.

THE COMMON MARKET *is a protectionist organisation of highly developed industrial countries with a large number of feather-bedded farmers. Having reduced our own agricultural lobby to reasonable proportions it seems wrong that we should now move back in time to take on the European farmers. In any case, from the trading viewpoint, cheap food and world free trade seem more appealing. Politically we are no longer a Super Power. Joining EEC will not make us one. We will only count if we get our economy right, and that depends most on what happens in British industry whether or not we go in.*

I was particularly impressed by Professor Titmuss' contribution to your original symposium: "What I keep asking myself is whether the Common Market will allow and encourage us simultaneously to be more civilised and compassionate. The answers I get are not reassuring."

In this country the genuine conservationist lobby has won some astounding victories. We may be moving towards an era where concern for the quality of life in Britain secures striking advances—and in this field I believe the Common Market is largely an irrelevance.

Charles Wintour [52]

Michael Shanks [53]

I AM A "EUROPEAN"—not through any great feeling of cultural or emotional affinity with the peoples of the Six, but from cooler and I believe more rational arguments of self-interest. I feel at home in the countries of the EEC, but no more so than in North America, or Australasia or Scandinavia. I believe the fundamental argument about Europe is one about *scale* in the modern world. Politically, what is the level at which decision-making can best be carried out in the "global electronic village"? Economically, what is the viable size of market in which modern industry can compete? In both cases I believe the United Kingdom, even with EFTA—the Commonwealth no longer exists in any meaningful sense, and NAFTA (I am afraid) is and will remain a pipe-dream—is below the threshold of viability consistent with our needs and ambitions. The same is true of any of the other Western European countries in isolation.

Politically, therefore, Europe must in due course federate or perish as a power on the world stage. By this I do not mean that we can expect a dramatic leap forward into supra-nationality, a tearing-up of national constitutions, a conscious sublimation of sovereignty, in the next few years. Rather, I expect the European Community to sidle crabwise to greater unity, as a response to external pressures in a whole series of apparently unrelated functional areas. Already the Common Agricultural Policy transcends the policies of national governments. In the next few years I believe we will see similar moves towards a common European monetary system, common policies on technology, co-ordination of defence, harmonisation of legislation. Protesting all the while that they have no intention of undermining the power and rights of national governments, but that they are merely taking the necessary steps to strengthen their economies *vis-à-vis le défi Americain*, or whatever, the Europeans will in fact proceed steadily to move the basis of decision-making, the fulcrum of political power, from the national to the supra-national level; and at some point in the late 1970s they will at last admit to themselves that they have created by imperceptible stages a United States of Europe.

If this is to happen—and we are certainly in no position to stop it—I want Britain to have a part

[52] CHARLES WINTOUR is Editor of the *Evening Standard* (London).

[53] MICHAEL SHANKS, author of *The Stagnant Society* (1961) and *The Innovators* (1957), former industrial editor of the *Financial Times* and chief industrial adviser to the British Labour Government; at present Director of Marketing Services and Economic Planning for the British Leyland Motor Corporation.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the process. The national instinct which has led us to resist for five centuries the creation of a super-power on the Continent is right. A European Community which excludes Britain must either be dominated by Germany, by an uneasy Franco-German alliance, or by a precarious and constantly shifting balance of power. British membership will give it greater stability. Outside the Community however Britain's weight in the world will be mediocre at best.

Perhaps in political terms the British are prepared to accept the implications of isolation and further waning of power—though I doubt it. Economically, however, the consequences could be very severe. Britain today is a very small and insecure base from which to service a world market. Even including EFTA we have a home market which is smaller in numbers than Japan, not much more than half the existing EEC, less than half that of North America or the Soviet Union. It is also a peculiarly slow-growing market, and one especially prone to cost inflation.

It is true of course, that not all industries require huge markets to reap the economies of scale. But some do—steel, chemicals, motor-cars, aerospace, computers—and they happen to be among the most important and fast-growing industries on the world scene. For each of these the British market is already dangerously small and precarious. This is not to say that membership of the Common Market would miraculously speed up the growth rate; I agree with the sceptics here. It would, however, help in two vital respects —one positive, one negative; quite apart from the intangible factors of dynamism, and the therapeutic "cold bath" effect of fiercer competition, which have been found to work in each of the Continental economies except Luxembourg.

THE FIRST FACTOR concerns investment. Our greatest industrial weakness has been the low rate of investment. The greatest potential source of new investment in the next few years is U.S. capital. As a member of the EEC we would be an attractive location for such investment. We have the best capital market in Europe, a plentiful supply of competent and cheap management, and a growing surplus of skilled labour; we have a relatively good infrastructure and a relatively stable society. These are important assets. But if we remain outside the Community there is no doubt that investment will by-pass these shores and make for the big market of the Continent (ask Henry Ford II).

The second, negative, factor is this. Since the war the world has moved steadily away from protectionism. It may not continue to do so. As the world order comes under increasing strain a reversion to protectionism in the seventies is very much on the cards. Were this to happen, our position as a relatively small country heavily dependent on international trade and outside the two great blocs of Western Europe and North America would be an unenviable one.

I am, therefore, strongly in favour of joining the club on the best terms we can get (though of course not on terms which would prevent us from ever becoming competitive). Of course, its present rules leave a lot to be desired. That is hardly surprising, since we declined the offer to help draft them. But we will not alter them from outside; while from inside, as the past history of the EEC indicates, the views and interests of individual members are treated with great, perhaps undue, deference by the others. I hope, therefore, that we shall join, and having joined that we shall use our membership to help the developing countries of the Third World rather better than we have been able or willing to do from outside.

Colin Clark [54]

THE QUESTION of the economic advantages and disadvantages of British entry into the Common Market, on which I have some entitlement to speak, appear to me to be very much secondary to the political questions, in the discussion of which I claim strictly amateur status.

However the principal political question, which is none other than the preservation of world peace in future years, is of such overwhelming importance that it may be worth while collecting the opinions even of economists on such a subject.

Though at present no danger signs appear on the horizon, those who study world politics must always have a lingering fear (let us be frank), based on some indications of instability in the German character, of a revival of aggressive tendencies in that country. On the part of France we have grounds for fearing, not direct aggression, but sheer irresponsibility, leading to world disorder—and this fear rests on the actual conduct of the late President, whether in the gold crisis, in Cambodia, in Canada, or in the Middle East.

The faults of British policy are many but are, fortunately, in the opposite direction, namely of lethargy, of always doing things too late. If our statesmen had acted a few years earlier in the 1930s, or even a few days earlier in 1914, they might have prevented two World Wars—and that is a terrible responsibility to have to carry into history.

But a combination of British lethargy and European aggressiveness—or British caution with European *élan*, to use more diplomatic language—should be unbeatable. The people and statesmen of the West European Political Union will have a maturity, based on long and sad experience, which will make it a real force for the preservation of world peace. The Union will have the population and resources to make it an undoubted world power (the definition of "world

[54] COLIN CLARK, Research Fellow, Monash University, Australia, formerly Director of the Institute for Research in Agricultural Economics, Oxford; author of *The Conditions of Economic Progress* (1940), *Welfare and Taxation* (1954), *Population Growth and Land Use* (1967).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"REVIEW your own views", invited the Editor, sending along a copy of one's contribution to the 1962 symposium, and I don't suppose anyone read his previous piece with more embarrassment than me. Le style est l'homme même, *and having become in the intervening nine years a different person altogether, I found it hard to recognise myself in those florid phrases of long ago.*

I wish I could say the same of the Britain I was discussing: alas, our corporate style remains morosely the same, always on the brink of a new fulfilment, perpetually in that last crisis before the calm. I was certain in 1962 that entry into Europe was the only solution to our dreary troubles, and I am even more certain now. If I regret the cadences of a decade ago, I do not modify a syllable of the opinions.

For the wider I travel, the more sharply I realise how alarmingly isolated we have become in an unsentimental world, and the more clearly I see how essential was the possession of Empire to our status—and to our prosperity too, though the economists, still half-blinded by Marxist theories of imperialism, seldom concede the fact. The arguments against entry seem to me fundamentally trivial: a great nation does not base its policies upon the price of bread and baked beans, or the factional interests of subsidised apple growers. What is at stake is the entire character of the kingdom, its historical purpose, its pride and its influence. A strong economy, in my book, is only a means to a grander end.

Of course like most of us I would prefer to stay out. I remain a nationalist unashamed, if only because I prefer the patchwork to the monolithic. But the issue here is starker. Britain will not stay the more British if we remain on our own, sustained only by the amoebic Commonwealth. On the contrary, the more isolated we are, and the weaker, the more vulnerable we shall be to the corrosive example of the United States—and if there is one shift in political opinion to which I will admit, it is a gradually acquired but vehement distaste for nearly everything that the new America, Left, Right or Middle, represents to the world.

So Europe it must be: and I would clothe the conviction in a more forcible rhetoric, were it not for the possibility that when, in 1980, Melvin Lasky invites us to review our views again, I might be distressed by the adjectives.

James Morris [55]

power" is one whose possible reactions have to be taken into account by statesmen everywhere else in the world when they are framing their policies). And this at a time when the "ante" for entering the world power league is rising higher and higher—Britain alone will never again make it.

Next, there is some hope that a European Political Union would do considerably more for the poorer countries of the world than we are doing now. France has much the best record in the world in this respect, even though her benefactions have been confined—understandably—to the French-speaking communities in Africa. The Union as a whole will be under pressure to follow the French example.

ECONOMICALLY, the agricultural policy of the Common Market has been outrageous. Prices have been fixed on political rather than on economic considerations, at levels which have led to serious over-production. The object was to guarantee a satisfactory income to the poorest peasant farmers. But the principal effect has been to raise the price of agricultural land, to the benefit of many rich investors. Don't tell me that the European administrators are quite so ignorant of economics as not to have foreseen that!

Meanwhile the very heavy levies on imports have done a great deal to impoverish farmers in other parts of the world. Dr Mansholt (the Vice-President in charge of agriculture) accepted the original erroneous policy, but then made a drastic turnabout, stating quite rightly that very large areas of the poorer farmland in Europe ought to be turned over to forestry and recreational uses. This policy was not accepted by his colleagues.

The erroneous agricultural price policy of the Common Market is now gradually being corrected, but it will take a long time to put it right. British entry—this is not generally realised—will have the effect of greatly enriching the already prosperous wheat and beef farmers, and Britain will become a large exporter of beef to Europe. But British dairy and potato farmers and horticulturists will lose.

The economic advantages of the Common Market to Britain are all in the distant future. Leading industrialists see them clearly, indeed they have done so ever since the 1940s. The advantages of being able to plan for sales in this huge market, freed from any threat of tariff or quota restrictions, will be overwhelmingly important for the new science-based industries, which require very expensive investments in research and equipment. These are the industries of the future. Nonetheless the sufferings of some of the older industries, with inadequate equipment and restrictive labour practices, such as printing, will be very real.

---

[55] JAMES MORRIS' books include *Hashemite Kings* (1959), *Venice* (1960), and *Pax Britannica* (1968).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOME SERIOUS CRITICS fear that British entry into the Common Market will lead to excessive industrialisation of South-East England, a tendency already manifest. Recently I have completed, with two co-authors, a detailed analysis of this problem (*Regional Studies*, Volume III, pp. 197-212)—so detailed that apparently very few people have read it. As things are now, if you draw a rough rectangle passing through Hull, Blackpool, and Bournemouth, most industry is attracted to within this area, and special efforts have to be made to attract it outside. There is a zone of particular attraction within a radius of 50 miles from Central London. This zone, before the Treaty of Rome, exercised as high an attraction for industry as anywhere in Continental Europe.

With Britain and the other applicants in the Common Market, and with transport further cheapened by straightening out the container shipping muddle, and a Channel Tunnel, the Hull-Blackpool-Bournemouth rectangle will still define the main area of industrial attraction in Britain. But the special attractions of the area close to Central London will be relatively reduced. This will also be true of the zone around Paris. The zone of highest attraction, which is already apparent, is the Rhine Valley, and Eastern Netherlands and Belgium.

Evidence is presented to show the extent to which manufacturers are attracted to these areas of high "economic potential"; but with an interesting qualification. In the areas of highest economic potential, industralists are already beginning to realise the disadvantages of traffic congestion, over-crowding, pollution, and labour shortages, and are preferring regions of more moderate potential.

On balance, it appears that the net movement of population and industry will probably be from Britain to the Continent, rather than *vice versa*. Ten years ago this would have been regarded as an unqualified evil. Now some people are beginning to see possible advantages in a reduction of population and industrial density in South-East England.

Stanley Henig[56]

BEING BRITISH, Jewish and Socialist, I am an inevitable European. Like many others sharing those three characteristics I am by instinct deeply anti-isolationist and am willing to give an opinion on any international issue in any part of the globe. In any case, from a non-altruistic viewpoint, events in Viet Nam, the Middle East, Nigeria or Pakistan may well affect our freedom and our prosperity. Nobody can have very much confidence in the ability of the world's governments to safeguard the real interests of the world's peoples, but on balance that world is likely to be a little better and safer if Britain preserves a teeny bit of that great influence which was once taken for granted. I for one am not prepared to hand the whole world over to the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R. and China as their plaything.

The only way in which a small country can play a useful and helpful role in world affairs is in association with others. We cannot choose our continent: geographically, politically, economically and culturally we are a part of Europe and not of Asia, North America or some other place. The choice resolves itself to joining with other countries in Europe to try to forge a unity as the basis for playing a part in world affairs or opting for a seemingly cosy life by staying out.

Big problems face the countries of Europe. In the next few years the U.S.A. is certain to withdraw many of the land forces which have been a guarantee of our safety for twenty-five years. When that happens we shall certainly need a common European policy to fill the vacuum. In case this sounds too cold warriorish, even after Czechoslovakia, let me add that obviously the world's major problem is not the East-West clash, but the North-South dichotomy. The coincidence of the dividing line between haves and have nots with that between whites and others introduces a potentially explosive factor into world affairs. This is why I sympathise with the sentiments of those who wish to keep the British Commonwealth alive as a multi-racial grouping. Unfortunately, the Commonwealth simply does not offer Britain a reasonable economic and political base from which to play a role in solving these world problems. Our own effort in the past towards helping underdeveloped countries (a more honest phrase than "developing"!) has been pathetic—we have not even reached our own measly target of 1% of our *GNP* in overseas aid. Our excuse is that due to recurrent economic crises, we have been unable to afford it. That is precisely the point... alone we

I REMAIN *instinctively a European. But I have worries that were not there ten years ago. The Common Market has developed as a super-national corporation, with a burgeoning growth rate: it is a very successful business. And that is why we now urgently need to join. It will help us back on our feet, even if we can't stand on them unaided.*

The quality of city life in the West has declined markedly in the last ten years. That apparently is progress. With Britain as a member, Europeans will have the capacity to ruin their lives as successfully as the Americans.

I hope we get in; but not for bread alone.

Peter Hall [57]

[56] STANLEY HENIG was, until the recent elections, Labour M.P. for Lancaster. His previous contributions to ENCOUNTER include "Great Expectations" (September 1967), "Whither the Marketeers?" (March 1968), and "The Black Mood" (June 1969).

[57] PETER HALL, theatre director (and now film director), was managing director of the Royal Shakespeare Company when they first came to the Aldwych. He is now co-director of the Royal Opera.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never will be able to "afford it." Those who say we cannot enter Europe because of the problems of sugar producers clearly have no conception of the problems of the Caribbean let alone of possible solutions. Every country in the EEC does proportionately more for under-developed countries than we do, because they are able to afford it, thanks to the increased prosperity which economic union is bringing to them. Only a United Europe with common development programmes can bring hope to millions of people in other continents.

So we can remain poor but pure—if it is pure to turn one's back on the rest of the world; for I am not really impressed with the ethics as distinct from the expedience of Swiss and Swedish neutrality. Alternatively we can throw in our lot with the other countries of Western Europe and seek jointly to play some role in solving the world's major political and economic problems.

By way of a postcript I must add a message for some of my more left-wing brethren who are for ever pointing out that "Europe is not Socialist". Very true, but where is the model for Socialism? Remembering the hopes and expectations of 1964 and 1966 nobody will again want to see a Labour government thrown off course by economic squalls outside its control. That at least could not happen to a united Europe or, *ipso facto*, to any of its constituent parts. Socialism in one country is surely both an historic and economic absurdity.

IT SEEMS TO ME *that more and more people are saying they know less and less about what are the implications of going into Europe, and certainly I don't know.*

I like the idea of not needing a passport to go to Paris and there is a seductive, clinical attractiveness about the efficiency resulting from the combining of industries; but who can measure what greater loss of individual identity accrues commensurate with the growing roof of global monopolies.

Although the change-over to decimal in the U.K. has worked fairly smoothly, yet most traders have used the change-over to cover up fantastic increases in prices and the Government did not allow for the fact that paying 7½p for something still "felt" like 7½d and not 1/6d. What other changes resulting from entry into the Common Market will be beyond the Government's control? And is it more important to bring the Englishman near to the Frenchman than it is to bring the Londoner nearer to the Norfolk farm labourer or the intellectual nearer to the docker?

I just suspect that the Common Market is one of those non-issues which has been made into a major dilemma for us all by men who are more concerned with better ways of making greater profits than they are with evolving the European man. After all, entry into Europe is not going to make me think that the modern French novel is better than the American one.

Arnold Wesker [58]

Tibor Szamuely [59]

I DID NOT TAKE part in the first ENCOUNTER symposium nine years ago, for the very good reason that I was then not yet British, not yet even resident in this country. I was living—most appropriately, from the point of view of this debate—in Europe: in the real, geographical Europe, of which Britain always has been and will be a part. As for the ill-assorted grouping of six nations who seem to have arrogated the name of Europe to themselves, I find incredible the very idea of Britain ever joining them. It is a question, not of "entering Europe" but of joining—irrevocably, irreversibly joining—an association of states all of whom have a great deal more in common with each other than we have with any of them. However much the Marketeers sneer at Gaitskell's phrase, this would undoubtedly mean the end of a thousand years of history.

The economic issues, the "terms of entry" which engage everyone's total attention, are quite irrelevant to the central problem. What we are proposing to enter is not a customs union but a burgeoning political federation. Of course we would have to give up the larger part, if not the whole, of our sovereignty. What else does one do on becoming a federal unit? The more outspoken Marketeers make no bones about it. They justify this by explaining that we have already forfeited our sovereignty anyway: to the Pentagon, the gnomes of Zurich, the international industrial corporations, and such-like terrifying creatures. What arrant nonsense! Ask any East European about the difference between possessing sovereignty and losing it and he will provide a very succinct definition. Sovereignty does not mean being able to impose one's will on anybody else (in this sense not even America or Russia are sovereign): it means the untrammelled right of a nation, acting through its instruments of State, to have the last word in its own affairs without any interference from outside. This we have today and this we are proposing to renounce.

For what? For the chance to become part of a larger entity, better equipped to protect our freedoms? But France, a leader of the Community, is

[58] ARNOLD WESKER, playwright, author of *Roots* (1959), *Chicken Soup with Barley* (1959), *I'm Talking about Jerusalem* (1960), *The Kitchen* (1961), *Chips with Everything* (1962), *The Four Seasons* (1966), *Their Very Own and Golden City* (1966), *Fears of Fragmentation* (1970).

[59] TIBOR SZAMUELY is Lecturer in Politics at the University of Reading, and a regular writer for *The Spectator*. He was born and educated in Soviet Russia, and came to Britain from West Africa in 1962.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not even a member of NATO. Britain is. So who is defending whom?

Entering the EEC, we are told, will make us shed our "insularity" and open up a wide new world before the fog-bound British. They must be kidding. What nation is less "insular" than the British, who created (for good or ill) the greatest empire ever known, who brought a whole array of new nations into being (including the mightiest one of all), who made their language the global lingua franca, who even today emigrate annually in their hundreds of thousands to settle in other parts of the world? And, incidentally, they do not emigrate to the EEC but to the countries with which they are connected by ties of blood, language, custom, tradition. Why have a referendum when people are voting every day, as for endless years past, with their feet? Surely that is the best indicator of all. (What, might one ask, are the emigration figures for the "non-insular" Common Market nations?)

There are other, equally valid indicators. What is the relative size of the readership of books by continental and American and other English-speaking authors? Of the audience for continental and American films and television productions? Of the consumption (and I don't mean the quality) of American, Commonwealth and continental food and drink? The British people don't need to have their opinion canvassed: it is only too clear as it is.

However geographically close Britain may be to the countries of the EEC, she is divided from them by centuries of history. The histories of the Six are inextricably intertwined (just as were those of England, Scotland, and Ireland before their Unions): they have been invading, conquering, settling each other's territories—uniting, splitting-up and re-uniting—for hundreds of years. The borders of the empires of Charlemagne and Napoleon, to take but two examples, are almost identical with the frontiers of the EEC.

WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, the fact remains that Britain has always been an outsider in Europe. She has intervened there—but only for limited aims and always to withdraw again. She has had her own different interests, her own different outlook—and these have shaped her own, very different national character. An inherently unnatural marriage that contravenes history, psychology, and national attributes, cannot have a happy outcome.

In the topsy-turvy world of the "opinion-makers" all nationalisms are admirable, or at least justifiable: only British nationalism is wicked. Why? Surely British nationalism is as legitimate as any other? More so, if you ask me, for it is based on pride in having established and maintained a humane, tolerant and, above all, free society—and on having implanted and defended these concepts throughout the world.

Whatever the gloom-mongers may say, we should retain our sense of reality. This is still a great nation: populous, talented, influential, rich, inventive, adventurous. It is still a healthy society, probably the healthiest in the world—for what are our social and racial dissensions compared to those of any other country of similar size? I see no reason why Britain shouldn't remain a great nation in the future. Outside the Common Market.

Terence Prittie[60]

THE REASONS WHY Britain should join the European Common Market are as valid as they were a decade ago, perhaps even more valid. What was predictable ten years ago has, in fact, happened. In comparison with the economies of the Six, Britain's has stagnated. European countries which had far lower living standards than ourselves now have higher. Traditional British industries like ship-building and coal-mining have declined disastrously. A series of economic crises, the devaluation of sterling and a palpably crumbling working morale have combined to shake the faith of the outside world in Britain, as well as the confidence of the British people in themselves. It is significant that, in a recent Gallup Poll, 41% of those asked said that they would like to emigrate! The figures for two Common Market countries were given—27% in West Germany and 16% in the Netherlands. Yet West Germany is only half a country and in the front line of a Cold War which has never ended in Central Europe; while the Netherlands are desperately overcrowded following the total loss of that country's relatively huge colonial empire. Even more significant, the rate of emigration from Britain is actually decreasing. People are no longer capable of doing what they say they want to do.

The reasons why Britain should join the Common Market, then, have most to do with Britain's manifest inability to "go it alone", and with the absence of any alternative form of economic association. The idea of a "maritime community" in partnership with the United States, Japan, and Australia has died stillborn. It was never a starter. Both the United States and, to a lesser extent, Japan, would have treated us as a poor relation, perpetually in debt and unable to face the fact that to live better one must either work more, or work more successfully. A rejuvenated Commonwealth was never a starter either; Britain has neither the resources nor the energy to carry her former dominions through the long process of industrial development. A union between Britain on the one hand, and Australia and New Zealand on the other, might have worked—had it been instituted fifteen or twenty years ago. Instead, Britain left New Zealand to lapse into insular welfarism and treated Australia as still the most suitable pen for social black sheep.

[60] TERENCE PRITTIE, former diplomatic correspondent of *The Guardian*, has just completed a book on Konrad Adenauer. He is the author of *Israel: Miracle in the Desert* (1967) and *Eshkol: The Man and the Nation* (1969).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In seeking membership in the Common Market too late and too half-heartedly, Britain was much influenced by the dishonesty of the Labour Party. As I wrote in the ENCOUNTER symposium of January 1963, Labour's pretence of championing Commonwealth interests was simply a piece of sharp practice. Labour's "conversion" to Europeanism was tardy, incomplete, and suspect. With British public opinion moving against joining Europe today, it is easy to visualise another *volte-face* by the Labour Party. The key to Labour's tactics will lie in whether the party leadership comes out in favour of a referendum—knowing it to be totally foreign to the functioning of British democracy. A referendum would give Labour a convenient alibi for "submitting to the will of the people". This would constitute a reversal of the established practice in Britain of both Government and political parties leading public opinion, and not being its slave.

THE POSITIVE ADVANTAGES of Britain joining the Common Market are as great as ever they were. If Britain comes in, so will Denmark, Norway and the Irish Republic. In the case of the last-named, incidentally, this would lead to a first, fruitful association between the Republic and the embattled North. An economic link between Dublin and Belfast would be better than nothing. But it is more relevant that all four applicants for Common Market membership have an Atlantic seaboard. Europe will become more outward-looking; and it needs to be. For what remains of Britain's "white Commonwealth" needs European capital, know-how and population. The first great economic impetus in the Common Market was generated by removing economic barriers among the Six themselves; the second such impetus will result from the building of bridges between Europe and countries overseas which would welcome them. In this, Britain could play a vital role.

I believe that British intellectual opinion has changed very little on the subject of joining the Common Market. On the contrary, its general (although far from universal) acceptance of the need for Britain to join has been consolidated by what has happened since 1963. Britain's decline has become too obvious to be ignored. Even that pathetic counter-cry of "Don't-knock-poor-old-Britain" has been stilled. But British public opinion has moved against joining the Common Market. The lamentable presentation of the "facts" of membership by the last Labour Government had much to do with this; a heavy stress was placed on higher food prices which would result from joining, and there was no coherent effort to spell out the benefits to British industry. Higher food prices have now become a terrifying bogey to an under-informed and apprehensive public.

As an ex-prisoner of war, I know what effect under-nourishment has on the system. Britain is today mentally under-nourished and sinking into lethargy. The worst feature of her decline is that it has been so slow, so unspectacular that it has been easy to ignore that it has been happening at all. Membership in an expanding European Community can help Britain to snap out of a lethargy which is mainly the product of—in

I NO LONGER *feel emotionally involved in this matter. When I think nationally I regard myself either as a Scot or an Australian or, sometimes, both. Intellectually I think the arguments for Britain going into the Common Market are fairly strong except for one point which worries me.*

During the last ten years I have come to the conclusion that all human communities have increased in size, are increasing and ought to be diminished. It seems to me almost a universal law of human behaviour that men and women are happier living in and working for small groups or societies, yet everywhere political and economic forces are driving them into bigger ones. Children prefer small schools to large ones. Soldiers give their loyalty to their company or battalion not to the division or the army corps. Almost everyone would rather work for a small firm than a big one if he had the choice. I think this law applies also to nations. It can hardly be an accident that the biggest nations—Russia, China, the United States, India and Indonesia—are all now more or less ungovernable. It is the small nations, like Sweden, Denmark, the Irish Republic and Australia, which are the happiest.

I therefore regard with some dismay the prospect of creating a new super-state out of the relatively small and culturally rich nations of Europe. Even if the members of the Common Market decide not to try and form a Federal Union of Europe, it seems inevitable that more and more political decisions will be taken by some remote central bureaucracy. If Britain does go into Europe I would certainly hope that she can preserve as much sovereignty as possible.

But I would go further than this. If these super-states are to survive and to exist as reasonably contented human societies, then I think there must be much more drastic efforts to decentralise. For instance, I would like to see the British Parliament grant a measure of Home Rule to Scotland and Wales before *entering the Common Market so that the national sentiment and cultural identity of the Welsh and Scottish peoples are not still further diluted—or washed away—by being submerged in a still bigger pond. Wealth and security may lie in joining a united Europe; happiness, I am convinced, lies in retaining the smaller communities in which we feel at home.*

John Douglas Pringle [61]

[61] JOHN DOUGLAS PRINGLE was formerly the Deputy Editor of *The Observer* in London. He was, until recently, the Editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and is still living in Australia.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Orwell's phrase—living off the fat of the last hundred years, without realising it. And Orwell wrote that over 30 years ago.

John Vaizey[62]

TWELVE OR THIRTEEN years ago I was an enthusiastic supporter of closer links with Europe. The reason for this was a double one: I wanted to bring British political stability into a European context in order to help the Fourth Republic and to preserve Western German democracy, and at the same time it seemed as though the only way to break through British complacency in the administration of the economy and of the social services, and in industrial structure, was to change the constitutional arrangements of the country.

Since that time my views have changed, partly, obviously, because my own attitudes and opinions have changed, but mainly, I think, because of objective events. The Common Market is primarily an economic arrangement, and therefore economics must be an important, if not necessarily a dominant consideration in affecting our attitudes to whether or not we should join. The arrangements which have been made for economic cooperation within the Common Market are almost entirely deleterious to British interests, involve an old-fashioned and outrageously expensive system for subsidising agriculture, and a whole series of other arrangements which can be of no conceivable benefit to the United Kingdom. At the same time the United Kingdom will bear the greatest single part of the expense of maintaining the Common Market. These payments will be made across the exchanges, and will therefore adversely affect Britain in a double way. First, because of the absolute cost of bearing the expense, and secondly because of its effect upon our balance of payments. In addition, we shall move from cheap sources of food to expensive sources of food, for which there can be no conceivable justification. As Johnson and others have so cogently argued, the economic advantages which are alleged to arise from lower tariffs against industrial goods and from a growing specialisation in international technology, seem to be either illusory or minimal. In addition, I now take a far less depressed view of Britain's future. British society seems on the whole remarkably stable, and the rate of economic growth, although comparatively low, seems perfectly respectable, viewed in the longer historical context. I see no urgent need radically to alter the rate of growth, nor any prospects that the Common Market would do anything other than depress it; nor is there much evidence that the political stability of Europe would be greatly affected one way or the other by our joining the Common Market. Indeed, I would have thought that there were strong reasons to suppose that many of the countries of the Common Market were entering periods of political instability, and that it would be wise to view the permanency of the Common Market institutions, and of supra-nationalism in particular, with some slight coldness. It might not be nearly as permanent as it seems, and the process of its disruption could be exceedingly uncomfortable in the countries which were united by it.

Above all, my view has changed at what one might call the metaphysical level. I recently read an old article by a Conservative Catholic member of Parliament, in which he pointed out to his Catholic confrères that in England he was in a minority, but when we joined Europe he would be in a majority, and that this was the reason for his being so fervent a European. Good luck to him. I am not at all unsympathetic to Catholicism as such, but on the other hand I have no passionate desire to live in a country with a Catholic majority. I have lived in France, I love European culture, and in particular those countries whose language I speak reasonably fluently, but at

I, PERSONALLY, *joined the Common Market three years ago when I left England to live in Europe. The issue of England, as opposed to Englishmen, getting into the European community has inevitably become remote and a little academic to me, but I recognise that, if there is justice anywhere (in France, for instance), England's recent and coming sacrifices will have to be justified by her entry. The finest monetary system in the world has been liquidated, and soon the same artificial and antiquated decimal division will be applied to weights and measures. Now, I gather, France is uneasy about the possibility of English becoming the major language of the community, and it is conceivable that French—a language whose spoken form in Paris no longer bears any real resemblance to its written form—will be jammed down hard on everybody and England be made to import French films and television shows as well as books. England, M. Pompidou has said, must turn her back on America where (history is so unjust) English is the national language. I can't see what the common man in England is going to get out of the Common Market. He won't get a cheap working-man's drink or smoke, and European wines and packets of Gauloises won't lose their existing tax-impost. The point is, I think, that England is to be absorbed, her own distinctive character sordined, and the end of a great Empire be completed in the bastardisation of a great empire-building nation.*

Anthony Burgess [63]

[62] JOHN VAIZEY, Professor of Economics, Brunel University. His books include *Scenes from Institutional Life* (1959), *The Economics of Education* (1962), *The Sleepless Lunch* (1967), *Capitalism* (1970).

[63] ANTHONY BURGESS, novelist and critic, author of *Nothing Like the Sun* (1964), *Tremor of Intent* (1966), *Enderby Outside* (1968), is at present lecturing at Princeton University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the same time I feel a deep affection and loyalty to the United States. It seems to me that Britain's culture is indissolubly linked to that of the English-speaking world, and that only in the most trite and geographical sense is Britain part of Europe. It is, in fact, part of a much wider Atlantic Community, and it is to links in the Atlantic Community that I would rather look.

Kathleen Nott [64]

I FEEL EVEN MORE dislike and suspicion than I felt ten years ago about going—or rather, being dragged—into the EEC; this is joined with more alarm and rather better information. I haven't so far discovered or been shown any single ground of benefit, and if such grounds exist I can only assume that they have been put on the list of Classified Information, as too secret and too dangerous to be published.

The official hand-outs admit that their authors cannot foresee how high food prices will rise and for how long—only that indubitably they *will* rise. What the prophets and pundits *do* foresee is that our future will be more "dynamic"! But whether the new "dynamism" will lead to the moon or to the bottomless pit they do not specify. We must assume to the former for the pie is surely in the sky.

From the fact that the present members of the community have achieved a greater economic growth, we are asked to deduce a similar prospect for ourselves. That seems less than convincing. Surely the existing EEC is a delicately balanced structure which by enlargement may well destroy its essential nature? The bigger the pumpkin, the less like a real pumpkin to the knowledgeable pumpkin-eater. Moreover I can't understand how a working tariff arrangement can fail to guard its own exclusiveness. Gad, Sir—De Gaulle was right! —from the point of view of France; but it seems, even here, of financial and industrial France, not the France of farmers and peasants. The arguments in favour can thus seem abstract and their language often rhetorical.

Where adverse critics are literally down to earth, with many farmers and agricultural experts, particularly in this country and in the Commonwealth, they can claim recent object lessons in dissatisfaction from the farmers of Europe also. There appears moreover to be an authoritative opinion that our agriculture and horticulture are already more efficient than those of France.

In politics and economics nowadays, moral questions seem more academic than ever. But there is, I suppose, a "business morality" which would include some duty to demonstrate a plausible efficiency. The public projects on which we actually embark ought not only to convince *us* that they will work, we ought to be able to say why, otherwise we're just cheating. Let us disregard any responsibility to the Commonwealth and emergent nations, as to any other inconvenient loyalties, ideals and sentimentalities. Still, until we can provide a visibly better alternative, we have done nothing to show that our existing and developing arrangements haven't worked reasonably well or that they are ripe for the scrap-heap.

I suspect that technological modernism often covers primitive and irrational beliefs, and disguises the activities and attitudes which really derive from them. Experts, we believe, however much they may differ among themselves on their common specialities and however often they are all proved wrong, must be right in the long run. Often there isn't a long run; sometimes the experts have helped to cut it short. All the same, experts (the élite that no one elects) are our priests, the keepers of the mystery of the Sacred Gen. Who precisely ordained them is the most esoteric mystery of the lot.

Technology, with its know-how, not only spells "instant change" but proves in the same flash that change—doing things *differently*—must be progress. Thus every expert (scientific, administrative, psychological and economic) who has or can pretend to a particular power or function can never stop demonstrating it. Hitherto the experts have only interpreted the world—pretty arbitrarily too; their problem now is to change it *so oder so*. They are all busy standing Marx on his head.

THE CONTEMPORARY RUDE WORD for all this is interference. The old persistent habit was called magic. But of course magic only worked through illusion. We British are being wand-waved into the EEC. Otherwise, why the infernal hurry? (On re-reading ENCOUNTER's earlier symposium, I note with gratified cynicism that that question was asked all those years ago.) And why For Better or Worse? Do we *have* to get married? That all looks pretty hieratic too. Above all why the resistance to proper vulgarisation? It can't be all that much above our heads. The anti-Marketeers manage to produce pamphlets and articles which are clear, simple and detailed.

Why *not* a referendum? (The latest opinion polls give 59% against, while other guesses and estimates give an even larger adverse vote—so perhaps *that's* why not). A referendum would be unconstitutional? Well, we haven't a constitution in the continental sense. However it's very doubtful that Parliament could legally sign away its own sovereignty. And we can still claim to be a liberal democracy where oppressed minorities have a little free play in making themselves heard. *This* move looks like oppressing the majority.

Do we *want* to adapt our political and legal structure to Europe? Would somebody tabulate the advantages here too? We are being left like so many Little Audreys—wanting to *know*. For one example, shouldn't we have to bring our social welfare into parity with a continental system,

[64] KATHLEEN NOTT, philosopher and novelist, author of *The Emperor's Clothes* (1953), *A Soul in the Quad* (1969), *Philosophy and Human Nature* (1970).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

either scaling down benefits or raising taxation—to European order? Surely there are and always will be local situations which ought to be paramount—and that is one of them. There are plenty more. But what is Europe going to do about the principle of devolution and local government to which Britain has made so great a contribution? The attitude towards entry into the EEC which is being inculcated—subterraneanly and subcutaneously—strikes me as typical of that erroneous fatalism which leads to so many human disasters and which our technological powers make worse by disguising. We *can* (possibly) do everything, so we *must* do everything. The obverse to this is that we *can't* disobey or even criticise our own Frankenstein monsters. There is an instructive parallel to be seen in the attitudes that led to World War II. On the road there were many places where wise leadership could have halted the drive and put us into reverse. But the democratic leaders seemed to be fascinated and paralysed by the advancing Nazi machine. This was an Oedipal situation—Hitler helped to induce his effects by prophesying them, and *we* helped too. In the end we were all in it; and whatever our objections and misgivings, by that time we could do nothing except pull together to get out of it.

Anthony Hartley [65]

AN OBSTINATE PERSISTENCE in the same opinion tends to be a disadvantage for a journalist. Well-publicised changes of heart are so much more amusing for the onlookers, being, indeed, the soft-soap of which newspaper columns are made. It is, therefore, with some diffidence that I have to confess that my opinion about British entry into the European Economic Community (EEC) has remained unchanged since I last wrote on this subject in an ENCOUNTER symposium. Now as then I believe that this is the only possible course for us to take, the only one that solves our immediate problems and gives us a chance of taking part in an historic enterprise worthy of our past and auguring well for our future.

Not only do I still believe this, but the experience of the last years has reinforced this belief. Partly, this is the result of those who were for entry in 1962/63 having been proved right in most of their contentions. Where are now the arguments that were produced against them by the anti-Marketeers—the Commonwealth, the "special" relationship with the United States, Britain's role East of Suez, the effect on East-West relations? We have heard little enough of all these in recent months. Moreover, the Labour Party when in office *was* forced to the conclusion that it would have to ask for entry; the years of waiting before such entry became possible *were* quite as dreary and stagnant as one had predicted. The European Free Trade Area (EFTA) held together by main force pending a negotiation with EEC, an Atlantic Free Trade Area in which nobody in Washington is in the least interested—these remedies for our problems have proved unavailing. The pro-Marketeers have had the best of the argument.

A pro-Marketeer therefore has the right to ask those who oppose British entry what alternative policy they would suggest. This is a serious question. It is not to be answered by apocalyptic visions of British laws and liberties being abolished by the decree of some supra-national *Conseil d'Etat*. Those who are in favour of British entry at least have a policy for dealing with the emergence of a supra-national economic area on our doorstep. They also (and, in my view, more importantly) have a policy for dealing with the diminution of scale and loss of confidence that have overtaken Great Britain since 1945. What policy have their opponents? To stay as we are? We shall not, and would it be so attractive if we did?

Mr Enoch Powell, of course, does have a policy: to allow England to be saved by Mr Enoch Powell. But, while he might gather one or two supporters for this plan within the Conservative Party, Labour opponents of the Common Market would find it as unpleasing as he himself would find Mr Michael Foot's splendid Socialist isolation. It is, therefore, difficult for the present generation of anti-Marketeers to produce an alternative policy, not only because such a policy hardly exists, but also because practically no two of them could agree on one. A series of negatives is no guide to making a vital national decision.

FOR IT IS A FACT that this is a momentous period in our history. Great Britain has the chance of breaking out of the constriction and depression that has afflicted it for years. By entering into the European Community we can contribute to a new economic and political organisation those qualities which have made our history valuable and, in our turn, have our less admirable characteristics mitigated by an ability to learn from our associates. The Europe we are entering will be a political Europe. It is no use hiding that aspect. The existence of an enlarged community will have an immediate political significance, and, in the long run, it will develop political institutions of its own. There will be a continual creative task to be undertaken by all the countries of the Community—constructive work of a kind which has been lacking in recent British history and in which Britain will now play its part. If we have any national self-confidence left at all, we should welcome such a prospect.

---

[65] ANTHONY HARTLEY worked on the staff of *The Guardian* and *The Economist*, and was Deputy Editor of *The Spectator*. He has been resident in New York for the last three years as Editor of *Interplay* Magazine. His book *A State of England* was published in 1963, and his study of Gaullism will appear this year.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of course, it is easy enough to understand the fears of those faced by a great historical change. But it would be a mistake for anyone to think that historical change can be avoided. Over the last twenty years Great Britain has been changed by the unfavourable impact of forces largely beyond its own control. Now we have the opportunity of ourselves making a decision to secure our own future. Speaking for myself, I would hope that the instinct of life is strong enough in us for us to do it. I cannot think that as intelligent and resourceful a people as ours would willingly shut themselves up in a dark room.

Ernest Gellner[66]

THERE SEEMS to be a disproportion between the importance of the issue, the manner in which it is being decided, and the motives which determine the decision. The issue itself is acknowledged to be of enormous importance: so much so that some opponents of entry, for whom a plebiscite would otherwise be an unconstitutional and continental abomination, are nonetheless prepared to urge its use, in the hope that it will demonstrate popular hostility to the project.

At the same time, it looks as if the decision will in fact hinge on negotiations conducted in terms of percentages, and rather small ones at that—whether something or other will be 5% this way or that. As the unreliability of economists' predictions is matched only by the unintelligibility of their arguments, this presumably is in part a way of ensuring that a very fundamental decision, involving great imponderables, shall be decided by lot.

But only in part—for motives appear to be another matter still. The decision seems to be with the French. One does not have the impression that French policy is otherwise dominated by percentages (consider for instance the willingness to pay hard cash to ensure that a large part of Africa speaks *good* French). So those percentages on the price of butter or whatever it is must be tokens for something else. One can only suppose that the French can forgive the Germans for beating them in 1940, but cannot forgive the British for not having been beaten as well.

In De Gaulle, this attitude was understandable and forgivable. It must have been sweet indeed to remember those wartime humiliations in London. One must admire the inventor of Bonapartism with a human face, and the first of the species to retire after an electoral rather than a military defeat (an important precedent for which he is given little credit), and the man who could—unlike U.S. presidents so far—extricate his country from a morally corrosive colonial war. But in his successors and lesser men, this attitude seems mean and undignified.

THE ISSUE OWES its importance to the fact that one expects the first step to lead further: to lead from an economic device which happens to involve, instrumentally, some loss of sovereignty, to a subsequent abandonment of national sovereignty as an end in itself. Hence basically, one's attitude depends on what one feels about this transfer of sovereignty to a larger community.

Why should the desirability of this be in doubt at all?

Note that a Western European moral community at least seems already to be a fact. In 1914, national sentiment easily overcame any internationalist principles. In 1939, the two were not in conflict, on the Allied side. But today, it is hard to imagine a serious internal West European war. Is this feeling an illusion? It really seems that the proportion of the population which would consider such a war utterly scandalous, and which would deem any of the traditional *casus belli* to be totally inadequate, is such as to rule out this possibility. Curiously, violence on behalf of regionalist discontent is still common—Ulster, Bernese Jura, Alto Adige, Calabria, Basques, Walloons—but the successful mobilisation of an entire population and a national state for war against a neighbour is hard to conceive. One ought not to explain this entirely by the presence of a wider East-West conflict, or the fact that national armies are at present ill-prepared for such a war. The existence of a wider and over-riding hostility, and military unpreparedness, have not prevented Arab states, for instance, from waging war with each other.

If one is right in concluding that a moral community has already crystallised (one hesitates to be sure, for it sounds too good to be true), this of course cuts both ways. One important argument for political union is the prevention of violent conflict. If that danger is now much less, why not consider, then, the need to preserve diversity and the options of further diversified development?

There are of course the socio-climatic arguments, with special reference to Britain. I was born too late to experience that other post-imperial society, the Habsburg monarchy, on whose erstwhile territory I grew up. But its afterglow, which I could still sense, does rather remind me of the present liberal, permissive, *douceur de la vie* local atmosphere. After all, we are constantly told that the state of the economy is desperate but not serious. I have no objection at all to the Austrian principles of *Gemütlichkeit, Schlamperei und Schweinerei*, but it would be a pity if it were all also to end in a kind of provincial nullity. The officially sponsored bankruptcy of Rolls-Royce was, I take it, only superficially and incidentally the evasion of a debt. Its real and latent meaning was an attempt to bring home the gravity of the economic situation, by a humiliatingly public abandonment of an institution that, after all, was known to be part of the

[66] ERNEST GELLNER is Professor of Philosophy at the University of London, author of *Words & Things* (1959), *Thought & Change* (1965), *Saints of the Atlas* (1969).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

unwritten constitution of the land. It was the only available surrogate for that much-envied but inaccessible take-off point for national recovery, a lost war against the U.S.A. (But as the joke says, what happens if we win . . . ?)

MY IMPRESSION IS that others of my stratum of immigrants (*i.e.* pre-war vintage) tend to have one of two emotional reactions. They may be hostile to entry, feeling that as they themselves escaped from the storm-troopers, they have no desire to renew over-intimate links with the storm-troopers' sons; or, alternatively, they may wish to share with Europe the benefits of liberal stability. Basically, my own reaction is of the second kind. Intra-European wars may now be unlikely; illiberal régimes are less so. But political nastiness tends to be ethnically specific and circumscribed, both ideologically and organisationally. Politically unsavoury figures tend to find it hard, though no doubt not impossible, to invent trans-national doctrines. And even in the Third World, they find it very difficult to build up a more than one-state party network. This being so, a Western federal union would probably favour liberal stability, by making it that much harder for colonels, generals, saviours, and Guevara-impersonators to seize the centre of power. Federation adds a dimension to pluralism, it multiplies the countervailing forces.

The argument that such a union would lead to a larger European insularity seems to me unconvincing. There is little to indicate that a united Western Europe would be more inward-turned than its individual members—rather the reverse. (For instance, French vainglory appears to be a more effective incentive to development aid than British charity.) On the moderate left, there is a curious narcissistic yearning for a tight little Welfare State in One Country, run by a Distressed Affluent Folk's Aid Society, and coupled perhaps with the use of the Commonwealth as a reserve army of beneficiaries, just in case the supply of the poor runs out at home.... Anyway, I find it very hard to believe that a united and strong Europe would also be an isolationist one.

So all in all, though I should not presume to give dogmatic advice, either on principle or on terms, my instincts are strongly on the side of entry.

Maurice Cranston [67]

ACCORDING TO THE public opinion polls (for what they are worth) there is a widespread hostility to the idea of "going into Europe." This is very puzzling. For the rational, or utilitarian case against joining the Common Market is much less convincing now than it was a few years ago. Inflation, increased unemployment, and other factors in Great Britain have changed the situation to a point where almost everybody in the country is likely to gain from membership of the Common Market, and almost everyone would lose if we stayed outside.

In the symposium on the Common Market published in the June number of ENCOUNTER, several contributors (more than one might have expected) opposed the idea of "going into Europe", and among those anti-Marketeers were two or three eminent economists. The odd thing is that none of those economists set out any specific economic arguments against joining the EEC. Indeed one economist, Professor E. J. Mishan, said (I think truly) that "the real issue is political", and then went on to plead for the preservation of British "sovereignty", and for "carrying on a great tradition of radical social reform." Professor Mishan did not tell us how a country with shrinking export markets and mounting unemployment figures could expect to pay for such reforms.

The nearest thing to a genuinely economic argument against going into Europe was to be found in Mr. Peter Calvocoressi's contribution. "It seems to me," he wrote, "that British business and the bulk of its managers are too incompetent to be able to afford unprotected competition with German business." What are we to make of this argument? It is undoubtedly true that British business is incompetent, and has grown more so over the past ten years. But surely protection is one of the chief causes of this incompetence. French business was protected and largely incompetent in the old days. But since France has been in the Common Market, French business has become fairly efficient at an astonishing speed. No one who remembers French industry, French commerce, and indeed French homes as they were in the Third and Fourth Republic can fail to be struck by the changes which have taken place. Competition with German business has been the salvation of French business, and could equally well prove to be the salvation of British business.

If anti-Market opinion is not based on economic considerations, how else are we to explain it? John Braine in the same ENCOUNTER symposium speaks for a good many people besides himself, I suspect, when he explains his opposition to joining the EEC thus: "My instincts tell me this, and my instincts are never wrong." Like Professor Mishan, Mr. Braine is bothered about the loss of "sovereignty" which membership of the Common Market is supposed to entail. Alas, neither Professor Mishan nor Mr. Braine tell exactly what this sovereignty is which they cherish so much, or in what sense membership of EEC would diminish it.

"SOVEREIGNTY" IS A MODERN WORD, but it has been in use long enough to become decidedly ambiguous. In no sense do we enjoy it totally. In its legalistic sense, our sovereignty is abridged by membership of the United Nations, of the Council of Europe and by many treaties which commit

[67] MAURICE CRANSTON is Professor of Political Philosophy at the London School of Economics (in the chair previously held by Harold J. Laski and Michael Oakeshott). He is the author of a biography of *John Locke* and his critique of *The New Left* has been published recently.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us to do certain things and forbear from doing other things. In its more "real" sense, sovereignty is abridged by the military and economic weakness of Great Britain, which make British decisions on certain vital matters, including defence and financial policy, subject to decisions made by foreigners in Washington and Zurich and elsewhere. In the EEC, some element of British sovereignty is, so to speak, merged into a wider European sovereignty, on terms of *equal partnership*—which is *very different* from the present situation, which is one of effective subordination to stronger and richer powers abroad. As a member of EEC, Great Britain would have more real sovereignty than she has now.

Why should the "instincts" of Mr Braine, or anyone else, be hostile to union with Europe? In the past, English people were very conscious of being Europeans. After the Conquest of 1066, the Duchy of Normandy was a province of our kingdom for the better part of four hundred years. Our history and our culture are inseparable from that of our continental neighbours, and our ancestors understood this very well. Of course something happened at the Reformation to break up this spiritual unity of Christendom, and Protestantism in England took on a rather xenophobic and nationalistic form. But educated Englishmen of the seventeenth century and the eighteenth century kept their cosmopolitan outlook. It was only in the nineteenth century, in the Victorian age, that a narrowness, a provincialism, and a suspicious hostility to anything continental became at all widespread in England. People forgot their own history: and pretended to be something other than European. But this Victorian attitude does not seem to have spread to 19th-century intellectuals, who travelled and studied abroad, and corresponded in French and German with their contemporaries. Nowadays fewer and fewer English people trouble to learn French, let alone German. (We learn from the *Memoirs* of Mr Harold Wilson, for example, that even he, a former Oxford don, needed an interpreter to speak to General de Gaulle.)

DOES THIS PERHAPS HOLD some clue to anti-European sentiment? Are people intimidated by the thought of joining a community who speak other languages? If so, it is a strange fear, like De Gaulle's own fear that once the British were admitted, English would become the *lingua franca* of the Common Market. Undoubtedly, the experience of Empire has accustomed many English people to the idea of a world-wide community where English is the universal language. And they are used to being in a superior rather than an equal position. But how long can we live on the residual myth of an Empire which is no longer a reality? Does the so-called "Commonwealth" really mean much in people's lives and hearts? Is it really more desirable to be tied by some bond of union to the blood-stained despotisms of Nigeria and Pakistan than to be united with the decent régimes of Western Europe?

I think we should do well to admit that the imperial age is over, and be glad to go back to Europe, where we belong.

Blackout

I miss the hoodlums
borrowing cars without leave.
War, the bigger thief,
is not as careful as they
to bring them back undamaged.

Trembling in darkness
and left alone with the stars,
I miss you, hoodlums.
Steal my car again, only
come home safe, with the lights on.

I'll be waiting here
with a fist to fix you with
if you've let war steal your skill.

Richard E. Sherwin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Walter Laqueur

The Jewish Question Today

Between Old Zionism and New Anti-Semitism

IN AN ESSAY written in 1966 and recently republished, Professor J. L. Talmon noted in passing that the term "Jewish Question" is never mentioned these days.[1] But if the term has gone out of fashion the thing itself has not; the fate of Jews, as individuals and in their communities, continues to feature prominently in the world news. The fateful terminology, to be sure, is subject to change. According to a resolution of the Central Committee of the Czechoslovak Communist party (10 December 1970), "Czech Zionists" made the Soviet intervention necessary in 1968. But Kriegel, Loebl, Goldstücker, Pelikan and the other villains are no more Zionists than are Brezhnev and Kosygin. The Black Panthers have attacked Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin as "Zionists", though their attitude to the state of Israel does not essentially differ from that of Eldridge Cleaver. In so far as the Jews are concerned some of their enemies clearly prefer to call a spade not a spade but an agricultural implement. Anti-Semitism is again becoming darkly fashionable in some circles, but one still has to observe certain conventions and rules in this game.

It is not only in Prague and among the Black Panthers that Jews have had a bad press. Fifty years ago the *Manchester Guardian* was second to none as an eloquent defender of the Jews against their detractors and persecutors. A comparison between the coverage of the recent trials of Burgos and Leningrad shows that attitudes have changed. ("DEATH PENALTY FOR BASQUES SHOCKS WORLD" on the one hand, and "ISRAEL MOULDS POLICY OF FURY AT RUSSIA," on the other.)

But it would be unfair to single out one particular newspaper in order to demonstrate a general trend; the liberal press in West Germany (*Der Spiegel*, *Die Zeit*) and in France have not reacted very differently. More than a quarter of a century has passed since the greatest catastrophe in Jewish history. During that period the Jews enjoyed a great deal of sympathy. There was uneasiness in the West, occasionally even guilt feelings about the fate of millions of Jews under Hitler. In the menacing years when Central European Jews still had the chance to emigrate they found the gates of other countries locked. The stand taken by the governments concerned was that even if the Jews were their brethren (a supposition that could not be taken for granted) they were not necessarily their brothers' keepers. They had more urgent commitments and obligations. As the Australian representative said with brutal but refreshing candour at the Evian conference, called in 1938 to find a shelter for the Jews of Central Europe: We have no Jewish problem and we do not wish to import one. Other speakers put the thought more elegantly; they expressed concern, apprehension and regret. But the consensus was complete: only the Dominican Republic was willing to risk possible contamination by Jewish immigrants.

It is not certain whether much could have been done by the Allies between 1941 and 1943 to stop the mass murder; but there is equally little doubt that there was no willingness to try. The argument used by Allied

[1] Talmon's collection of essays on recent Jewish history, *Israel among the Nations* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London 1970), is warmly recommended. The other two books to which passing reference is made in this article deserve equally high praise: Michael R. Marrus, *The Politics of Assimilation. A Study of the French Jewish Community at the time of the Dreyfus Affair* (Oxford University Press, 1971) and Henry L. Feingold, *The Politics of Rescue: The Roosevelt Administration and the Holocaust 1938-1945* (Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick 1970). They are scholarly in the best sense, judicious, well written, and very welcome additions to the sadly neglected field of modern Jewish historiography.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spokesmen in 1944 that bombing Auschwitz would have been "counter-productive" because it might have provoked more vindictive action on Hitler's part is, to say the least, disingenuous. For, as Mr Henry Feingold has rightly pointed out in his study of the *Politics of Rescue*, what "more vindictive action" than Auschwitz was possible or even conceivable remained the secret of the Allied leadership.

OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY has passed. There are no more guilt feelings and if terms like "genocide" or "Auschwitz" are still part of the political vocabulary they are applied to very different events and situations. "Auschwitz" is now used to describe life in a black Ghetto, "genocide" is supposed to refer to the under-representation of Negroes in American universities. The "Jewish Question", in other words, has become something of a nuisance and a bore, even though it still persists and is no nearer a solution than a century ago. The Jewish state whatever its achievements has not provided what Theodore Herzl thought it would: "a modern solution of the Jewish Question", to quote the subtitle of his famous pamphlet. As for liberalism and revolutionary socialism, the two ideologies which claimed to have a grand solution, events of the last three generations have not, to put it mildly, borne out their predictions.

Lonely Voices

SEVERAL GENERATIONS of Central and West European Jews grew up in the optimistic spirit of the Enlightenment. With Herder they believed that the time would come when no one in Europe would ask whether someone was Jewish or Christian because the Jews too would live according to European laws and contribute their share to the common good. Eastern Europe with its massive concentrations of Jews was different, but outside Russia and Rumania even the rise of racial anti-Semitism towards the end of the 19th century did not greatly affect the general optimism. There were some Cassandras, not necessarily all of them Zionists. Ehrenberg, the Jewish businessman in Arthur Schnitzler's undeservedly forgotten *Weg ins Freie* (1908), tells his young acquaintance, a Jewish socialist, that he will fare no better than the Jewish liberals and Pan-Germans before him:

> Who created the liberal and the German national movement in Austria? The Jews. Who deserted them, who spat on them like dogs? The liberals and the German nationalists. Exactly the same is bound to happen with socialism and communism. Once soup has been served, you'll be chased from the dinner table!

Or, as Max Nordau put it, apostrophising Jewish socialists: Under socialism you are again going to meet your old acquaintance, anti-Semitism. True enough, Marx and Lassalle were Jews, but Jesus was a Jew too, and to the best of my knowledge this fact has not greatly affected the attitude of Christianity towards the Jews. In 1929 the editor of the semi-official *Gazeta Polska* wrote: "I like the Danes very much. But if there were three million of them I would pray to God to take them away. Maybe we would like the Jews very much if there were only 50,000 of them in Poland." Four decades, and 25 years of Socialism later there were less than 50,000 Jews left, but the Poles still did not like them.

It was not only in Vienna and Budapest that the shape of things to come was felt so acutely. No German-Jewish writer felt himself more closely tied to his country of birth than Jacob Wassermann, whose books were so popular during the years before and after the First World War. And, yet, even Wassermann reached deeply pessimistic conclusions about the cultural symbiosis:

> Vain to seek obscurity. They say: The coward. He is creeping into hiding, driven by his evil conscience. Vain to go among them and offer them one's hand. They say: Why does he take such liberties with his Jewish obtrusiveness? Vain to keep faith with them as a comrade in arms or a fellow citizen. They say: He is Proteus, he can assume any shape or form. Vain to help them strip off the chains of slaves. They say: No doubt, he found it profitable. Vain to counteract the poison. They brew new venom.

These were, admittedly, lonely voices at the time. The great majority of German Jews (and French or British Jews for that matter) were neither writers not prophets, and followed their personal and professional interests with cautious optimism about the future. They felt that national distinctions were losing their importance all over the world. They had made tremendous progress within less than a century and came to regard anti-Semitism as the rearguard action of reactionary obscurantist groups. They were doubtless annoying, but of no decisive importance. Even a sensitive observer like

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Mann thought Wassermann's *cri de coeur* exaggerated. Wassermann, after all, had been very successful—did he not realise that a German writer would never have the moral prestige, the standing as the conscience of the nation comparable to his French colleague ("A German writer? A German martyr. . . ."). Couldn't he imagine that everyone, especially a writer, was bound to run into some trouble sooner or later, that the differences between Jews and non-Jews were not as great as he assumed? Many years later, when Thomas Mann reread his answer to Wassermann, he freely admitted that he had misjudged the situation.[2]

GERMANY AND AUSTRIA, it could be argued, were special cases, where there was particular reason for concern. France, on the other hand, was the classical country of liberty and tolerance; the Dreyfus case made Zionists of Herzl and Bernard Lazare, but the overwhelming majority of French Jews reacted differently (as Michael Marrus has shown in his fascinating study of the *Politics of Assimilation*). Joseph Reinach, the well-known politician and *homme des lettres*, expressed the view of most of them when he wrote that the French Fatherland was given to the Jews by the Revolution, and neither the anti-Semites nor the Zionists would induce any Jew to renounce it. Or to quote another contemporary, Alfred Berl: the only possible defence of the Jews was to strengthen the *idée liberale*, to uphold the ideas of 1789, their right to be Frenchmen like everyone else. Even four decades later, during the German Occupation, the great historian Marc Bloch gave moving expression to these feelings.

> Throughout my life I have felt above all and very simply—French. I have been tied to my fatherland by a long family tradition, nourished by its spiritual heritage and its history, unable in truth to conceive of any other country where I could breathe at ease. I have loved it very much and served it with all my strength.

Being "a stranger to both confessional formalism and racial solidarity", Bloch requested, before his execution by the Nazis, that Hebrew prayers should not be said at his grave.

[2] Wassermann's credo is quoted from his *My Life as a German and Jew* (1921), Thomas Mann's reply is printed in Peter de Mendelssohn's monumental history of the S. Fischer Verlag, (Frankfurt 1970), pp. 853-57.

Marxist Myths

BUT if Theodore Herzl and Bernard Lazare had been the exception in 1896, the unshaken confidence of a Marc Bloch had become a rarity by 1940. The First World War and its consequences, the rise of Hitlerism and other anti-Semitic movements, had profoundly shaken liberal optimism, and it was never to recover. The only exceptions were on the revolutionary Left. Karl Kautsky was the first orthodox Marxist who gave more than a passing thought to the Jewish question. In his *Race and Judaism*, published on the eve of World War I, he predicted that the Jews would soon disappear: the sooner the better, for society and for themselves. Their disappearance would not be a tragedy, like that, say, of the American Indians; it would not be a degrading decline but, on the contrary, an ascent towards an immense field of activity making possible the creation of a new and higher type of man. Not liberalism, but the victorious proletariat would bring complete emancipation. Thereafter the Wandering Jew would at last find a haven of rest.

It is no longer fashionable to quote Kautsky, but a study of his views reveals that he somehow pre-empted all the subsequent arguments of the Communists and the New Left. What Lenin and Isaac Deutscher and Abram Leon had to say about the subject can be found in Kautsky's work, not only in general outline but in considerable detail. Kautsky was certain that the Jews would disappear after the proletarian revolution because only anti-Semitism was holding them together. Most Zionists would have agreed. Herzl and his friends did not argue that anti-Semitism was "eternal", even though such views were often attributed to them by their critics. On the contrary, they thought assimilation a possibility, if only the Jews were left alone for a few generations. They were, however, much less confident than Kautsky, who was convinced that anti-Semitism was a phenomenon specific to capitalism and that with the overthrow of capitalism—the social ground on which anti-Semitism had flourished—it would no longer exist. Jews had engaged in usury in the Middle Ages (so this argument ran); they had acted as the agents of capitalism and they were the ones who had to pay the price instead of the real exploiters, who had used them as lightning-conductors.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To this day this thesis is still being repeated with a great deal of assurance despite the lack of supporting historical evidence. At the time of the pogroms of the First Crusade, in the eleventh century, Jews did not engage in usury. The practice of usury does not explain the expulsion of the Jews from Spain and Southern Italy any more than it explains their recent misfortunes in post-capitalist Eastern Europe. In fact, it could be argued that in the heyday of liberal capitalism in Europe anti-Semitism was less virulent than ever before or after!

HOWEVER, DESPITE the unhistorical nature of Kautsky's line of reasoning, it appeared consistent and therefore attractive. It was based on the assumption that the world was moving away from nationalism, away from the nation-state and national sovereignty towards internationalism. According to the thesis developed by Kautsky and pursued by Deutscher, the Jews had a special mission: to be the pioneers and standard-bearers of the world of tomorrow, the apostles of the message of brotherhood and universal human emancipation. It implied that the Jews were called to participate actively in the class struggle in their native countries. The fatal weakness of this vision was that it related, hopefully, to some very distant Utopian future. It was not a practical policy in the Germany of 1933, and it has encountered obstacles to a greater or lesser extent everywhere at all times. The radical Left rejected Zionism as a profoundly "reactionary" movement, not only because of its attempt to revive a nation-state at a time when the course of history was so clearly moving away from it; but also because of its pessimistic prognoses, its disbelief in human progress, its proposal to distract Jews from the struggle for political and social liberation in their own native lands.

Whatever the demerits of Zionist doctrine, these specific accusations are, in my view, largely unjustified. Herzl always stressed that he believed in progress, but that it was agonisingly slow. Max Nordau was the most alarmist of the early Zionist leaders, but he, too, did not believe in a major catastrophe. In his writings[3] he expressed his confidence that the horrors of the Middle Ages would never recur; he wrote that he thought it highly unlikely that tens of thousands would be murdered or whole Jewish communities expelled: "I only believe that our Ice Age may still last a long time. . . ."

Zionist Myths

WHAT, THEN, WAS Zionist doctrine? To assess correctly the historical function of this movement one has to dig below the myths and counter-myths which have had intellectual circulation in recent decades. Zionism—to put it very briefly—is the belief in the existence of a common past and a common future for the Jewish people. Such faith can be accepted or rejected; it cannot really be proved or disproved. Its intellectual origins go back to the French Revolution and the romantic wave of national revivalism which followed it. It was part of the liberal-humanist tradition of the *Risorgimento*, of Louis Kossuth and Thomas Masaryk. Some recent historians of ideas have maintained that Herzl's inspiration was "anti-liberal", but the evidence, to say the least, is quite unconvincing. Professor Carl Schorske[4] has gone so far as to bracket Herzl with Schönerer and Lueger, the leading Viennese anti-Semites! Herzl (we are told) sketched out his dream of the Jewish secession from Europe after attending a performance of *Tannhäuser*, "exalted in a fever of enthusiasm akin to possession", with Richard Wagner as the vindicator of the heart against the head. A startling revelation, no doubt, but profoundly mistaken in almost every respect. Herzl's vision of the future state as described in *Altneuland* was that of a typical liberal, rationalist and optimistic, a model society on a progressive pattern. It was, in fact, so tolerant and cosmopolitan in character that it was bound to provoke resentment among cultural Zionists. Ahad Ha'am rejected it because it was just another modern secular state, one more manifestation of assimilation. If African Negroes (he wrote) managed one day to build a state of their own, it might well be similar in character to Herzl's vision. It was, in other words, a modern, technologically advanced and enlightened state inhabited by Jews, but not specifically Jewish. Nordau, in a somewhat crude but nonetheless effective reply, asked the Eastern European critics: "Do you want to stay forever in your ghetto? . . ." The rationalist belief in a new and higher form of society

[3] Max Nordau, *Zionistische Schriften* (Berlin 1908).
[4] Carl Schorske, "Politics in a New Key" (*Journal of Modern History*, December 1967).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was one of the basic articles of belief of the founders of political Zionism. But for this and the assumption that the Jewish state would contribute substantially to the solution of the Jewish question, their interest in Palestine would have been, as one of them once said, mainly archaeological.

It is simply not true that Zionism was the ideology of some Jewish Establishment, supported by the Jewish *haute finance*—as its left-wing critics have so often argued. The Jewish Establishment, such as it was, denounced and ridiculed Zionism. It was the historical tragedy of Zionism that it was abysmally poor and never had sufficient funds at its disposal. When Herzl went to see the Rothschilds, the Hirschs, and the other leading "money Jews" (as he called them in his *Diaries*), he did not get a penny; and the situation did not improve after his death. In the 1920s and '30s the yearly budget of the Zionist movement never exceeded £500,000—£600,000. By 1928 it had run up a deficit of some £130,000, and faced bankruptcy, since it was unable to get any fresh loans. These were the material problems facing a movement that sought to build a national home at a critical period of Jewish history.

It was pointed out at the time that the yearly expenditure of one single Jewish community (Berlin, not the biggest and richest) on social welfare exceeded the total budget of the Jewish Agency by a considerable margin. . . .

LEFT-WING OPPONENTS of Zionism have frequently argued that "Zionism was implanted in the Middle East to safeguard the interests of Western Imperialism". The idea of spreading what used to be called the blessings of Western civilisation (a phrase which in our age has come to have doubtful connotations) did figure occasionally in the writings and speeches of the early Zionist leaders. But it may be useful to recall that in this respect there was no basic difference between Zionists and Socialists. Following Marx and Engels the Zionists regarded the spread of Western ideas and techniques in the East as an *a priori* progressive act needing no ideological justification. Until fairly recently the Jewish immigrants to Palestine were attacked by the Arabs not as "imperialists" and "colonialists" but, on the contrary, as "Communist agents." When the first official Arab delegation went to London in 1922 to demand the abrogation of the Balfour declaration it protested specifically against the influx of alien Jews, "many of them of a Bolshevik revolutionary type." M. E. T. Mogannam in her book on *The Arab Woman and the Palestine Problem* (1936) put it even more bluntly, namely, that the Arabs were deeply offended by the Bolshevik principles which the new arrivals brought with them. This produced an effect not so much by the success of its propaganda as by the genuine uneasiness which it inspired among the Arabs, especially the poorer classes. Jamal Husseini, secretary of the Arab Higher Committee, declared in his testimony before Lord Peel's Royal Commission (1937):

> As to the Communistic principles and ideas of Jewish immigrants most repugnant to the religion, customs and ethical principles of this country, I need not dwell upon them as these ideas are well known to have been imported by the Jewish community. . . .

Arab anti-Zionism may or may not be justified, but there is no denying that it has shifted the ground of its attacks in accordance with the changes of the *Zeitgeist*.

THE REAL WEAKNESSES OF ZIONISM emerge only beyond the fog of anti-Zionist propaganda. I refer, for instance, to their attitude towards "assimilation" which has always been regarded as the main danger and enemy by the Zionists. While Zionists have rightly referred to the "objective character" of the Jewish question (meaning the social background of anti-Semitism), they have refused to apply similar criteria to assimilation. With a few notable exceptions (such as Jacob Klatzkin) they have usually regarded assimilation as a kind of weakness of character rather than as a historical process with a logic and momentum of its own. Given the improved position of the Jews in European society in the last century, assimilation was, of course, inevitable. With the disappearance of the common tie of established religion, many educated Jews no longer felt any obligation, moral or otherwise, to their community. These lapsed Jews admitted to a common ancestry and tradition but this did not weigh heavily in the scales compared with the overwhelming attractions of European culture, the unprecedented flowering of philosophy and literature, music and the arts. Judaism had nothing to put against the powerful influence of the Encyclopedists, of Kant and Hegel, of Goethe and Beethoven.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The process of assimilation was usually one-sided and not an altogether pleasing phenomenon. What had begun as furtive glances (as Gershon Scholem noted) soon turned into passionate involvement. Spokesmen of Eastern European Jewry criticised their co-religionists in the West. The Westerners knew in their innermost heart that they were unfree since they lacked their own ethnic culture. To justify their uprooted existence they had to become Universalists, to dispute the view that every people had an individual character and assignment. But such criticism ignored the essential differences between Eastern and Western Jewry. Jews in the East were able to retain their ethnic national identity because there were so many of them. Nor was there an overwhelming temptation to accept and assimilate any Rumanian or Galician culture. Jewish nationalists in Eastern Europe had a more acute feeling for anti-Semitism and the limits of assimilation, but they totally failed to understand the problems of Western Jews in a milieu so unlike their own. In the West even Zionists admitted that "if we analyse ourselves we find that 95% of our culture is composed of West European elements".

In their polemics against "the evils of assimilation" Zionists, moreover, forgot that Zionism itself would not have come into being but for the emancipation of European Jewry. The Jewish national revival was not a product of the ghetto but of Europe. To realise this is to be aware of the limits set to the development of a specific Jewish culture and way of life in Israel. Martin Buber, in one of his more extravagant moments, said that "it was up to the Jews whether Palestine would be the centre of humanity or a Jewish Albania," the salvation of mankind or a pawn in the game of the great powers. The choice, needless to say, was never up to the Jews, and as normalisation in Israel proceeds, the more fanciful claims (Zion as a spiritual centre, a model for the redemption of the human race) are being quietly dropped.

ZIONISM HAS BEEN CRITICISED from both Left and Right as being simply a reaction to anti-Semitism, and some Zionists—for no good reason—have vehemently disputed this. The charge is, of course, quite true. In a world without anti-Semitism Zionism would not have flourished. Had it not been for the persecution of the Jews Zionism would have existed as a minor literary coterie affecting individual neo-romantic *Schwaermer*. It became a political force only as the result of outside pressure, and not because eccentric Jewish men of letters published stirring appeals. But what does this prove? The fact that a political or social movement developed in response to outside pressure does not invalidate it. Major political movements do not develop in a vacuum. Without the *ancien régime* there would have been no French Revolution—without Tsarism, no 1917.

As far as anti-Semitism is concerned, the Zionist appraisal has been more acute and realistic than the liberal and Marxist assessments. Yet the fact that the analysis is *correct* (as the late Chaim Arlosoroff once said in a moment of spiritual crisis) does not imply that Zionism had *an answer*. It was not just the fact (stressed again by J. L. Talmon) that the planet had been divided by the time Zionism appeared on the scene, and that there were no "empty spaces" left. Zionism was always a movement in a desperate hurry; it never had sufficient internal support when it mattered most. The Balfour Declaration of 1917 and the UN Resolution of 1947 both came at the last possible moment. The Arab-Jewish conflict was inevitable, given the fact that Zionism wanted to build more than a cultural centre in Palestine (which is not to imply that a cultural centre would have been welcomed by the Arabs). Seen from the Arab point of view, Zionism was in the very nature of things an aggressive movement, and Jewish immigration an invasion. The basic weakness of Zionism was not a matter of ethics: there was no people which needed a home, a shelter, more desperately than the Jews. For others, it was a question of dignity, of justified national aspirations—for them, an issue of physical survival. The very act of the creation of a Jewish state on a territory largely inhabited by another people was of course an act of injustice. But throughout history states have developed from invasion, colonisation and armed struggle, not peaceful development and legal contract. If Zionism had managed to build a state without the use of violence, it would have been the first such case in the annals of civilisation.

The hard nub of the matter is this: Zionism was not strong enough to establish *faits*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accomplis. The expulsion of ten million Germans from their Eastern homes (to mention but one recent example) was immediately accepted, and those unwilling to put up with it were denounced as *revanchistes* and "fascist war-mongers". For it was obvious that the map of Eastern Europe could not be changed except through a new world war. But there were many Russians and only a few Jews; and unlike the Poles and the Czechs, they had no powerful protector. The rest of the story does not need to be re-told.

The Russian Storm

THE BASIC AIM OF ZIONISM was twofold: *(1)* to regain Jewish self-respect and dignity in the eyes of non-Jews, and *(2)* to rebuild a Jewish national home, for Jews to "live as free men on their own soil, to die peacefully in their own home" (Herzl). Zionism has certainly succeeded in carrying out part of its assignment. The establishment of the Israeli state was the greatest turning point in the 2000 years of Jewish history; it had a profound effect on Jewish life all over the world. But while esteem for Jewish determination and prowess has increased, the position of the Jews has not become more secure. In a world where might counts more than right, Jews are still at the mercy of superior forces. Zionism has not changed this. The fact that Eastern and Central European Jewry was destroyed during the Second World War whereas the Palestinian Jewish community survived does not prove the contrary. But for the defeat of the Axis forces by the Allies, Hitler's armies would have reached Palestine, and this would have been the end of Zionism. If there has been a certain lessening of anti-Semitism in many parts of the globe, it is due as much to the revulsion against Nazi barbarism as to the Jewish state. Hostility towards the new state on the part of its neighbours has certainly increased. The state created by Zionism thus faces an uphill struggle to be accepted as a fact that can no longer be undone. As long as this struggle continues, the existence and independence of the state of Israel is no more assured than that of other small countries situated in an area where an expansive super-power has staked its claim.

Zionism has achieved the concentration of one-fifth of the Jewish people in Israel. There still is the problem of Russian Jewry. Once the mainstay of the Jewish national revival, it has been cut off from the body of world Jewry for the last five decades. While Soviet Jews did not receive full recognition as a national minority, they were given, after 1917, their own schools, theatres, publishing houses, and here and there even low-level regional autonomy. Religion was persecuted, Zionism outlawed; but the physical safety of individual Jews was guaranteed. It was tacitly assumed by Soviet leaders at the time that the Jews would gradually become completely assimilated, lose their specific character, and become more or less indistinguishable from the rest of the population. Up to a point these expectations have come true. Soviet Jews have adapted themselves to their surroundings; their place in the social structure has changed; Russian is their language and culture. And yet there is "a Jewish problem" more acute than five decades ago. The reasons are obvious. As the Soviet Union moved from proletarian internationalism to a national brand of socialism, the problem of ethnic minorities was bound to re-emerge. The Jews were expected to give up their own specific characteristics, and many of them were only too willing to oblige. But this did not make them Russians, or Ukrainians, or Uzbeks; they were still something apart—tolerated, but by no means fully accepted. Whatever the reasons behind the campaigns against "rootless cosmopolitans" and "national deviationists", the Jews were made painfully aware that they did not fully belong. While the Soviet authorities staunchly maintain that there is no Jewish problem and that "outsiders" would not succeed in stirring up trouble, they have nevertheless unwittingly managed themselves to create a major crisis. There is a vicious circle of suspicion and discrimination: the more the Jews become unreliable in the eyes of the authorities, both in view of their international connections and as an "internal ferment" (*i.e.* the high percentage of Jews among the intellectual dissidents), the more they are discriminated against on many levels. As a result, assimilation becomes difficult, if not impossible. Ten years ago, if faced with the choice, only a small part of Soviet Jewry would have

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opted for Israel. Today the situation seems to be quite different, not owing to Zionist propaganda but as a result of Soviet domestic policy. The problem is likely to become even more acute in the years to come. Young Jews, barred from the universities or promotion in their professional careers, are likely to react just as a previous generation did: they will turn against the unjust system.

There may be several ways to solve the problem or at least to alleviate it, but it does not seem likely that any of them will be adopted by the Soviet leadership. It could try to create ideal conditions for total assimilation and absorption. However, the Soviet Union is not a melting-pot of nationalities. The "new Soviet man" is a fiction. Russians do not want the Jews to become one of them, nor do the Ukrainians; and the Jews will thus have to retain their special position, whether they like it or not—with all that this implies. To be sure, the Soviet authorities could let the Jews go, but this again is hardly practical politics: it would antagonise the Arabs and at the same time be an admission of the failure of the "Leninist policy on nationalities." The Bulgarians, the Rumanians, and the Poles allowed their Jews to emigrate, but the numbers affected were on a much smaller scale, nor did this take place after more than a half-century of Marxist-Leninist tutelage. Certain limits are set to the extent of anti-Jewish measures by the official ideology. It is not unthinkable that the traditional Marxist-Leninist ideology will be discarded altogether one day, but as long as it continues to have a certain impact on Soviet life (albeit less so than in the past), open anti-Jewish measures are difficult to justify. This does not make the situation of the Jews any less precarious, for anti-Semitism is not less painful if furtively practised or given a different name.

UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS no solution is in sight: the problem will persist and probably become more acute. A solution may come about as a result of changes within the Soviet Union itself, for if the trend towards populist nationalism continues, not only the Jewish question but national problems in general will again come to the fore, and some accommodation will have to be made between Russians and non-Russians. Alternatively, it is not inconceivable that a change in the international situation may make it easier for the Soviet government to let a substantial number of Jews go. But this is, I suspect, unlikely to happen in the near future.

The End of Optimism

WHAT ABOUT the Jews in the pluralistic societies of the West? While assimilation was bound to fail in Poland and Rumania, and seems not to work in the Soviet Union, it has indeed made great strides elsewhere. Jewish history does not prove the impossibility of assimilation nor did Herzl rule it out ("if they let us be for just two generations. . . ."). Jewish consciousness was strengthened by the anti-Semitic wave of the 1920s and the holocaust, but the loosening of the ties seems to have been retarded only temporarily. As the shock has passed, assimilation has again come into its own. Anti-Semitism in one form or another has persisted almost everywhere, but low-key anti-Semitism has not made assimilation impossible, nor has it acted as an agent on behalf of Zionism. Zionist doctrine, as I have said, has always rejected assimilation. Max Nordau dwelt on many occasions on the rootless cosmopolitans without firm ground under their feet, suffering personal humiliation, forced to suppress and falsify their personalities. But this image of spiritual misery was overdramatised even with regard to the world before 1914, and it bears little regard to the present-day world.

Jews as individuals and groups have faced difficulties, but it is certainly not true that "all the better Jews of Western Europe (or America) groan under this misery and seek for salvation." Nordau, who wrote this, never set foot on Palestinian soil, but continued to write from Paris for his European public. Subsequent generations grew up in an environment even more remote from Judaism. Many are no longer religious and ancient Jewish traditions are largely meaningless for them. The new assimilationists are not "traitors" to their people nor are their personalities necessarily warped, or permeated with self hate. They have grown away from Jewish tradition and become indifferent to it. A historical catastrophe would be needed to stop and revert this process.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Assimilation involved a conscious effort in the nineteenth century when society was imbued with traditions and had generally shared values and rigid standards. To be fully accepted, the assimilationist Jew had to conform to the standards and values of this society and to give up what set him apart from it. Present-day Western pluralistic society is different in character. Not only have the Jews much less of their traditional substance, society itself has lost its old moorings. Traditional values have been jettisoned; like the Jew, society has become rootless. This cultural crisis, which may be protracted, is likely to be conducive to assimilation while it lasts. But while it helps to break down some of the barriers between Jews and non-Jews, it also undermines the fundamental spirit of liberal tolerance on which Jewish existence in the Western world is based. It is one of the many ironies of Jewish history that those who work hardest for the overthrow of Western liberal society are unwittingly fanning the flames of anti-Semitism, creating new obstacles, helping to perpetuate the Jewish question rather than to solve it. If Zionism were more Machiavellian-minded it would give them unconditional support.

THE "END OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE" was one of the main topics of discussion among Zionists and non-Zionists alike only a few years ago. Arthur Koestler who was in Palestine when the Jewish state was born was one of the first and most outspoken advocates of this thesis. He argued that since the foundation of Israel the attitude of the Jews who were unwilling to go there but still insisted on remaining a community in some ways apart from their fellow citizens, had become an untenable anachronism. The confused majority of diaspora Jewry perpetuated this anachronism through its inertia "by clinging to a tradition in which it no longer believed, to a mission which is fulfilled, a pride which may become inverted cowardice." To break the vicious circle of being persecuted for being "different", and being "different" by force of persecution, they must arrive at a clear decision, however difficult this might be:

> Now that the mission of the Wandering Jew is completed he must . . . cease to be an accomplice in his own destruction. If not for his own sake then for that of his children and his children's children. The fumes of the death chambers still linger over Europe; there must be an end to every calvary.

Koestler's own decision was clear. Now that the state was firmly established he was at least free to do what could not be done before—to wish it good luck and go his own way with an occasional friendly glance back and a helpful gesture, but nevertheless to find his own path in the Western community whose life and culture he shared, without reservations and split loyalties.[5] Koestler's views were criticised by the Zionists and ignored by most others. That he put his finger on a very real problem was not generally realised at the time. But his theme was taken up by others. Georges Friedman, the distinguished French-Jewish sociologist, wrote in a disturbed (and disturbing) book on *The End of the Jewish People* (1967) almost twenty years after Koestler:

> It seems inconceivable to me that everything possible should not be done to avoid another Auschwitz. Judaism was a historical accident, the spiritual fruits of which for the past twenty-five centuries had been paid for by an infinity of sadness, misery, suffering and bloodshed.

And this price seemed exorbitant and monstrous.

Professor Friedman's argument is unassailable but, like Koestler, he had no recipe for breaking out of the vicious circle. The weakness of the advocates of "the end of the Jewish people", like the weakness of the Zionists, is not on the moral but on the practical level. They underrated (or ignored altogether) the invisible ties, sometimes weak, rarely altogether non-existent, linking the Jewish people that seem to exist, intangible, but nevertheless of some importance whatever some well-meaning genetic experts may say about the subject. Intermarriage over several generations might be an answer; but it has not been proposed so far as a policy to be systematically pursued. Above all, the advocates of neo-assimilationism have underrated the reaction of the non-Jewish world, as if the disappearance of the Jewish people depended on the Jews alone. For, while religious and national divisions persist in the

[5] Arthur Koestler, *Promise and Fulfilment* (1949).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

world, a Jew is bound to remain "different" in various ways; and it is unlikely that either official tolerance or a policy of assimilation, however determined, can decisively affect this state of affairs. There was room for illusions in the last century; there should be none now.

GIVEN TIME, a minimum of good sense, and a willingness to compromise, it is not unthinkable that the conflict between Israel and its Arab neighbours will be reduced to manageable proportions. Given time, tolerance, and a reasonably stable world situation, it is possible that Soviet Jewry will be spared a revival of the persecutions of the late Stalin era, and Jews in Western society will not have to face yet another major ordeal.

But neither past experience nor current political trends encourage such optimism. It is exactly one hundred years now since Heinrich Graetz wrote the preface to the eleventh and last volume (Leipzig 1871) of his great *History of the Jewish People.* His life-long study of the subject was not conducive to optimism, but he ended his work on a note of satisfaction and confidence:

> Happier than any of my predecessors I can conclude my history with the joyous feeling that in the civilised world the Jewish tribe has found at last not only justice and freedom but also a certain recognition. Now at long last it has unlimited freedom to develop its talents, not as an act of mercy but as a right acquired through thousandfold suffering.

A century after Graetz such confidence would seem to be exaggerated, to say the least.

A new age of tolerance and humanism—a second Enlightenment—does not seem a likely prospect for mankind at present. The dark clouds of political unrest, of domestic and international crisis, foreshadow a climate in which existing problems will be exacerbated rather than solved. The Jewish Question has always been a sensitive barometer. All the Jews can hope for is that they will not be exposed yet another time to the storms of history.

Not a bad life

I am my own hero and I worship me.
Often I loom at night outside the women's conveniences
And mumble through the bullets of my teeth.
When I spit, the leech of phlegm
Spawns a litter of condoms in the gutter.
I am not queer. I shall sleep
In bed soundly, deaf to the day's grum music
Which cannot disturb my repose.
When day slumbers
And the tolerant night gets up
I follow my customary employment:
I am a traveller
In ladies
Undergrowth.
The commission is generous
And the wages are not derisory,
Could be called, I think,
A pretty good screw.

Vernon Scannell

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Porter

Two Poems with French Titles

Mort Aux Chats

There will be no more cats.
Cats spread infection,
Cats pollute the air,
Cats consume seven times
Their own weight in food a week,
Cats were worshipped in
Decadent societies (Egypt
And Ancient Rome), the Greeks
Had no use for cats. Cats
Sit down to pee (our scientists
Have proved it). The copulation
Of cats is harrowing; they
Are unbearably fond of the moon.
Perhaps they are all right in
Their own country but their
Traditions are alien to ours.
Cats smell, they can't help it,
You notice it going upstairs.
Cats watch too much television,
They can sleep through storms,
They stabbed us in the back
Last time. There have never been
Any great artists who were cats.
They don't deserve a capital C
Except at the beginning of a sentence.
I blame my headache and my
Plants dying on to cats.
Our district is full of them,
Property values are falling.
When I dream of God I see
A Massacre of Cats. Why
Should they insist on their own
Language and religion, who
Needs to purr to make his point?
Death to all cats! The Rule
Of Dogs shall last a thousand years!

Le Théâtre de Bruit

Down they come from Valhalla,
The Noisy Ones with outsize noses
Or phosphorescent breasts. The gold
Piles up around their golden hair
(Not one but has a numbered
Account in a Swiss Bank): this
Is going to cost someone a lot
Of gravy. Be quiet in the wings,
The other wings are beating; this
Is nothing less than Apotheosis
And from the Burgtheater to
The Opéra Comique good sense
Gets a beating. It's just as well,
Or how else could laurel help
A flying girl or the wonderful
Skin of a diver bargain for
Peace at last on the floor of earth.
The gods look after us well
But they're not exactly economical—
Indeed no, Peer, but their faces
Have the new wet look and one day
It may even pass for tears.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dan Pagis

Four Poems

The Last Ones

I am already quite scarce. For years
I have appeared only here and there
at the edges of this jungle. My graceless body
is well camouflaged among the reeds and clings
to the damp shadow around it.
Had I been civilised,
I would never have been able to hold out.
I am tired. Only the great fires
still drive me from hiding-place to hiding-place.

And what now? My fame is only in the rumours
that from time to time
and even from hour to hour
I wane.
But it is certain that at this moment
someone is tracking me. Cautiously
I prick all my ears and wait. The steps
already rustle the dead leaves. Very close. Here.
Is this it?

Am I it? I am.
There is no time to explain.

The Readiness

I too, like all the apes in the neighbourhood,
grumble from branch to branch:
the past age, which was filled with sun, has passed.
Now it's cold. The nuts are too hard.
The carnivores are getting more and more supple.

This is it, I'm emigrating. Good-bye.

Hey, what's happening,
my tongue's tied in knots,
my shoulders, where are my shoulders,
suddenly I've got stature,
erectness,
suddenly I'm threatened with
what, a high brow!
Bulbs, flickering bulbs!

How good this silence is. Gradually
I pick out an attractive suit,
get dressed,
light up a cigarette,
and sit down with the stop-watch, my only friend,
beside the table, in perfect readiness
for the invention of chess.

The Cave Man Is Not About To Talk

At time's tail-end my great-grandchildren's great-
Grandchildren pause,
My skull in hand, and try to calculate
The centuries I ground between my jaws.

And what news of the mammoth will they wrest
From my laconic mouth? I've got time:
I'm not about to talk. They haven't guessed
My profile, even. Fine,

Let them enjoy the bones that I bequeath
In a clump of dust. But if they looked beneath:
Here I am,

Still in my cave, complexion like a baby's,
Pink and soft and wonderfully at ease,
Never expelled from the warmth of Mama's womb.

A Lesson in Observation

Pay close attention: the world that appears now
at zero-point-zero-one degrees
was, as far as is known,
the only one
that burst out of the silence.

It hovered within a blue bubble, fairly large;
and sometimes there were clouds, sea breezes,
sometimes a house, perhaps a kite, children,
and here and there an angel,
or a garden, or a town.
Beneath these were the dead, beneath them
rock, beneath this the fiery prison.

Is that clear? I will repeat: outside there were
clouds, screams, air-to-air missiles,
fire in the fields, memory.
Far beneath these, there were houses, children.
What else.

The little dot on the side? It seems to be
the only moon of that world.
It was silent even before this.

Translated from the Hebrew by
Stephen Mitchell

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Politicals

They do not rot in prison,
Nowadays.
They get to see the papers,
If not today's then last week's copies.
Educated men or women,
They continue with their education—
Blest be external degrees of London!
Prison's the most peaceful of universities.
But they had best behave, or else
They'll lose their pencil and their privilege,
Their books go missing in transmission.
Mostly they study law,
Law is a popular subject in prison.

Parents or wives can visit them
At times prescribed and monthly.
They ask for news of the ruling party
And its recentest wrongdoing.
But their visitors talk of the neighbours,
The old dying, the young wooing,
And the new blocks of flats,
And rapes and murders.

Some are allowed to go,
Return to a world rebuilt in their absence.
Some of them fly to their childhood foe,
Fly to Britain
And continue their studies at Lincoln's Inn.
Some of them find permitted employment,
Like selling insurance
Or helping to stage Ionesco—
Non-sensitive activities.
Some give their wives new babies.
You can count the prison years
By the gaps in their families.

Some are impenitent
Or proud beyond reason,
And wait in gaol for the coup
That may never come.
Wait in gaol to put their enemies in prison.

The successful grow arrogant and cruel.
The failures lie in gaol
And rot, metaphorically.
Waiting for fortune's wheel to turn
And raise them to arrogance and cruelty.

The common people turn away their faces,
Fearing parties, fearing a choice of parties,
Turn to plantations and factories.
Traders and diplomats, rapt as gamblers,
Study the wheel as it jerks and quivers.

It seems we've become too many.
What can be done with all these energies?

D. J. Enright

The Embassies

The embassies of tiny or obscure
Republics, kingdoms, duchies should convey
A proper sense of diplomatic play,
And teach the others to be less secure.

Imagine what takes place behind their walls,
Shaded, subtle, solemn and detached:
Carefully-worded messages dispatched
By cable or by courier; urgent calls

To ministers in Luxembourg or Denmark;
The Government's considered Official View
From Zomba, Fort Lamy, Ouagadougou
Of some new course on which the Powers embark.

And coming from a wild or exquisite place
Which doesn't think too much about defeat,
The Secretary, an expert, is discreet,
With just a *little* irony on his face.

James Cole

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The crippled girl

Twenty-one years ago
the wine was ready
and they began to draw
the cork but it lodged half

way: the spirit
foamed and in the fight
the cork was broken.
Spazo, I break.

But I can embroider
and remember birthdays:
it is just that words
are toes on a long leg.

When my father's house
with its milk and biscuits
its pats on the thigh
is asleep I look

into my heart
(that quiet cellar)
and through the slow months
find grey hairs growing.

Keith Bosley

The name of the game

Today a small agency loses a big account.
It's a fine October day
with a clear sky and sunshine over Mayfair.
The plane trees still have their leaves,
still green.

Whisper it gently: Several people
will get the S.A.C.K.
the little death of advertising.

One of them goes to an Indian joint;
he eats lamb's brain curry,
the massacre of the fairly innocent
and a cheapish meal.

The wife of one is a very refined lady.
She will only do it if
someone's declaiming Yeats.

Another enjoys nothing, no nothing
except Morecambe and Wise.

One is a pretty girl
in all positions; but her designing
is weaker than her sexual willpower.

One has grown fat on executive lunches.

What do they tell their wives? There will be
woe in Bromley.

As five people fluctuate with the economy.

Gavin Ewart

Not Counting Time

No, children never
Spoil the present by thinking
Of the future. Unblinking
They will not sever

The present but enter
Completely into
The happiness though
Sometimes the centre

Is tears, tossed toys:
All ends come home
Whether dear or doom,
Terror or joys.

The child's got it right,
Not the two, then the past,
But lives deep to the last
Whether darkness or light.

Elizabeth Jennings

Alpines

The village in love
With the avalanche
Preens itself in the sun.

The lake in love
With the meteor
Licks its lips.

The glacier in love
With the next valley
Inches towards the sea.

Daniel Huws

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ophite

(for Saph)

First draw the formal circle O
Of the whole oblong mind, as in the snake
Where mouth and anus meet to complete it.

The onus
The harness

Of the heartwhole whose cool apples conspire
Against the serpent like all perverse fruit;
Which identify with sin but remain innocent.

The tree of good and oval
Soft branch of all renewal

Where the sincere milk of the whole word
First set the gnostic grimly dreaming
To furnish an alphabet of pure dissent,

Dark night of the Whole
Convincing to the finite mole.

Warp and woof like magnets coming together
In silence thumbless as a pendulum.
It could be accident. Believe what you prefer.
No advice worth giving is worth taking.

Lawrence Durrell

The Wordless

I shall proclaim
A Wordless Day,
Placing a
Leaf on my lips.

There will be
A festival of the wordless.
Songs without words will be sung.
Plays without words will be performed.

Some new clouds will be proposed,
Filling up the skyline.
Critics will be sworn to silence.

All day we shall go
In and out through each other's eyes,
In and out, in and out.

Towards evening will come
An easing of the mind.
The singing of the mad
Will fall to a whisper.

One wordless day a week—
That should do it.

John Welch

Twelve Minutes

The hearse comes up the road
With its funeral load

Sharp on the stroke of twelve.
I greet it myself,

Good-morning the head man
Who's brought the dead man.

I say we're four only.
Still, he won't be lonely.

Being next of kin
I'm the first one in

Behind the bearers,
The black mourning wearers.

(A quick thought appals–
What if one trips and falls?)

They lay him safely down,
The coffin a light brown.

Prayers begin. I sit
And let my mind admit

That screwed-down speechless thing
And how another spring

His spouse was carried here.
Now they're remarried here

And may be happier even
In the clean church of heaven.

We say the last amen.
A button's pressed and then

To canned funeral strains
His dear dead remains,

Eighty-four years gone by,
Sink with a whirring sigh.

I tip and say goodbye.

J. C. Hall

Mountain Swim

Hilltop and valley floor we sway between,
Our bodies sustained as by a hammock,
Our nakedness water stretched on stone,

One with the shepherd's distant whistle,
The hawk lifted on its thermal, the hare
Asleep in its excrement like a child.

Michael Longley

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

Art & Play-Power

A New Philistinism?

RECENTLY, the Tate Gallery was forced to close an exhibition of work by the American artist Robert Morris after only five days because (in the first place) there was an increasingly evident risk that someone might injure himself in visiting it; and also because (in the second place) the component parts of the exhibit were themselves being destroyed by the physical demands made upon them. It was not the only "participatory" show to give trouble to its sponsors this year. In February, the Museum of Modern Art at Oxford played host to an exhibition mysteriously entitled POPA at MOMA: the initials P.O.P.A turned out to stand for "Pioneers of Part Art". There were five exhibitors, two of whom—David Medalla and John Dugger—arrived somewhat late at the opening party to discover that their work had already been mistreated, whereupon they withdrew it.

These two incidents are symptomatic, as were the exhibitions themselves. They give one cause to reflect on the direction now being taken by a section of the visual arts *avant-garde*—an *avant-garde* which, more than ever, seems to combine a shrewd instinctive sense of what is appropriate to the times with a curious wrong-headedness.

The linked but by no means identical concepts of "play" and "participation" have been making headway for some time now. Richard Neville, in his much-discussed if vilely-written book *Play Power* (1970), pointed to the contrast between "the sober, violent puritan Left extremists", and "the laughing, loving lazy fun-power plotters". One might suppose that "participation" would be one of the battle-cries of the former, while playfulness would be strictly the province of the latter. Yet, though the two camps undoubtedly exist, art is not logical. For the sake of argument, let us consider the case of the Robert Morris exhibition which I have already referred to.

MORRIS HAS BEEN an important figure on the *avant-garde* art-scene for some time now, as a creator and as a theoretician. At first, he played a leading role in the creation of so-called Minimal Art; now, he is better thought of as an itinerant sage and maker of art-events. For the Tate, he made something which was intended to be *used* physically, rather than looked at. Concrete blocks and iron plates were attached to ropes, and the visitor was invited to drag these across clamorous metal surfaces. There was a slack-wire to be walked, and a log that turned beneath one's feet. There were tilting platforms to test one's agility and sense of balance, slopes to be climbed, a tunnel to crawl through, a chimney to shin one's way up. By stretching the body to its limits, one became more aware of one's existence as a physical entity. Such, at least was the announced programme.

But, like many of the things which are more traditionally classified as art, what Morris did at the Tate seemed to go beyond what he had consciously planned or intended. Any male visitor old enough to have endured the rigours of war-time conscription or peace-time National Service recognised at once that this was an assault course. Only the thunderflashes and the shouting sergeants were missing, and the metal plates produced enough noise to compensate for their absence. The army assault course did not merely test the physical prowess of those who took part; it was a means of generating the aggressive spirit. In more than one respect it "sorted out the men from the boys", as used to be said in the jargon of those days. It was difficult, then, with this at the back of one's mind, to feel surprised when the Tate's players and participators began to show a rather brutal recklessness. They had, after all, been supplied with a mechanism ideally suited to the evocation of just such a quality.

Of course, to experience Morris's work, even in the milder sense which he had planned, one had to be young. The masterpieces of the National Gallery can be enjoyed whether one is 19 or 90—though the quality and degree of enjoyment may differ, it does not necessarily differ according to the generation one happens to belong to. It would have needed an exceptionally bold and fit 40-year old to get the full benefit of Morris's idea. Since one of the arguments most commonly put forward on behalf of participatory art is that it is fully democratic, since the participant (one can no longer say spectator) is an essential factor in the operation of the work, I found it disquieting to find that here the democracy was so entirely superficial. Morris is as much an élitist as a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

painter of court portraits. He puts himself at the service of physical aristocracy much as the latter puts himself at the service of rank and money.

It must be admitted that not all participatory work is as austere and exclusive as the example which I have described. At Easter week-end, and on the week-end following, the Arts Council of Great Britain presented a preview of a touring exhibition of sculpture, entitled *Blow Up '71*, on the lawn in front of the new Serpentine Gallery in Kensington Gardens. This exhibition will be seen in a number of other cities in the course of the summer. The work on view consisted of large inflatable objects, huge tubes and mattresses which the public was invited to experience not merely through looking at them, but through straddling them, walking across them, bouncing on them—in fact, through whatever physical action seemed appropriate. As popular entertainment, the preview was enormously successful. It was afterwards estimated that about 25,000 people had visited the Gallery and its environs during the five days when the inflatables were on view. Surely evidence enough of the enjoyment which these rather endearing objects gave to the great numbers who stopped to explore their possibilities?

THE QUESTION WHICH the exhibition left in my mind was not that of the success or otherwise of the event (clearly, it *was* "successful", almost beyond the dreams of those who had organised it), but about the concept of "play", and its relationship to aesthetic experience. Play and playfulness have usually been given a place in most theories of creativity, even traditional ones. The reason is obvious: play, like the creative act, has no practical purpose; indeed, it is by definition gratuitous. The creative act of the artist, so the argument runs, is not subject to external necessity in quite the same fashion as other acts which we classify as "work". The work of art, in turn, escapes from utilitarianism, and can be treated as a special case when considered in connection with utilitarian social theory. Yet traditionally, too, the play-impulse was never regarded as dominant, even by those who were attracted by the Bergsonian notion of the *élan vital*. The work of art was recognised chiefly through its characteristic aspirations towards some kind of transcendental "beyond"; and it was this, in particular, which seemed to distinguish the fine arts from the applied arts.

In a modern society, transcendental ideas have become increasingly unacceptable. The surrealists tried to find a new version of the

A History of Modern Ireland

Edward Norman

First, and most important, this is a concise and readable history of the state of Ireland since 1800, when the country was united with England and the odd, ambivalent relationship between the two was begun. But in addition to that, it is a work of demystification. Dr Norman questions all the assumptions about each other that Englishmen and Irishmen have long held dear. 'In general he reminds me of a Saki character—clever, hard-hearted, and indefatigably witty. What he has to say about Irish history will be read with interest and amusement by some, with intense annoyance by others. This no doubt was what he intended . . . Dr Norman has written an astringent and intelligent book'
Norman Gash, *Spectator*
£2.95

Allen Lane The Penguin Press

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"beyond", the transcendental realm, in the unconscious, but their theory was vigorously opposed by that of Constructivism, which called for a wholly rational art, at the service of a secular society. It was in fact the conflict of these rival theories which seems to have brought the idea of play into special prominence. When we play, we are acting out fantasies which have their roots in the unconscious. The work of art which makes provision for the expression of playfulness on the part of the spectator is therefore to be thought of as therapeutic. What benefit does this form of therapy offer? It enables the spectator-participant to work off the frustrations which he feels because he is inevitably at certain points in conflict with the social framework which nevertheless supplies the essential support for his existence. Evidently, the argument is circular: art escapes from utilitarian considerations in order to make itself useful.

Yet, circular or not, this line of thinking has had a great deal of influence upon artists and exhibition organisers. During the past few years we have seen an increasing tendency, even in England, for the play-element to be stressed. This was true, for example, of exhibitions such as *Cybernetic Serendipity* at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, and the more recent *Kinetic Art* at the Hayward Gallery, where the visitor was invited to establish a play-relationship with technology. There was also the exhibition of toys designed by artists at the I.C.A., whose purpose, at least in part, was to demonstrate how difficult it had now become to make a distinction between the work of art and the play-thing.

At the same time the art-world here, as elsewhere, has become increasingly open to radical political ideas, and one argument (which I have outlined above) has had an important impact upon young artists. This argument is that the "closed" or "completed" work of art is an offence against the sacred principle of equality—that the spectator must be allowed to make his own contribution. I should perhaps find this line of thought more convincing had I not once worked for a number of years in an advertising agency. In marketing, more particularly in the marketing of convenience foods, what the artist now calls "participation" has long been known, more idiomatically but perhaps more accurately, as "add-an-egg". It has been discovered that the housewife buying a packaged cake-mix feels unconvinced of the quality of the end product because she achieves the desired result too easily. She is therefore instructed to add to the ready-made mix, before she bakes it, one additional, natural ingredient —a shell egg. This minimal culinary effort assuages her conscience. The spectator can perhaps achieve a more satisfying relationship with the simplicities of contemporary abstract art in the same way, by adding not merely thought, but some kind of physical action, even is it is only a gesture of the hand.

IT MAY, OF COURSE, be felt that if works of art are to be only, or even largely, play-things, they have lost a good deal of their justification for existing. Monroe C. Beardsley, in his standard treatise on aesthetics, remarks that play, in comparison to art, does not offer an experience which has "a high degree of unity". From any kind of traditional viewpoint, this makes the play-experience inferior to the art-experience. But now that so much art (John Cage offers an outstanding example) is apprehended through the diffuse consciousness, rather than through unified and concentrated awareness, hierarchies of experience have lost much of their authority.

Strangely enough, though the *avant-garde* here as elsewhere more than ever tends to think of itself as being at war with established political institutions, a one-for-one equivalence between art and play is also tending to become a matter of settled conviction among politicians and bureaucrats. This identity of viewpoint is concealed by vocabulary—what the *avant-garde* artist describes bluntly as "play", the politician speaks of as "the employment of leisure". To him, the purpose of art is to eat up the surplus time and energy which are the by-products of technology, and which increasingly menace the stability of a technological society. Of course, art alone cannot do the job, but it makes a big enough contribution to be worth the public money we spend on it. As an individual, the politician may be startled to find himself the patron of assault courses at the Tate and air-mattresses at the Serpentine Gallery. But, whichever party he belongs to, these things can be regarded as a logical fulfilment of current political philosophies. For my own part, I am not certain that play-power in the visual arts isn't simply a new disguise for Philistinism.

Edward Lucie-Smith

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & WRITERS

Ending a Deafness in the Land

By Goronwy Rees

IN 1934, a great Russian poet wrote a poem about Stalin, and was unwise enough to read it out to his friends, one of whom proved to be an informer. The poet was Osip Mandelstam, perhaps the most brilliant star in that dazzling galaxy of poets, including Blok, Akhmatova, Pasternak and Gumilov, which lent such distinction to Russian literature in the first half of this century; and the poem brought about his arrest, banishment, imprisonment and finally his death. It ran as follows:

We live, deaf to the land beneath us,
Ten steps away no one hears our speeches.

But where there's so much as half a conversation
The Kremlin mountaineer will get his mention.

His fingers are fat as grubs
And the words, final as lead weights, fall from his lips,

His cockroach whiskers leer
And his boot tops gleam.

Around him a rabble of thin-necked leaders—
Fawning half-men for him to play with.

They whinny, purr or whine
As he prates and points a finger,

One by one forging his laws, to be flung
Like horseshoes at the head, the eye or the groin.

And every killing is a treat
For the broad-chested Ossete.

The translation is worth reprinting here because it is still not easily available either to Russian or to English readers; and also because it plays such a vital, and fatal, role in *Hope Against Hope*, the magnificent memoir of her husband by the poet's widow, Nadezhda Mandelstam, of which Max Hayward's translation has recently been published here.[1]

By now there is a vast literature, of varying quality, about the Great Terror which reigned in the Soviet Union under Stalin in the 1930s, but I myself know of no other book which conveys more directly and intensely than *Hope Against Hope* the atmosphere of universal fear and insecurity, of organised brutality and arbitrary malevolence, which like some miasmic fog engulfed the whole of the Soviet Union during that period. One is left with the impression that the effects of the terror were so deep and so all-pervading that they can never be counteracted by any process of merely political or social reform in the Soviet Union but only by some long, slow, perhaps painful, healing process that would take decades to accomplish. The book is written with an extraordinary combination of simplicity and sophistication, of innocence and worldly experience which is no doubt a reflection of Mme Mandelstam's own remarkable personality, but also makes one wonder once again at the capacity which some Russians seem to retain for recounting the most terrible events in a voice which, avoiding all rhetoric or exaggeration, might be used equally well to describe some commonplace domestic happening, like a tea party or a visit to the Zoo.

It is precisely this quality which shines through *Hope Against Hope* and makes it so memorable. Mme Mandelstam is now seventy years old and living again in the Moscow from

[1] Collins and Harvill Press, £3.15.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which she was banished for so long. One can only hope that, having survived for so long, she will live to continue the story of her life from the moment when this memoir ends with the death of her husband about the middle of October 1938 in a typhus-ridden transit camp for criminals in Vladivostock. A prisoner who survived described his first meeting with him to his widow:

> Sitting with the criminals was a man with a grey stubble of beard wearing a yellow leather coat. He was reciting verse which I recognised. It was Mandelstam. The criminals offered him bread and the canned stuff and he calmly helped himself and ate. Evidently he was only afraid to eat food given him by his jailers. He was listened to in complete silence and sometimes asked to repeat a poem. . . .

The exact date and circumstances of Mandelstam's death are not known.

IT IS A STRIKING feature of *Hope Against Hope* that, though it is a personal memoir and primarily concerned with the fate of a single individual, Mandelstam himself, whom his widow rightly thinks to have been of significance both to Russia and to the world, it seems to concentrate into itself the tragedy of tens of millions of other individual lives. Of course, Mme Mandelstam's story can hardly be considered a typical one because neither she nor her husband, nor their situation, were typical. Mandelstam himself was a genius, and the friends and sympathisers whom he and his widow found in their hour of need were people like Pasternak, Akhmatova, Nicolai Bukharin, who represented everything that was best and most creative in what was left, by 1934, of the Russian revolutionary intelligentsia. There was not much in common, in their origins, their education, their gifts, their tastes, between the Mandelstams and their friends and those nomadic hordes of the persecuted and dispossessed whom Mme Mandelstam observed with horror and compassion as, searching for some resting place from the all-seeing eye of "the Kremlin mountaineer," they crowded the railway stations, river ports, ferries. After the poet's first arrest, the Mandelstams made their way into exile from Moscow to Cherdynsk and then from Cherdynsk to Voronezh, across a land in which entire populations were seeking refuge from the terror. Yet, in their shared misery, they had more in common with them than with the Kremlin mountaineer and his cohorts of obedient servants, of whom other writers and artists were not last in subservience and servility.

One of the most characteristic features of the period, which Mme Mandelstam makes very vivid and explicit to us, is the contrast between the strictly hierarchical order, of privilege as well as authority, which prevailed in the newly emergent ruling class of the Soviet Union, and the equally strict egalitarianism of misery, fear and persecution which united all those who were excluded from it. With scrupulous objectivity she notes, for instance, that since she and her husband, on their nightmare journey to Voronezh, were in the special care of the MGB, and enjoyed certain advantages as a result, this was quite enough to divide them from their fellow travellers, and arouse their suspicion and mistrust, as a mark of privilege which stamped them as belonging to *Them* and not to *Us*.

Mandelstam was only able to make the journey from Cherdynsk to Voronezh as a result of one of those "miracles", totally arbitrary, unexpected and irrational, which were the only alleviation of a totally intolerable system; "miracles" that were as wholly inexplicable as if they were the work of God himself or of his angels, and his widow drily observes that what men need to live by is not miracles but justice. In Mandelstam's case, the miracle took place through the direct intervention of Bukharin, at that time, though already doomed to degradation and destruction, still Chairman of the Comintern and still clothed, in the public eye, with the prestige conferred by Lenin's description of him as "the darling of the Party."

In her account of Bukharin's successful effort to secure her husband's release from arrest, Mme Mandelstam describes some of the totems and taboos, the more-than-Byzantine complexities of etiquette and protocol, which had to be observed in a society which, while claiming to be the embodiment of science and socialism, combined the extremes both of terror and bureaucracy, and of superstitious awe of the Leader. Bukharin was prevailed upon to intervene by the persuasion of Boris Pasternak, who succeeded in convincing him that Mandelstam's case was a question not only of friendship but of public concern. When Bukharin telephoned to Stalin on Mandelstam's behalf, he concluded by saying that Pasternak seemed to be greatly concerned about his case. This, says Mme Mandelstam, was a polite form of short-hand for saying that a significant body of public opinion would be antagonised if it knew of Mandelstam's arrest.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Etiquette forbade that such a thing as public opinion should have been mentioned. To do so would have implied that, firstly, such a thing existed; secondly, that it should be respected; thirdly, that it could possibly diverge from a decision which, like all decisions in the Soviet Union, was ultimately Stalin's. The mention of a single individual, Pasternak, avoided all these implications.

Bukharin's gambit was evidently well calculated, and as such was accepted and not refused. Its sequel, the middle game as it were, was a telephone call from Stalin himself to Pasternak, to ask why he should be concerned about the case of Mandelstam. Here the gambit was refused, not accepted. "You think he's a genius?" said Stalin. To have said yes would have implied that there were geniuses in the Soviet Union besides Stalin, possible rivals to his glory, not merely in politics, or science, or philosophy, but even in the arts. Pasternak therefore correctly replied that genius was not the question and thus side-stepped the possibility of provoking the dictator's envy and suspicion.

There is something about this elaborate game of chess, as described by Mme Mandelstam, in which every move has its appropriate counter-move, that reminds one of some novel by Balzac or Stendhal or Henry James, where circumstance and personal response are inextricably interwined. The difference, is, of course, that in this game the penalty for losing was not personal failure, in whatever terms this is measured, but complete and total annihilation, so that nothing of one remained. If it were not for Mandelstam's poems, and his widow's care in preserving them, he would have perished as anonymously and ignominiously as a million others.

In his case, Bukharin's intervention secured for him a temporary reprieve, and nothing is more touching, or more revealing, in *Hope Against Hope*, than his widow's description of the short time they spent in Voronezh, as if it were a temporary paradise in which for a moment they escaped from the terrible weight of Soviet society. Yet they lived in almost total isolation, without any means of subsistence except borrowing from friends and relations, and with every means of publication closed to her husband, who from the official Soviet literary point of view had become strictly a non-person. But of course nothing could in the end save Mandelstam from the gross and reckless crime of *lèse majesté* represented by

The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction

P. J. KEATING

'A long and scholarly study of the attitudes of many of the Victorian novelists. Mr. Keating is very good about Mrs. Gaskell, the most honest conscience. On Dickens and the streets he is excellent in restating the city theme in a new way. He has something arresting to say about the rise of the slum realists—Gissing, Arthur Morrison and, above all, Kipling'.

—V. S. PRITCHETT, *New Statesman* 8 pp plates £3·50

Working Class Stories of the 1890s

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY P. J. KEATING

The world of these stories is the East End of London and the collection includes stories by Kipling, George Gissing, Arthur Morrison. They illustrate the attempt by many late Victorian writers to break with Dickensian models and to write of working-class life with less moral intrusion and greater realism. V. S. Pritchett commented in the *New Statesman* 'a good short anthology'. £1·60

The Political Theory of Anarchism

APRIL CARTER

Discusses in detail this relatively neglected tradition of political thought, examining the anarchist critique of the state, of bureaucracy and of democratic government in relation to more orthodox political theories. April Carter also considers anarchist theories of social and economic organization, the relevance of anarchism to contemporary conditions, and the problems of utopianism in politics. £1·50

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL
68 Carter Lane, London EC4V 5EL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his poem about Stalin and after leaving Voronezh and his re-arrest he disappears from history into the vast sad underground of the Soviet labour camps from which this memoir has so magnificently resurrected him.

THE HISTORICAL circumstances of Mme Mandelstam's story were, fortunately, so extraordinary and exceptional that it would seem absurd to think that it could have any kind of relevance to our present way of life in the West. Whatever the evils we have to endure, they are not of the same kind under which she and her husband suffered. Yet she has such a passionate, and penetrating, interest in human nature and in literature and the intellectual life, that her book seems to transcend the limitations of mere time and place, and this indeed is one of its great merits.

One of her continuing themes, which recurs throughout the book, is the fate, under Stalin, of the Russian intelligentsia, of which her husband might in many ways be considered a representative type, though in fact he took a very different path from most of his intellectual contemporaries. The question Mme Mandelstam almost obsessively asks is why, in the 1930s, the Russian intelligentsia as a whole, unlike her husband, not merely capitulated to, but to a large extent actively supported, even welcomed, the dictatorship of Stalin, even though it was directly opposed to all the values which they had traditionally supported.

If one looks at the admirably complete index which accompanies this edition of her memoir, one sees very clearly how much this question occupies her, and under the heading of *Intelligentsia (Intellectuals)* one finds, among other references: *capitulation of*; *ideological subjugation of*; *self-destruction of*; *sickness of*; which perhaps indicate that, if Stalin liquidated the intelligentsia in its classical Russian form, it was also his not wholly unwilling victim. Of course, Mme Mandelstam is much too understanding and compassionate to underrate the terrible pressures to which the intelligentsia, like everyone else, were subjected by the Stalin régime; or to believe that intellectuals by and large are any better equipped than other human beings to resist such pressures. What she finds it hard to understand, or to forgive, is that, in Russia, so many of them should have claimed, with varying degrees of sincerity, that these very pressures represented a new and hitherto unparalleled extension of human liberty.

Among the explanations she offers is the almost religious awe and veneration inspired not merely by the idea of "Revolution", but even by the word itself; so powerful that, whatever shape it assumed, even the horrific shape of Stalin, it was sufficient to subdue any doubts or scruples one might have about its political or ethical legitimacy, and all the more seductive because Revolution was inextricably associated with ideas of the New, the Contemporary, the Thing-To-Come, as opposed to the incontrovertible but banal evils of the Past. Mme Mandelstam is sufficiently honest to recognise that this association of ideas was so strong that at moments it cast its spell even on those whom she loved and admired most and who most triumphantly resisted it, like Pasternak, or Akhmatova or Mandelstam himself. But in reading her account of its effects in the Soviet Union under Stalin, one is suddenly, and with some dismay, brought up short by the realisation that she might just as well be describing how it operates in the minds of large sections of the intelligentsia in the West at the present time.

Alienation

RICHARD SCHACHT

A much needed and very readable analysis of the over-used and abused word, 'alienation'. Schacht traces the original development of the concept in Hegel and Marx. In the course of his lucid account of modern usage he makes some searching criticisms of much modern sociological and philosophical literature.

£3·50, paper £1·75

George Allen & Unwin

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Guiding Forces

By Derwent May

ANDREI PLATONOV is another of those gifted Russian writers who were almost lost to sight, even in Russia, in Stalin's later years—though in fact Platonov survived the worst days, perhaps through his friendship with Sholokhov, and died, aged 52, in 1951. In an introduction to this collection of his stories,[1] Yevtushenko, in his cheery way, represents Platonov as yet another sympathetic figure in "the great tradition of Russian literature, the *tradition of 'defence of the so-called little* man' "—now rediscovered along with many of his fellows by the wise and warm-hearted Russian people. But I find Platonov altogether more strange and disturbing a writer than this. In the longest story here, "Dzhan", a group of starving tribesmen are trying to catch up with some sheep, who in turn are following the tumbleweed that is being blown across the steppes: "so the wind became the true guiding force, of everything from grass to men." But this is only the most literal example of something experienced by all Platonov's characters. They are creatures of little weight, thrown about not only by gales of circumstance but also—still more strikingly—by constantly varying inner gusts, feeble little puffs of emotion, some of these, yet even so completely mastering the characters who experience them. In Platonov's world, rational consideration of problems and sustained, consecutive action—even of the most limited, materialistic kind—are wholly lacking. A Soviet commissioner who is sent to help the tribesmen in "Dzhan" is impatient with these human relics, and would be happiest just to see them all die off. But even he has nothing else to do once his task is finished: he keeps his official briefcase always hanging round his neck, and "thought of his whole life as just temporary assignments to distant places . . . perhaps the only pleasure he took in his own existence was in being able to leave one place and move to another: let those who were left behind perish by themselves!"

The impulses that stir these men and women are, equally often, kindly or loving ones, but as forces at work in the world such impulses are quite random and undependable. Chagatayev, the main character in "Dzhan", is a Turkman who was born in the tribe, but driven away by his mother at the age of fifteen, the only way she could think of to prevent him from starving. After graduating as an economist, years later, in Moscow, he wanders about not knowing what to do. He meets a sad, pregnant young woman, Vera, at a party and marries her the next day. Later in the summer, he learns that he is being sent back to his tribe to help them, since the previous commissioner (the one with the briefcase) has done no good for them. On his last evening in Moscow his wife (because "maybe in a half hour's time he would stop loving her for ever") reveals to him that she has a fifteen-year old daughter by a previous marriage and takes Chagatayev to visit her. Sure enough, Chagatayev at once falls in love with this little girl, Ksenya, with her one black eye, one blue. Yet out in Asia he soon forgets both Vera and Ksenya. He finds his mother, but "she was as light as air now . . . she had never been able to understand who she was and to feel easy with herself before the time had come for her to be an old woman and to die." Chagatayev wants to bring happiness to this broken people, eking out a living among the reed beds, but he has no idea how to set about it. The other commissioner leads them off through the desert, ostensibly to take them to a kindlier valley where they once dwelt, but secretly hoping they will all die on the way; Chagatayev saves them from starvation by lying in the sand attracting vultures, then shooting the vultures in order to eat them. Some of the tribe get to the valley, but once they have eaten and taken their ease again a little, and elected a soviet, they are all streaming off, looking for happiness beyond the horizon again.

It is just the same in the other stories. In "The Potudan River", a young soldier coming home after the Revolution drifts into marriage with a weak, hungry girl who is trying to finish her medical studies; one night he finds her sobbing in bed, so in the morning he gets up and leaves the house; he follows a beggar "so as to have a feeling of going somewhere", stops speaking, works as a cleaner in a market;

[1] *The Fierce and Beautiful World.* By ANDREI PLATONOV. Translated by JOSEPH BARNES. Hodder & Stoughton, £1.75.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he learns that his wife has tried to drown herself but been rescued, goes back to her . . . the story ends with a faint, chill hope of happiness for them both. In "Homecoming" (a rather Lawrentian story) a soldier returning from the Second World War finds his wife has been unfaithful, decides to leave her for a girl he himself picked up on the way home, sees from the train his two children running after him, jumps off the train again. . . . All the stories end on an up note, and this may have helped them with the Russian censorship, but in the light of what has gone before none of them can possibly be said to end optimistically; it wouldn't matter, really, where they ended, since there is never any promise of one thing leading to another. In the background there is continual allusion to the new world the Bolsheviks are going to create, but there is nothing in that, either, to soften the brow of an intelligent Russian censor—there is not a soul in sight in Platonov's landscape to implement any communist dream.

Yet these are not ironical stories. What is sad and painful in them is wholly so, what happiness their characters experience is convincing, often intense, happiness: the author acquiesces without protest in the fact that, as he puts it, "men live because they're born, not by truth or intelligence". In a more humdrum sense than is usually meant by the phrase, the author is the hero of these stories—he alone sees things through to any sort of end. But he does not try to explain or justify these labours of his, in the light of the picture of human nature his stories present. A reader like myself is simply left unsettled by them: wanting to insist that a different way of life, attentive to consequence and trusting in effort, is both possible and desirable, yet wondering not only whether such insistence is as right as it seems, but also whether the whole idea of sustained devotion to chosen ends is not based on an illusion about human capabilities. The amount of disturbance created by the stories is the measure of the conviction, as accounts of human life, that they carry.

NADINE GORDIMER'S hero in her new novel *A Guest of Honour*[2] is a man with a strong sense of purpose and the keenest anxiety to understand all the relevant facts. He is 54-year-old Colonel James Bray, a former colonial administrator who was obliged to leave the service because of the help he gave to African nationalists. When the book opens, he has just been invited back to the new East African state of which his old friend Mweta is now the President. In Bray's company we survey the new land, its personalities and problems. His doubts grow about Mweta's policy of cooperating with European business in the country, and he slowly decides that he can still do more for its people than just carry out an educational survey and cheer the President with his support. By the end of the book, when by error he is taken for a white mercenary and battered to death, he has begun to work for another old African friend, Shinza, now a left-wing rebel, who is planning to wrench the country back on to a socialist path by violence.

Far and away the best thing in *A Guest of Honour* is the description of Africa. It is a wonderfully rich description, drawing on a fine feeling both for nature and history, and an exceptional knowledge of individual African character. From the saffron-yellow mango pips, "sucked hairy", on the streets of the capital, and the molehills on the President's lawn, to the fish-eagles whistling over the great northern lakes; from the big, British Club barn where Irish hounds had once been kept, and all died of fever, to the coloured bulbs spelling "INDEPENDENCE HURRAH"; from the country schoolmaster in his army-surplus overcoat who still pays for correspondence courses from London, to the politicians planning sophisticated strategies at the Independence Party congress—the note of authentic observation runs everywhere through the book.

Yet this is not a novel like, say, Conrad's *Nostromo,* passing on to us the personal experiences of a representative group of inhabitants of an unstable country, and allowing us to draw our own conclusions about them, and their nation's plight. It is not even the account of one man's private experience of Africa. Bray, without actually telling the story in the first person, is a kind of attendant mind throughout the book until he dies. But Bray's train of thought is frequently commandeered by a sort of pirate voice. As a responsive person in a specific setting, at those times he fades away, and we get pages of informative and argumentative summary of the historical and political situation. They are supposed to be Bray's reflections, but they carry little fictive conviction. What it amounts to is that deeply enmeshed in the book is a long, straight article by Miss Gordimer herself about African affairs. It has a case to make—the case, in

[2] *A Guest of Honour.* By NADINE GORDIMER. Cape, £2.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brief, for African socialism—but it has little in common with the oblique and uninsistent processes of fiction. And it needs to be tested by reference to the facts about real African countries, and exposed to debate in terms of political principle and economic theory, in a way it is sheltered from in this guise.

The novel, as a novel, is gravely limited by this fact. And Bray, as a character, suffers particularly badly from his liability to disappear from the scene like this. But it is not his only difficulty. In so far as he does in fact draw conclusions and make decisions he is accorded a respect, even a kind of reverence, by Miss Gordimer that makes it equally hard to see him clearly as a person. At one point, for example, when Bray is hesitating over joining Shinza, and is angry with himself because of his hesitation, Miss Gordimer writes: "He had never before been sufficiently self-centred to indulge in self-disgust. There had always been too much to do." For such a moral-minded man to assume so blandly that he has not been self-centred!—it seems at first like a peak of irony, a key-line from a novel like *Emma*. Yet nothing in the book confirms that Miss Gordimer is being ironical here. The fact of the matter is that what Bray has to offer by way of judgment on Africa and its needs is what Miss Gordimer herself has to offer. The respect she has for him is a transference of the respect that she is bound, like any of us, to have for her own thought in so far as she has tried to do a hard, honest job of thinking.

Miss Gordimer's main attempt to give Bray some independent life is to involve him in an affair with a young married Englishwoman, Rebecca. In the treatment of this relationship, some foothold is given to the possibility of irony. There is a point when Bray, grimly humorous, wonders whether his feeling for Rebecca is any more than "the last kick of the prostate"—and for a moment the idea is even allowed to appear that Bray's whole African adventure might be no more than part of that kick. Such thoughts are soon firmly buried again under the weight of Miss Gordimer's irrepressible admiration for Bray. But her account of his sexual consciousness is not so sure of itself as her account of his political conscience.

PAUL THEROUX'S *Jungle Lovers*[3] is also set in an East African country, named as Malawi, though its ruler is called Dr. Hastings K.

[3] *Jungle Lovers*. By PAUL THEROUX. Bodley Head, £2.

NEW FROM METHUEN

The Theatre of Albert Camus

A Critical Study

E. FREEMAN

Critics and students of modern French literature have tended to neglect Camus's lifelong devotion to the theatre as writer, actor and director. This study relates Camus's plays to his other writings, assesses them in their own right, and evaluates them in the context of the French and European theatre of his time. £2·30

Idylls and Realities

Studies in Nineteenth Century German Literature

J. P. STERN

The shift of creative interest towards an exploration of man in a state of inward isolation is a commonplace of twentieth-century European literature. *Idylls and Realities* suggests that this development is anticipated in several important ways by the major German poets, novelists and playwrights of the nineteenth century. £2·50

The Logic of Plurality

J. E. J. ALTHAM

A thorough and original investigation of the plurality-quantifiers—*many, few, nearly all* and related notions—which considerably extends the study of formal logic. £1·95

The World we have lost

Second Edition: Revised and enlarged

PETER LASLETT

"For once the reviewer's clichés are true: no historian or sociologist will neglect this book, and no educated person should fail to read it. This is the true ancestry of the English as they are today." *Spectator*

£2·75; University Paperback: £1·40

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Osbong. It is about the adventures of an American insurance salesman there, one Calvin Mullet, and begins as though it were a pure Bob Hope script. This scene, for instance, comes straight from *The Road to Blantyre*. A tall African has ordered Calvin, who is sitting in a bar with his black girl-friend Mira, to buy him a drink, but Mira has sworn at the man:

> The man leaned over and spat into Mira's beerglass.
> Calvin quickly exchanged glasses with Mira. He said, "He didn't mean it", hopefully.
> The man growled.
> "Hit him!" said Mira to Calvin. "He did spit! Beat him!"
> 'I couldn't do a thing like that", said Calvin. He tried to smile at the man, but his smile was that squinting grimace of a person swallowing hard.

This is the best thread in the book, and comes up intermittently. But Calvin's sentimental feeling for Mira and other humble African folk increases, while his scorn both for African politicians and African revolutionaries gets shriller, until the book seems to be bidding for ultimate seriousness, without offering anything more than a farcical scene to be serious about.

Jerzy Kosinski's *Being There*[4] is a short fable telling how Chance, an illiterate gardener who has acquired an expensive suit, gets caught up by accident in the world of American high finance and government. By uttering nothing except platitudes about gardening when asked questions about business and politics, he is soon inspiring the nation and being groomed for President. This is like a product of the literary-chemical industry, a seductively-flavoured pill of pure irony that dissolves smoothly and rapidly in the mouth. But it will not affect anyone's system for long.

[4] *Being There*. By JERZY KOSINSKI. Bodley Head, £1.40.

Damaged Instruments

By Douglas Dunn

THE POEMS in Sylvia Plath's *The Colossus* are largely flawed by a rhythmical and lexical vulgarity. However, many of them are very good poems, there is a powerful sense of them having come from a single, eccentric imagination, and they are full of strange and startling expressions. They are also identifiably by the author of *Ariel*. For example, there are forecasts of *Ariel*'s subject-matter, that evolution of psychological background, domestic oppression and public and private pain, into a private and ultimate specialisation. In order to achieve that unique and powerful poetry it was necessary to abandon the earlier clotted style. She herself said of the *Ariel* poems: " . . . I have found myself having to read them aloud to myself. Now this is something I didn't do. For example, my first book *The Colossus*—I can't read any of the poems aloud now. I didn't write them to be read aloud. In fact, they quite quietly bore me. Now these very recent ones—I've got to say them. I speak them to myself. Whatever lucidity they may have comes from the fact that I say them aloud." I doubt if many people find most of *Ariel* exactly lucid, but there is a quite obvious liberation of tone and freedom of movement in her later verse which is unlike anything in *The Colossus*. It will be reasonable to suggest that the compulsion to dramatise what she had come to see as her identity was so strong, and so artistically felt, that it was necessary to devise a way of writing that would be a literary version of the identity she was obsessed with fulfilling—in other words she had to find her "own voice", that unriddable cliché.

The poems in *Ariel* were written in 1962 and 1963. Between then and the poems in *The Colossus* (written between 1956 and 1959) Plath was perhaps feeling towards her final

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

style, although it seems more likely, bearing in mind that legendary remark about writing three poems a day seven days a week at four in the morning, that the final style was realised very quickly. In this new collection, *Crossing the Water*,[1] Ted Hughes has collected a number of poems written in this so-called "transitional" period. Many have already been printed in magazines and in two private press selections by the Turret Press and the Rainbow Press, and another volume, *Winter Trees*, is promised.

Crossing the Water is much freer in style than the first book. There is still something formulaic and precious about her phrase-making: ". . . a valedictory, pale hand"; or "Black, admonitory cliffs." However, there is more of that zany, accurate and unexpected imagery that is so central to the style of *Ariel*, and also the first book. Alert, nervous, and often domestic, it is one of her peculiar strengths:

Now, in valleys narrow
And black as purses, the house lights
Gleam like small change

The city melts like sugar
Now the pills are worn out and silly as classical gods

All morning, with smoking breath, the handyman
Has been draining the goldfish ponds.
They collapse like lungs . . . .

This demotic kind of simile-making is very feminine. She mocks the masculine world with flurries of domestic detail. The irritation and peevishness of this is profound miles beyond the fashionable nonsense of Women's Lib, and it is an essential strand of what Alvarez has called "the terrible unforgivingness of her verse . . . violent resentment that this should have been done to *her*."

BUT BY QUOTING disjointed excerpts I don't want to give the impression that the book is a mere happy hunting ground of stray felicities, important only in relation to *Ariel*. Sustained poems of great quality are gathered in this book. "In Plaster", for example, is a monologue spoken by an invalid about the plaster mould that encases her, and which has become an image of her death. Despite the morbid whimsy on which the poem is founded, it is a remarkable poem objectifying a state of mind, and it leads her to frightening statements:

She wanted to leave me, she thought she was superior,
And I'd been keeping her in the dark, and she was resentful,

[1] *Crossing the Water*. By SYLVIA PLATH. Faber, £1.25.

The Poems of William Blake
Edited by W. H. Stevenson
Text by D. V. Erdman
All Blake's verse, including the scattered verses and epigrams. Fully annotated, giving whatever information is necessary so that the reader may interpret more easily for himself.
£4·25 Net

From Coleridge to Gore: A Century of Religious Thought in Britain
B. M. G. Reardon
"There is so much one could praise in this book." Financial Times
". . . he has handled his mass of material so deftly that a reader follows him, happily held." Times Educational Supplement
£3·25 Net

Family, Class and Education: A Reader
Edited by Maurice Craft
An analysis of the complex relationship between home background and school performance.
Cased £2·50 Net Paper £1·25 Net

Britain in Balance
W. A. P. Manser
Calls for an end to the mistaken cult of the export surplus and to the persistent mood of self-denigration with which it is surrounded.
£2·75 Net

Longman

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Wasting her days waiting on a half-corpse!
And secretly she began to hope I'd die.

"Blackberrying" is a poem of menacing description. Like many others in the book it is made from direct statements—"The only thing to come now is the sea"—leading into surprising language and imagery—"and a din like silversmiths/ Beating and beating at an intractable metal." Above all, however, the new ingredient in her poetry of this period is an improved sense of drama, a much stronger narrative interest, as well as an accompanying thinning out of the clots that made that kind of writing impossible in *The Colossus*, although she came close to it in "The Disquieting Muses."

What struck me most after reading *Crossing the Water* was not just that it was so good, or that none of the poems there had been thought good enough for *Ariel*, but that *Ariel* itself represents such a unified stretch of work, such a strong and tragically magnificent working out of a single complicated theme. Only one poem in the new book might be at home in *Ariel*. "The Tour", a parable of a confrontation between the safe life and the terrors of endangered existence, set entirely in a female context, has all that harrowing vernacular directness of her best-known poems, "Daddy" and "Lady Lazarus". However, it is the imaginative power of a poem like "In Plaster" or "Insomniac" that forecasts what I consider to be her best poem—"The Bee Meeting." There is something shrill about "Daddy" and "Lady Lazarus" which, although understandable as overstatements, seem to attain a theatricality, an interior melodrama, that I find hard to take.

Nightlong in the granite yard, invisible cats
Have been howling like women, or damaged instruments.

Crossing the Water is an indispensable book, and Sylvia Plath one of that handful of modern poets whom intelligent readers will feel, more and more, that they have no option but to try and understand.

"SOMETHING is taking place," says the first line of "Rites of Passage," the first poem in Thom Gunn's *Moly*.[2] In the context of Gunn's poetry at this stage it is wishful thinking.

"Rites of Passage" is itself a poem of anticipation and defiance. A young satyr feels the first growth of horns, a sense of identity and purpose, a new generation's assumption of the world. Gunn has hidden this topical theme so well among the almond boughs of the antique garden in which the poem is set that his technique seems like the faded mastery of a conjuror who can still make things vanish but forgets how to bring them back. And the same can be said for the title poem. Moly is, of course, the magical herb with a milk-white flower which Hermes gave to Odysseus and with which he changed himself back from swinehood. Gunn uses the episode from Homer and, more significantly in the context of Gunn's interest in the poem, from Ovid, very skilfully to establish the pattern of his meaning—the search by men to get out of their bodies into a more elevated state of being. Possibly the moly is meant to be taken as LSD, and if that is the case such lines as these are banal beyond rescue:

I root and root, you think that it is greed.
It is, but I seek out a plant I need.

The poem's tone is insistent, the finish reached with great ease. But then Gunn's sense of dynamics has always been acute, although his inability to go beyond that is dispiriting. There is a failure of technique evident in almost every page of *Moly*. Gunn really needs that magic plant. His rhymes are dull, the rhythms limiting.

Gunn now seems a poet torn between, on the one hand, his insistence on the use of mind, on the intellectual enterprise of poems, and on the other hand a poetry that is rooted in concrete actualities, objects and people, and not thoughts. His poems often begin with exact descriptions:

In front of me, the palings of a fence
Throw shadows hard as board across the weeds. . . .

The effort in this poem—"For Signs"—as in many others with just as precise a setting in time and space—is to involve the objects in a process of mind, as objectifying props. In "Justin", for example, the concrete narrative devolves into this:

But waiting wears as hard as action,
And he perceived what he would be,
Transparent with dissatisfaction.

Or, at the end of "The Sand Man":

Dispersing with the sands
He feels a dry cool multiplicity
Gilding his body, feet and hands.

This dissipation of the poem into a gaseous metaphysicality is quite common, and is perhaps related to the metamorphoses recurrent in the book, part-changes or transformations. This may be a generous expression of search for

[2] *Moly*. By THOM GUNN. Faber, £1.00.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human perfection, the horizon of human possibilities, an optimistic poetry that offers solutions to human limitation in acts of poetic or meditative humility and intelligence. There are dangers in using this material that Gunn fails to avoid. Insistent and direct in tone, the rhymes and rhythms a simple gradient to the poem's climax, Gunn's dramatic fade-outs merely make him seem to disappear up his own entrances in a puff of blue smoke. Triumphant this may be, but it certainly leaves him open to a charge of negative feedback. Or just old-fashioned running on the spot.

ALAN DUGAN is an esteemed American poet, just under fifty and therefore of that same distinguished generation as Hecht, Nemerov, Simpson, Snodgrass, Bly, etcetera. His three volumes—helpfully entitled *Poems 1*, *2* and *3*—have now been collected[3] to make his first appearance in this country, where his reputation seems a pleasure cherished by the specialists, probably because he is not in the Penguin *Contemporary American Poetry*.

In the main, I find his idiom, his general way of writing, acceptable if not always likable. His poems are carefully made, often witty, and his moral and visual perspectives are usually very sharp. His most pleasing quality is that professional disrespect of the urban wit, seen at its best in "How We Heard the Name", which I quote in full:

The river brought down
dead horses, dead men
and military debris,
indicative of war
or official acts upstream,
but it went by, it all
goes by, that is the thing
about the river. Then
a soldier on a log
went by. He seemed drunk
and we asked him Why
had he and this junk
come down to us so
from the past upstream.
"Friends," he said, "the great
Battle of Granicus
has just been won
by all the Greeks except
the Lacedaemonians and
myself: this is a joke
between me and a man
named Alexander, whom
all of you ba-bas
will hear of as a god."

The scene of Tony Connor's fourth book[4] is, mainly, the United States, and the Happy

[3] *Collected Poems*. By ALAN DUGAN. Faber, £2.50.
[4] *In the Happy Valley*. By TONY CONNOR. Oxford University Press, £1.25.

Walther Rathenau and the Weimar Republic

The Politics of Reparations

DAVID FELIX

David Felix asserts that financial reparation was the most burdensome and unreasonable of the conditions imposed on Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. Besides the reparations—three times Germany's annual income—payment was further hampered because Germany was not allowed to accumulate trade surpluses. £4·30

The International Law of Civil War

Edited by RICHARD A. FALK

The Vietnam War has underscored the failure of international law as an effective means of regulating foreign intervention in civil wars. These six case histories focus on the facts and legal aspects of such intervention. £7·15

Alliances and American Foreign Policy

ROBERT E. OSGOOD

"Robert Osgood has written a brief but provocative book on the basic nature, philosophic background and practical realities of America's alliance systems"—*Key Reporter*
Paperback £0·95

Force, Order, and Justice

ROBERT E. OSGOOD and ROBERT W. TUCKER

"The authors undertake to relate the characteristics of military power to the problem of international order and the control of force." *International Law and Politics*
Paperback £1·40

Bridge across the Bosporus

The Foreign Policy of Turkey

FERENC A. VÁLI

Professor Váli analyzes the Ottoman Empire antecedents of Turkey's present foreign policy, relates her foreign policy objectives to internal politics, and examines the effects these policies have on Turkey's interrelationships with other countries. £5·95

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS
2–4 Brook Street London W1Y 1AA

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Valley of the title is to be taken as "both a Realty Man's phantasy of the area of New England in which I had my home, and the valley of Ezekiel's vision, whose bones were not without the chance of new life." It is also the place of middle age, where Connor muses on powers spent, and the hopes of regeneration. Unfortunately, he has shed much of his native-bred style in order to write the book, and succumbed to a mild form of American disease—the pose of the poet as a sadly humming set of antennae, their tips glistening with cryptic messages. "Listening to Bach in Franklin County" is an example, ending,

The forfeiture of giant miseries to write
a small poem at midnight.

There are other examples of the ponderous poetical genitive such as "My sleep is haunted by the faithless multitudes of America", as well as a confessional tone, both of which I take to be symptoms of Connor's Americanisation. "Old Man" is a more solid poem altogether, rooted in someting much more firm than Connor's melancholia.

BEAUTIFULLY produced by the Edinburgh University Press, George Bruce's *Collected Poems*[5] gather thirty years of conscientious verse-making. The dominant flaws are prosaic description inadequately galvanised by freshness of word, or originality of purpose, and when he does try to get beyond that, a leaden forcedness, as in the dourly poetical "The Word." On the other hand, the compensating strength is clarity, especially in the poems set in the North East of Scotland.

Loutish rhetoric and unwarranted excess of practically everything blight Jeff Nuttall's *Poems.*[6] It will take an act of considerable affection to get through this book in the consecutive way recommended by its author, and I admit that I didn't make it. Frequently attempting a rhapsodical sexual impressionism, and often scatalogically senseless, the book seems part of the main underground concern: making sure that co-mindblowers realise what a great guy you are.

FOR FORTY YEARS George Barker[7] has been a big bundle of joy on the British poetry scene, his fecund rhetoric and flamboyant imagery sprouting out all over in a consistently productive career. His reputation is established, and has certainly been worked for with dedication. Barker's high-flying kind of verse is now generally unpopular, although if Jeff Nuttall is anything to go by, it may still have its readers in that quarter. There is much in Barker's new book which I dislike. The flatulent tautology:

No matter how
brief or how small the
firefly spark or the
sparkling firefly, still
we burn also, Carthage, we
burn too.

The inane questioning:

What is the meaning of
the sea or the duty of the
west wind or the responsi-
bility of the flowering
chestnut tree in summer?

Barker offers answers equally unconvincing, and no doubt this will please admirers of Barker's hot-footed to heaven utterance. One line of Barker's work which I endorse asserts itself in "Drumtochty Castle School," a mellow poem of the writer in later years among schoolchildren, and "In Memory of Robert Macbryde" is also a controlled poem of age, affectionate and assured. Generally speaking, though, holy George Barker is once again on fire, after his other latter-day collections had seemed to indicate that the rampant visionary had at last been tamed.

William Price-Turner has been writing his clever and genuine poems for almost twenty years, but a wider reputation continues to elude

CITY OF LONDON POLYTECHNIC

BA DEGREE
POLITICS AND GOVERNMENT

A new three year full-time undergraduate course leading to a CNAA honours degree will commence in September 1971

Further details may be obtained from the Registrar City of London Polytechnic School of Business Studies, 84 Moorgate, London EC2M 65Q

[5] *Collected Poems.* By GEORGE BRUCE. Edinburgh University Press, £1.50.
[6] *Poems 1962-69.* By JEFF NUTTALL. Fulcrum Press, £1.70.
[7] *Poems of Places and People.* By GEORGE BARKER. Faber, £1.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him. This third collection,[8] an advance on the admired *Flying Corset*, should help. His style is uncluttered and expository, his concern with moral realities rather than the mysteries promoted by emotive imagery. The fable-loaded vignette is his standard form, and the one he uses best. There are clichés in this book, for example "Full Supporting Programmes'" expression of life in terms of entertainment. But throughout the book there is ample evidence of a minor original nagging at the verges of satire with explorations of the contemporary dilemma. This is a good book, and I recommend it.

Alan Bold, already convicted of "mainline careerism" by Edward Pygge, writes too much for his own good. *A Pint of Bitter*, Bold's fourth collection,[9] is an ill-considered book. Its poems vary from the banal "My First Sweetheart" to the vapid narrative of "Chance Encounter", a story of sex murder that ends on lines as clumsily unwrought as these:

And he noticed her knickers were red,
The colour that seeped from her temple
As she lay spreadeagled and dead.

There is also a goal-less "Football Triptych", and a "Dance Suite" that contains "scientific" exposition in the unpoetic style of MacDiarmid:

Astonishing images suggest themselves, sustain
Themselves only intermittently, then prove evanescent
As the butterfly. . . .

And so on in as tediously expansive a manner. Prosiac, boring, unoriginal, flat, clumsy—Mr Bold can be all of these at practically the same time, a real one-man band. Yet there is one poem here—"Departure"—which indicates that Bold possesses real, even if minor, gifts. Heavings of his self-fascinated personality damage the rest of the book.

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH'S *Reminiscences of Norma*[10] is a pleasant surprise, collecting poems written in the last seven years. It is much better than I expected, although the blurb is over-confident, as, of course, is their way: " . . . one of the most original and versatile poets of his generation."

A series of effective satires opens the book. "I Have Never Felt" is a direct hit on John Fuller, although one wonders if he really deserves shooting at anyway, while "The Cruel Gravy" bastes the *avant-garde*. This poet possesses an imagination sensitive almost at the same time to both the satirical and the macabre. The same area of imagination has produced the title poem, a long and difficult monologue about an imagined or remembered girl who fulfils the darker fantasies of the speaker. It is a tantalising poem, undoubtedly authentic and yet yielding its meanings slowly, the typical movement of dramatic monologues, as interesting as they are sometimes irritating. Seymour-Smith has learned from the Eliot of *Prufrock* rather than Browning, and there is sense in suggesting that "Reminiscences of Norma" will have its niche in future discussions of the form. An enthralling, morbid poem, it ends:

Nor you nor God nor His cold secretariat
Can know my journey, not of miles,
To find in nothingness the love I can.

Perhaps the blurb-writer was not wrong. Perhaps the blurb-writer was Seymour-Smith?

[8] *The Moral Rocking-Horse*. By WILLIAM PRICE-TURNER. Barrie & Jenkins, £1.05.
[9] *A Pint of Bitter*. By ALAN BOLD. Chatto & Windus, £1.00.
[10] *Reminiscences of Norma*. By MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH. Constable, £1.50.

TRANSATLANTIC REVIEW 40

Fiction—Poetry—Interviews

John Arden
John L'Heureux
Morris Lurie
Maggie Ross
Zulfikar Ghose
Paddy Kitchen

176 Pages for 25p
from:
Dillons, Better Books, Blackwells
and other bookshops
or 85p for 4 issues
from:
33 Ennismore Gardens
London SW7

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is certainly a stylish book, mature and confident.

The recent numbers of Penguin Modern Poets offer selections from nine poets, all interesting, some much more than that. Gascoyne, Graham and Raine are handily gathered in No. 17,[11] considering that Gascoyne continues to be undervalued, and that most of Graham's and Raine's output is out of print. In No. 18[12] Alvarez, Roy Fuller and Thwaite make a fairly conventional trinity. A gathering of Alvarez' poems is helpful, as he has written, or at least published, only a little and that in magazines or pamphlets, while Roy Fuller's opus is now sufficiently major and extensive to make a selection necessary and important. Anthony Thwaite's selection begins with the old favourites "Mr Cooper" and "The Boys", while a large part of the remaining space is devoted to his impressive North African poems. The most recent issue of the series prints Ashbery, Harwood, and Raworth.[13] This is for people like me who don't actually like poetry of that trend but will buy the paperback as a cheap way of trying to mellow our prejudices.

What I dislike about this series is the magical authority it seems to carry with readers who don't read much contemporary poetry in any other form. Half the reading public seems to put its faith in that antarctic imprimatur. The series has become as institutional as elevenses, and I find the prospect of its multiplication almost deadening.

BRITISH POETS have been consistently maligned for their insular habits, but it seems to me that the general interest in foreign poetry is now so confirmed that the old accusations can be safely forgotten. If this is an improvement on the once fiercely maintained self-reliance (and I don't see that it necessarily is unless it results in some improvement in contemporary verse) then some of the credit must fall to *Modern Poetry In Translation*.[14] This excellent magazine has, since 1965, sustained an unmodish and professional interest in the literatures of other languages. It is now once again published by its editors—Ted Hughes and Daniel Weissbort—after a spell with Jonathan Cape. Recent issues have been an anthology of modern Slovene writing (No. 8), translations of the Ukrainian poet Ivan Drach and a story by Zamyatin (No. 9), and an anthology of modern Turkish poetry. (No. 10).

One admirable emphasis of *MPT* is its stress on being informative and helpful. There are good notes to each poet (many of whom will be completely new to readers), while the issues devoted to Slovenia and Turkey contain helpful background information. There is also a refreshing absence of this searching abroad for a culture hero that is currently indulged in by recondite youths and elders who should know better, and although some discontent with the local product is perhaps implied, no one at *MPT* seems to be suggesting that a poet's range can be stunningly altered by swallowing a few handy translations from the Ukrainian.

[11] *Penguin Modern Poets 17*. By W. S. GRAHAM, KATHLEEN RAINE, DAVID GASCOYNE. Penguin, 25p.

[12] *Penguin Modern Poets 18*. By A. ALVAREZ, ROY FULLER, ANTHONY THWAITE. Penguin, 25p.

[13] *Penguin Modern Poets 19*. By JOHN ASHBERY, LEE HARWOOD, TOM RAWORTH. Penguin, 30p.

[14] *Modern Poetry in Translation*. Edited by TED HUGHES and DANIEL WEISSBORT. Published from 10 Compayne Gardens, London, N.W.6, £2.00 for 1 year, 50p per issue.

Today's Bulletin

On the papyrus a few scrawls:
This was thrown down in a corner,
Calculations for a shelf of ibis mummies,
Journeys inside the rotting head.

"There are some three or four
Creatures I love and now they look like
Pictures on mass-produced stamps from
A Banana Republic. I am quite alone."

Peter Porter

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EAST & WEST

Lessons of Prague

A Conversation with
EDUARD GOLDSTÜCKER

PROFESSOR GOLDSTÜCKER, *three years ago in March 1968, you told us that the Czechoslovak movement might at worst suffer setbacks, but it could never again be completely crushed or wiped out of history. But in Czechoslovakia the movement for a socialist democracy has been crushed.*

GOLDSTÜCKER: From the historical point of view, the future historian of the socialist revolution will put the events in Czechoslovakia in 1968 on the same level as, say, the Paris Commune of 1871, which also lasted a very short time, was crushed, but nevertheless retained its significance as the prologue to the whole revolutionary socialist movement.

IT IS THREE YEARS *since the Soviet military invasion of Czechoslovakia put a sudden and dramatic end to the "Prague Spring," the historic attempt to give socialism "a human face." Eduard Goldstücker was one of the leading figures in that movement, and in this interview (with two "Spiegel" editors, Fritjof Meyer and Klaus Reinhardt) he tries to reflect on the lessons to be learned. Professor Goldstücker is now a refugee in England, lecturing at the University of Sussex. It is the second time he has gone into exile, the first being in 1939 when he escaped from the Nazi occupation of his country (his family perished in the concentration camp of Auschwitz). He studied in Oxford, and after the war returned to his native Prague. He first served as the Czech Ambassador to Israel, and then during the Slansky Trials was condemned by the Stalinists to life-long imprisonment. He was "rehabilitated" in 1956, and subsequently became Rector of the Charles University as well as a leading literary figure (Chairman of the Writers Union and the "rehabilitator" of Franz Kafka as a Czech man of letters). He has since been officially attacked, denounced, and excommunicated by the present government under Gustav Husak, with whom he worked during the "Prague Spring." But he would, as he says, "go back immediately—if the direction of 1968, so violently interrupted, becomes possible again. . . ."*

—So you regard the Prague model as still relevant?

GOLDSTÜCKER: If you consider only two documents of the time of the so-called Prague spring, the April programme of action of the Communist Party and the draft party constitution—those two documents will remain as models. The problem has been posed, and it becomes more urgent from day to day. Look at developments in Poland.

—The intellectuals who assumed the leadership in the "Prague Spring" did not appear at Gdansk and Gdynia. There the working class acted by itself.

GOLDSTÜCKER: Nevertheless it has been shown yet again that the lack of democracy in socialist society necessarily leads to crises. That is a terrible tragedy. Gomulka was a great political figure, a great tribune of the people, but he forgot he was ruling over living human beings, and he broke off communication with those in whose name he ruled and whose vital interests he had undertaken to fulfil. His successor Gierek talks of the necessity of democratisation.

—And can the Prague experiences serve as a model for that?

GOLDSTÜCKER: Socialism in Europe has only two alternatives: either it finds the path to which we showed the way in 1968 or it runs the risk of exposing itself to catastrophic developments. The experiences of Czechoslovakia in 1968 will be harked back to in all future attempts to solve the vital questions of socialism.

—That sounds a little euphoric. . . .

GOLDSTÜCKER: I have also left open the possibility of a pessimistic alternative. When the Moscow leadership and its allies crushed the Czechoslovak experiment beneath their tanks, they crushed their own future too. That is the most absurd thing that could happen, that the so-called "ruling working class" should be shooting at itself, as on the streets of Danzig (Gdansk). . . .

—But then the working class rules neither in Poland, nor in Czechoslovakia, nor in the Soviet Union.

GOLDSTÜCKER: That is why I say that the conflict between ideology and reality is becoming plain for all to see. From the beginning of the 1930s, the unemployment years, one of our most effective arguments in the Communist

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Party in Czechoslovakia was that at that time there were instances in which demonstrations by workers and unemployed culminated in shots being fired and a few workers were killed. To the whole Czechoslovak working class that served as the most terrible proof of the suppression of the workers. And now such things happen in a socialist country.

—If the only outcome of the Prague Spring is that it has revealed the social conditions existing in the socialist countries—is not that a very modest achievement?

GOLDSTÜCKER: For the future it is a very important achievement. Because now no one can claim ignorance of what conditions are like. During the Stalinist period in the '30s we Communists did not all really know what was happening. We grew up in a world in which the Soviet Union was the only socialist country, as the result of a great revolution, the moral prestige of which was very high. We believed it to be our duty to do everything in our power to defend the Soviet Union, as the country that was the model of socialism and was showing the way to the working class of the whole world, and as a result of that attitude we took no notice of criticism, which we regarded as hostile propaganda.

—Even when the criticism came from comrades?

GOLDSTÜCKER: When that happened they ceased to be comrades and became class enemies. Things happened that were bound to make us think. But when you have absolute trust you look for arguments to show the correctness of your position and, when you have to choose between the individual and the Party, you look for arguments to show that the Party has all the right on its side as against the individual.

—When did you first realise that the Party was not always right?

GOLDSTÜCKER: In 1951, when my closest friends, whom I knew to be honourable and upright comrades, were arrested. But even then I tried to persuade myself that the Party must know what it was doing, and that no doubt there were facts unknown to me that justified what it was doing.

—It is surprising that an intellectual who is in a position to analyse, and is trained in using his critical intelligence, should be prepared to admit that an anonymous organisation is right even against his own judgment.

GOLDSTÜCKER: Your discomfort grows, but again and again you suppress it, telling yourself that the Party knows more than you do, just as they said it of God in the Middle Ages. There are still many, particularly older Communists in the West, who say that whatever the Soviet Union does is right, because it knows what it is doing, and they trust it. At the end of 1968, after the military intervention in Czechoslovakia, at least one third of the French Communists presumably thought on those lines.

—When did you yourself stop thinking on those lines?

GOLDSTÜCKER: When I was arrested in 1951 because of alleged crimes that in my wildest fantasy I could not have imagined, still less committed. And then, through the whole course of my interrogations spread over eighteen months, I realised that the Party was not concerned with truth but with certain measures that in reality were quite simply intended to deceive, to convince public opinion of something that was an obvious lie. I realised that this system, that I had held to be the highest level of truth attained by humanity, used lies as the basis of its propaganda and its policy.

—Still, there have been Communists who maintained their faith in the Party even under torture.

GOLDSTÜCKER: I kept my faith in the Party, because I believed this to be a deformation and that it possessed sufficient strength for a regeneration that would one day come to the fore. The Twentieth Congress of the Soviet Communist Party in 1956 confirmed me in this belief, and what happened in Czechoslovakia up to August 1968 did the same.

—But if the section of society that has the use of the tools of scepticism and criticism and analysis, if the intellectuals, of all people, are susceptible to putting their trust and faith in an anonymous force—the Party—are they really qualified to rid socialism of its perversions and regenerate it on democratic lines?

GOLDSTÜCKER: In my view the intellectuals can play a very important part, but—and I always said this to the radical students—they do not have the strength to bring about social changes. In making articulate what is going on in society they can play a part that must not be underrated; they are an important catalytic agent. A new level of consciousness must be created. But the force that is able to bring

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about real social changes is the working class. Real social changes can be brought about only if the intellectuals unite with it.

DO YOU THINK *that intellectuals have a higher level of social consciousness than the proletariat?*

GOLDSTÜCKER: Yes.

—Where do they get it from?

GOLDSTÜCKER: Well, their role in society is to analyse and reflect and formulate the results.

—If social consciousness (including the higher level of social consciousness) is the result of social being, what is the being that brings the intellectual to his state of higher consciousness?

GOLDSTÜCKER: To realise themselves, to be able to play their part, so to speak, they have to break through the all too narrow boundaries of fulfilling their social functions. Realisation of this limitation is always relative to what I call the level of social consciousness, the level of social consciousness already attained in the society. When they compare that level with its concrete possibilities they arrive at a borderline situation.

—You mean that in that state of consciousness intellectuals are more strongly committed to tomorrow and "the future" than they are to today and "the present"?

GOLDSTÜCKER: If I become conscious today that I cannot do what in my opinion ought to be done, that leads me to action, in order to make certain things increasingly possible. There is no sharp dividing line. One of the greatest and most fearful problems of the whole of present-day humanity is that the mass of knowledge is growing at a tremendous pace, while social systems are so constituted that this knowledge is only very slowly adapted to social life. The gap is continually widening. The victorious social system will be the one which most quickly and thoroughly succeeds in transforming this theoretical knowledge into social practice.

—Do you consider the socialist countries to be more capable of adaptation than Western capitalism?

GOLDSTÜCKER: I still believe that in that respect socialism, if it is not a deformed form of socialism, is at any rate theoretically superior to capitalism.

—Yet, because of the existing power situation, people living in socialist societies today will secure neither an improved standard of living, nor assured employment, nor more justice, nor more independence in society from that theoretical model.

GOLDSTÜCKER: That is true. We have now had a socialist world power in existence for more than half a century, and there are now a whole series of other socialist states, and the people in them live in relative poverty, in unfreedom, basically under police régimes, and that is a most terrible incongruity. It will be possible to talk of socialist victory only when it can guarantee people under its sway a greater measure of material and intellectual freedom than any other social system. The deformation of socialism is intelligible only in the light of the backwardness of Russia, where it first triumphed. What happened in Russia was a combination of a progressive social phenomenon and a pre-democratic order. In the Soviet Union we see the foundations of a socialist society, accompanied, however, by an internal order that is pre-industrial, particularly in the relationship between rulers and ruled. Russia has never had a democratic revolution; and the socialist revolution, particularly after Lenin's death, became fossilised at the stage of revolutionary dictatorship.

—The dictatorship remained. What became of the revolution?

GOLDSTÜCKER: The working class that grew up after the civil war was represented by the *muzhiks*, who were more or less illiterate. The political leadership was forced to the conclusion that it could expect no important expression of opinion on the great political questions from the masses, of whom it regarded itself as the plenipotentiary representative. It was thrown back on itself, and regarded itself as capable of judging and deciding everything on its own.

—With no mandate, and no control from below.

GOLDSTÜCKER: The view that the people, to use the Russian expression are *tyomny narod*, "the dark people", still prevails in Russia—not only among the political rulers, but also among the intellectuals, as can be seen from Sakharov's or Amalrik's writings. The Russian people play no role, they never have played a political role, except when they are storming the Winter Palace or dying in a hail of bullets.

—Thus, even in a socialist state, the people is merely an object of politics.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOLDSTÜCKER: To put it rather pointedly, it can be said that in the socialist Soviet Union the ruled are in the last resort regarded as the private property of the rulers. These are conditions that take us back to age of serfdom.

—In 1948 the situation in Czechoslovakia was very different from that in Russia in 1917. Czechoslovakia had a notable democratic tradition, a strong and conscious proletariat, and was one of the most highly developed industrial countries in Europe. Thus conditions were present for making Czechoslovak socialism into something quite different from the Soviet type—a real democratic, proletarian socialism.

GOLDSTÜCKER: Because of the belief that the Soviet Union was the sole model of socialism (and also under the direct pressure from the Soviet Union), we took over the Soviet system, particularly in the economic sphere, *i.e.*, concentration on heavy industry and over-centralised planning. At the end of the 1950s we saw that we were on the wrong track and were running into a crisis situation. We were building new factories and producing without regard to price or quality. Finally, in 1968, our industrial production (according to official statistics) had nearly sextupled in comparison with 1937; but in spite of that tremendous industrial production we were not able to earn enough to modernise our mechanical equipment. . . .

—Or to satisfy the elementary needs of the population.

GOLDSTÜCKER: During the same period agriculture had hardly grown at all, it was still at the level of 1937. A large part of industrial production had to be squandered in order to subsidise agriculture. And because agriculture could not cope, we had again to spend vast sums buying food from abroad.

—So it was economic predicaments that led to the Party crisis?

GOLDSTÜCKER: The state of the economy was the starting-point. In 1961, when we discovered that our economic development had led, not to growth, but to setback, to chaos, a compromise plan of economic reform was accepted after long discussion. It then became plain that the economic reform could not be successfully carried out if the existing political system was maintained—the centralised, bureaucratic political system that made the carrying out of the economic reform inherently impossible.

—So the old superstructure no longer corresponded with economic necessities?

GOLDSTÜCKER: That is so. At the end of 1967 we were faced with this alternative—either to maintain the political system as it had developed under direct Soviet influence, with centralised personal power in the hands of Novotny and his gang, and look on with open eyes while the country marched to economic catastrophe; or to change the political system in order to make economic reforms possible. That is what happened in 1968.

—But there are examples (for instance, the German Democratic Republic or Hungary) that show that cautious modification of political methods and modernisation of the economy do not necessarily lead to any democratisation of the political system.

GOLDSTÜCKER: In the spring of 1968 a Soviet writer (who visited me in my capacity as president of the Czechoslovak Writers' Congress) gave me exactly the same reply. He pointed out that economic reforms were being successfully carried out in the German Democratic Republic, unaccompanied by any democratisation. The answer is that the technocratisation of the economy can lead to partial successes for a time, but is no solution in the long term. Recently there was news that there were food supply difficulties in some towns in the German Democratic Republic.

—That happens every winter.

GOLDSTÜCKER: As for Hungary—the Hungarians had a bitter lesson, and they know that their economic reform, if it is to be successful, must necessarily have political consequences. But, having learnt by their experiences in 1956 (and ours in 1968), they do not talk about it. They hope that it will remain unnoticed and will not be stopped.

—Do you think that such Hungarian caution would have been out of place in Czechoslovakia in 1968?

GOLDSTÜCKER: In Czechoslovakia caution was no longer possible. The accumulation of dissatisfaction and bitterness among the people was too great. After twenty years of socialism, what was one to think if, for instance, after a trip to the West-German Federal Republic, one crossed the Czechoslovak frontier again and thus came back into a world that was at least fifty years behind the development of the capitalist Germany that had been defeated in the War? The difference had become so striking, we said to ourselves that unless we had a miracle and the West Germans a catastrophe—we should never be able to catch up.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—But were the Russians not ready to tolerate the Czechoslovak reforms up to a point?

GOLDSTÜCKER: Yes, up to a point, because even the men in Moscow knew no way out. On the one hand they cling to the dogma of the absolute leadership of the Party, which means that the Party leadership exercises an absolute monopoly of power in all fields of public life, including the economy. But carrying out economic reforms means giving greater liberty of decision to those working in the economy. And that is what we tried to do. . . .

—In the eyes of the Soviet Union that was a violation of its vital political interests. When those interests ceased to be taken into account, it began to cool off.

GOLDSTÜCKER: None of the Czechoslovak Communists wanted to diminish the leading role of the Party; all they wanted was to give it a form corresponding with concrete conditions. I repeat: the alternative was either to march headlong into an economic crisis under the existing political system or to adapt it to the necessities of economic reform. That is what we did.

TO WHAT EXTENT did the Czechoslovak Central Committee take account of the fact that these reforms would swell into an avalanche that could not be stopped and would escape from all control?

GOLDSTÜCKER: I think that the members of the Central Committee who met on 5 January 1968 were not conscious of all the consequences. What all present felt was that something radical had to be done to rescue our whole society from a profound crisis. As a living organism the Party was withering away. At the meeting of the Central Committee in October 1967 a representative of the local party in Ostrava (that is, the most highly industrialised area of the country), rose and said that an inquiry had shown that 26% of all the Party organisations there had not a single member under the age of twenty-five, and that another 18% had only one member under twenty-five. "That, comrades," he said, "means that our Party is dying out, because it has no more attraction for the young generation, for our future." He was immediately attacked. How, he was asked, could the local leadership have taken the liberty of undertaking such an inquiry without orders from the Politbureau?

—In that case was it right to try to save society with precisely that dying organisation? Was it sufficient merely to put a new head on a body that was sick unto death?

GOLDSTÜCKER: We did more than that: we tried to reactivate the vital forces of society. To give you merely one example, until January 1968 a Party decision dating from 1948 or 1949 was in force that in the terminology of the Party apparatus was called the "cadre ceiling". . . .

—That's the term used in the Soviet Union.

GOLDSTÜCKER: It meant that certain functions in society, in government and in the economy, could be carried out only by Party members. Never mind whether a man was qualified for a post or not, if he were not a member of the Party he could not be the manager of the factory. Important posts were consequently filled purely because of Party membership and not because of qualifications for the job. We did away with that immediately. The Party's Central Committee took the initiative for the necessary changes, with the result that the authority of the Party increased in the eyes of the overwhelming majority. Between January and August 1968 nothing happened that jeopardised the leading role of the Party or the socialist development of Czechoslovakia.

—The censorship was abolished.

GOLDSTÜCKER: We experienced something new in history. From February to August 1968 we had a degree of freedom of expression of opinion in Czechoslovakia such as hardly existed at the time anywhere else in the world, including the liberal capitalist countries. We had a permanent referendum every day; everyone could express his opinion on all questions absolutely freely, and nobody could stop him. During the whole time no serious proposals were made or opinions expressed that questioned the socialist nature of our society. Nobody suggested that socialist enterprises should be returned to private ownership. When we were accused by the propaganda of our own camp of being "on the way back to capitalism", our workers laughed, and said: "Show us the capitalist to whom we wish to hand back the factories that we have built!" And even more interesting was the fact that no one seriously proposed that collectively-owned agricultural land should be handed back to private ownership—in contrast to Poland, say, in 1956.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—But in the field of foreign affairs the interests of the Soviet Union were threatened when there was talk of Czechoslovak neutrality, of withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact.

GOLDSTÜCKER: Such illusory ideas were put forward only after 21 August.

—At all events, the Czechoslovak Party, with its model of a pluralist socialism, was a challenge to the Soviet system. The Czechoslovak Party wanted to compete with other political groupings in the country in democratic elections. Thus the Communist Party had to face the possibility of being put into an opposition role within a democratic socialist system.

GOLDSTÜCKER: No, no, no. That is wrong. The Communist Party had all power firmly in its hands. It was responsible for the development of society over twenty years. Who else but the Communists would propose new ideas, a new programme?

—Forces outside the Communist Party, perhaps.

GOLDSTÜCKER: We were ready to cooperate with those forces. The Communists were ready to listen to and cooperate with everyone.

—If free elections had been allowed in Czechoslovakia, the majority of the population might perhaps have voted against the Communist Party. . . .

GOLDSTÜCKER: We had, of course, to adapt the electoral system to the concrete situation. We could not from one day to the next go over to completely free elections, that was obvious. On the basis of a freely concluded agreement of all democratic organisations, we should have excluded a struggle for power at this phase of history.

—So in the transitional period there would be no complete popular sovereignty yet, but a little bit of manipulation would still remain?

GOLDSTÜCKER: The transition would have to be carried out very cautiously.

—In some places committees were formed with a view to the foundation of a Social Democratic Party. How could agreements have ensured that the Social Democrats would not have been stronger than the Communists?

GOLDSTÜCKER: I took the view at the time that the setting up of a Social Democratic Party in 1968 would be a harmful step. Twenty years before the Social Democrats ceased to exist as an independent party, and the majority of its members were absorbed by the Communist Party, and only a small minority remained outside political life. Now, twenty years later, this minority came forward and said: we want to re-establish our party. What could the Social Democratic Party offer now? It could rely on one single thing, namely exploitation of dissatisfaction with the mistakes, failures, and actual crimes of the Communist leadership in the course of the past twenty years. What else could it offer at a time when the Communist Party, which had everything under its control, was putting forward a programme acceptable to the overwhelming majority of the population?

—That could have been left to the electors to decide.

GOLDSTÜCKER: No, in the existing situation we could not have permitted free elections that would have meant a struggle for power. Externally that would have put us in great danger, for the Soviet Union would have regarded an attempt by Social Democratic officials to re-establish their party as endangering the unity of the working class, and rightly so.

—The Social Democrats might possibly have established working-class unity with their party, as they have in Western Germany.

GOLDSTÜCKER: But Social Democrats have nowhere established socialist democracy or democratic socialism for the working class. Even in Sweden, for instance, there is no socialist society.

—The Social Democrats do not want a socialist society.

GOLDSTÜCKER: True. But we believe that the solution of the problem of humanity's future lies in socialism.

—So the Social Democrats should not be allowed to take part in an election because they do not take their stand on a socialist society.

GOLDSTÜCKER: I did not say that. But, looking at the situation objectively, in the conditions prevailing in Czechoslovakia at the time, the revival of a Social Democratic Party offered no positive prospects for the future.

—That is exactly what the Christian Democratic Party in West Germany said after twenty years of Christian Democratic rule.

GOLDSTÜCKER: I beg your pardon?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—They said that the Social Democrats should be prevented from coming into power because they offered no prospects.

GOLDSTÜCKER: I mean socialist prospects. At the stage we were in, that was something we could not do.

—But this example shows that the Prague ideals do not quite harmonise with practice.

GOLDSTÜCKER: I believe that to achieve the transition to socialism the assumption of power by the representatives of the working-class party and the conscious exploitation of power for the transformation of society into a socialist society is essential for achieving the aims of the socialist movement. Social Democracy has denied this central point. It believes there must be no exploitation of power for the reconstruction of society.

—Perhaps because the Social Democrats assess more accurately the temptations of power.

GOLDSTÜCKER: Yes, perhaps, but perhaps also for different reasons. Historically, the situation is that we had had our socialist revolution; we were in a position in which, after the carrying out of the basic socialist revolution, it was possible to achieve the original aims of the socialist movement. What purpose could the Social Democrats serve in such a situation?

—They might have presented an alternative from below.

GOLDSTÜCKER: But why an alternative? What sort of an alternative?

—An alternative to the Communists, who so far have not succeeded in combining socialism with democracy. Also there may have been broad sections of the population that wanted a social but not a socialist state.

GOLDSTÜCKER: No, there was no such thing, the whole development during the months between January and August showed that clearly.

—In that case the Social Democrats would not have been a danger.

GOLDSTÜCKER: They would have remained a small sect.

—Then they could have been tolerated. . . .

GOLDSTÜCKER: No, because at all events they represented an attempt to split the hard-won unity of the working class. There was no need to return to the multi-party system. Our first task was to democratise the Communist Party. With the new Party constitution that was put forward for public discussion on 10 August 1968 we wanted to introduce the right to existence of a minority that could freely express its opinions at all levels of the Party, could fight to have them accepted, and could still state its views, even if defeated.

—That, of course, would have meant the end of Lenin's democratic centralism.

GOLDSTÜCKER: No, Lenin's democratic centralism merely means that the minority must accept majority decisions and, when they have been made, must help to carry them out. That is the meaning of democratic centralism.

—But the constitution departed from that.

GOLDSTÜCKER: No, it adhered to it. The minority was to be allowed to continue to argue its point of view. Also the constitution introduced what is no doubt a trivial point for you, but was a vital one for us, namely the secret ballot in elections of Party officials at all levels of Party life. This has now been attacked again, on the ground that it conflicts with the Party tradition.

—Reform on those lines might threaten the existence of the fraternal Party in the Soviet Union.

GOLDSTÜCKER: I am convinced of the opposite. If the fraternal Party in the Soviet Union had established a sort of *modus vivendi* with us, developments in Czechoslovakia might have been of use to them, as opening the possibility of their own transition to this second phase of the revolution, which has been pending in the Soviet Union for such a long time. Also they would have had in us the most loyal and devoted allies.

—But that would certainly have jeopardised, if not the Soviet "fraternal Party", then the Novotnys of the Soviet Union.

GOLDSTÜCKER: We wanted to restore the substance to the democratic institutions that exist on paper even in the Soviet Union: to the parliament that is no parliament, to the elections that are no elections. . . .

—And to the soviets, that have long since ceased to be workers' councils?

GOLDSTÜCKER: The soviets—and the trade unions—that no longer represent the interests of the workers.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—In other words, if the Czechoslovak democratic socialist model had worked, it would have demonstrated that fifty years of Soviet development had simply been on the wrong lines?

GOLDSTÜCKER: No, no. If we had had time to carry out what we had begun, it would have certainly led to its being taken over, adapted, in the other socialist countries, including the Soviet Union.

—But that is exactly what caused Moscow to intervene.

GOLDSTÜCKER: But the adaptation is necessary, it is historically necessary, and one way or the other it is bound to come. By suppressing the Czechoslovak experiment they have blocked their own path, repressed their own future. At that time, in 1968, everything could have gone forward very peacefully. . . .

—In the Soviet Union too?

GOLDSTÜCKER: In the Soviet Union too. But the longer it is put off, the smaller are the chances of a peaceful solution. The repressive measures taken by the Soviet régime after the intervention in Czechoslovakia show that the Soviet leadership is aware of it. The longer it is put off, the greater the danger of an explosion; resort has to be had to these repressive measures as a precaution against this.

—But the forces in the Soviet Union that wish to change their society by revolution from above, that is, more or less after the pattern of the Czechoslovak reform, might have been weakened by the development of the Czechoslovak reforms if the existence of the Warsaw Pact or the "leading role of the Party" were even slightly jeopardised thereby.

GOLDSTÜCKER: But the Soviet leadership had the power to control the extent of this adaptation.

—Less than the Czechoslovak Communist Party, because of the unfavourable historical background and other conditions.

GOLDSTÜCKER: The longer a socialist state is ruled undemocratically, the greater is the regression; and this regression is obvious, after all. It just cannot be prevented by appeals to greater discipline, or violent measures, or by relieving some managers of their posts, or changing a few ministers.

—Professor Goldstücker, democracy always assumes politically conscious, responsible citizens. Do you believe the average Soviet kolkhoz *peasant or factory worker, whose consciousness has been manipulated for decades, who has been isolated from the outside world and trained only in what the Party has prescribed—do you believe such people to be capable within a few months of becoming responsible citizens in a socialist society?*

GOLDSTÜCKER: The argument that the people are unripe for democracy is as old as the hills. It is only by democratic practice that a subject can develop into a democratic citizen. Democracy can be learnt only by practising it. Of course there are risks during the transitional period. But the possibilities of such a transition must be created in the Soviet Union, even though it is a very slow process, requiring a great deal of caution. It is only in that direction that the further development of socialism is possible.

—But wasn't just that caution jeopardised by the events in Czechoslovakia? Didn't it put the forces of reform in the Soviet Union under pressure?

GOLDSTÜCKER: It threatened only those Soviet leaders who in their way of thinking are so deeply committed to the exercise of absolute power that they are incapable of developing new ideas. The longer this situation is maintained without being resolved, the smaller is the chance of a peaceful solution and the greater the danger of an elementary explosion that could be catastrophic—probably to the whole world. . . .

—But Professor Goldstücker, if you as a Communist express such a prognosis in a western journal of "the capitalist world", will you not be accused of treachery?

GOLDSTÜCKER: After mature consideration, I have come to the conclusion that the only revolutionary thing in the world is the truth. If I talk of weaknesses and mistakes and crimes that have been committed in the name of socialism, I am not guilty of those mistakes and crimes, but am merely calling things by their right names. That is the intellectual's duty in relation to society. The mistakes and crimes are the responsibility of those who conceived them and carried them out. It is they who are the real enemies of socialism. The great Russian patriot Gogol, who so greatly loved his country, chose as the motto for his *Inspector*, that exposed its weaknesses, this sentence: "*If you have a crooked mouth, don't smash the mirror! . . .*"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Playing Games

Bernean Analysis & Literary Criticism

By Philip Hobsbaum

EVERYONE KNOWS, or ought to know, Dr Eric Berne's lively book on the psychology of human relationships—and had it been called that, and not *Games People Play*,[1] it might have been taken more seriously. But the very lucidity and wit of Dr Berne's exposition allowed the pedants to say "facile" and the laymen to treat it as a joke. Many a serious book is read in jest. The post-war era has seen *Parkinson's Law* and *Gamesmanship*; the latter mapped an important area of human behaviour and was, in a way, a precursor of Dr Berne's study.

There is no doubt that in most of our social activity we are playing games with each other, mildly or dangerously neurotic as the case may be; and to realise this could save us all a good deal of bad temper and expended emotion. Berne's thesis is that most human relationships have a central figure who is trying to obtain reassurance by scoring off the others in the particular game he is playing. Typical games, defined by their titles, include *See What You Made Me Do, Let's You and Him Fight,* and *Gee, You're Wonderful, Mister Murgatroyd.* Or, to abstract it from Dr Berne's colourful language: the game in which you blame others for that which is your own fault; the game where someone (usually a woman) sets two men at loggerheads with each other; and the game where you shower admiration upon your professor or doctor or boss as a substitute for doing any thinking for yourself.

Obviously Dr Berne's book has its defects. Some of his games—particularly the more specialised ones like *Pervert*—seem less applicable to the range of human conduct than others. It could be argued, moreover, that some very important games have been left out—*Teddybear,* that game which masks aggressive behaviour in surface charm; *Pussycat,* which consists of an endless retreat into deference; and *Karate,* which simply consists of doing the worst thing you can to your adversary regardless of consequences to either of you. Moreover, Dr Berne restricts too narrowly the possible range of motivation. Work as a driving force—or what lies behind work—comes into his trajectory hardly at all. And this means that some of the most career-orientated games, such as *Sir, May I give your dog my Sunday dinner* and *Old Henry is doing quite well considering he's nearly retiring age,* are left out of consideration. Most central of all, the book has neither the authority of detailed clinical reports nor the psychological depth of good fiction. Dr Berne's aggressors and victims—*Alcoholic, Patsy, Schlemiel, Schlemazl, Frigid Man, Frigid Woman*—remain psychological types defined only by the games that they play.

There are two ways forward from Berne. One I am certainly not qualified to take—that of the clinical psychiatrist. But we would now like thousands of reports back from the firing line: adequately classified, these could bring a great deal of light to bear on the curious way in which vagaries of emotion overbear human rationality, and the way also in which some of our strongest impulses tend rapidly towards our own destruction.

The other way forward may, at first sight, seem frivolous: it is the way of the literary critic. Dr Berne's experience may be actual, but his book is a book and may be criticised in literary terms. In such terms it has, from time to time, the aspirations of a novel without the ballast a sustained dramatic fiction can give. So that, in analysing human behaviour, Dr Berne has written a vigorous psychological study which is also an imperfect novel. Consider this account of the game called *Frigid Woman.*

> As the weeks or months pass, the wife becomes increasingly informal and sometimes forgetful. She walks through the bedroom half dressed or forgets her clean towel when she

PHILIP HOBSBAUM, *born in Yorkshire in 1932, is Lecturer in English at the University of Glasgow. He founded "The Group" in 1955 and co-edited, with Edward Lucie-Smith, "A Group Anthology" (O.U.P., 1963). Macmillan, who published his earlier volumes of poetry, "The Place's Fault" and "In Retreat," brought out "Coming Out Fighting" in 1969, and recently published a critical work—"A Theory of Communication."*

[1] Eric Berne, *Games People Play* (1966).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> takes a bath so that he has to bring it to her. . . . The wife becomes more provocatively informal and more provocatively forgetful, but he still resists. Then one evening she actually approaches him and kisses him. At first he doesn't respond, remembering his resolution, but soon nature begins to take its course after the long famine, and now he thinks he surely has it made. His first tentative advances are not repulsed. He becomes bolder and bolder. Just at the critical point the wife steps back and cries: "See, what did I tell you! All men are beasts, all I wanted was affection, but all you are interested in is sex!"

This may be a factual report of an actual situation, but as it stands in Dr Berne's writing it seems a little thin—over-simplified, let's say. People aren't quite so stylised as that. And, in any case, the exigencies of his book compel him to make a blue-print pattern out of a complex of human behaviour. Short of a detailed analysis of a clinical situation, what is a psychiatrist to do?

But situations are usually set up which are neither clinical extremes nor convenient blueprints and we can refine Dr Berne's analysis and extend our present mode of literary criticism by examining them. I refer not only to situations as they appear in the raw material of life but as they appear in the finished work of the great writers. And before these are described as "fictions," let us consider what fiction means.

Neurotic Characters

BOTH THE DRAMA AND THE NOVEL are at an advantage as a means of recording human behaviour. They can have the authenticity of a statistical survey merely by ensuring that their key figures are representative. And they can have a vividness normally associated with biography or autobiography—which, in itself, can be dismissed as being over-particularised, an account of one man's reaction to the world.

It was not for a joke that Freud named perhaps his greatest single discovery from a play—the Oedipus complex. It was not an accident, either, that one of Freud's most distinguished disciples wrote a penetrating analysis of *Hamlet* in psycho-analytic terms. Literature is more than applied psychology—it depends upon symbolism and image patterns, themselves conditioned by verbal dexterity—yet in certain circumstances it is at least that. And without following A. C. Bradley in treating the characters like "real people," we can nevertheless improve our awareness of the great fictional works as patterns of human relationships.

Thus it is clear that Cordelia and her father in the first act of *King Lear* are playing an uninhibited game of *Uproar*. This is the kind of quarrel that takes place when one party or the other, and sometimes both, are bent on avoiding sexual intimacy. Othello, as a character, vacillates between *Wooden Leg* (what do you expect of a black man?) and *Blemish* (finding fault with Desdemona before his own faults are found out). Once Macbeth has agreed to murder Duncan, he is in his wife's power and she can play a feminine version of *I've got you now, you son of a bitch* based on oral aggression and penis envy (". . . give me the daggers . . ."). Macbeth can only retaliate with a feeble "Look what you made me do" or perhaps "You got me into this," carrying a strong implication that it is for her to get him out again.

More subtly, Antony is playing a game of *Alcoholic* in *his* great tragedy, but for "alcohol" one might read "sex," "glamour," and Cleopatra. In the earlier stages of the play she is a means of getting him out of his public responsibilities. This enables him to round on Cleopatra most unfairly, with a sustained game of *If it Weren't for You*. (Aim: justification; dynamics: phobia; advantage: avoidance of responsibility.) So Antony can claim to Cleopatra "If it weren't for you I'd be happily married; respected in Rome; a great general." In fact, however, he wants none of these things, and involvement in them might well strain him to breaking point. Cleopatra, of course, deserves no pity from us. She is herself a superb gamester, and oscillates with dazzling expertise in the very first scene between *Frigid Woman* (you don't love me for myself, it's just sex with you) and *Stocking* (the pattern of the flirt, seductress, amateur tart—promise without performance). No wonder Antony is puzzled.

It is not just Shakespeare who lends himself to Games Analysis. All great writers are pretty well bound to be dealing with neurotics and near-neurotics. After all, the second volume of *Pamela* shows us what fiction is when they don't—sheer stasis representing a balanced quiescence on the part of all characters. Some writers are more interested in social behaviour than others, but in all of them we can see varied games being played.

AFTER SHAKESPEARE, our greatest inventor of character is Dickens. Not every aspect of his work, any more than that of Shakespeare, can best be thought of in these terms; yet a surprising number of situations in his books correspond to just such patterns as I have been sketching. Dr Berne instances Estella in *Great Expectations* as exemplifying *Rapo* to a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

marked degree. She first encourages Pip to kiss her, then jeers at him for doing so, then talks about it. This kind of game is played by several of Dickens' later heroines, presumably after he met Ellen Ternan. The dynamics of the game is, as in *Frigid Woman,* penis envy, and we can see this in the masculine ways of Helena Landless in *Edwin Drood.* The feminine obverse is seen in the pettish wiles of Bella Wilfer in *Our Mutual Friend*; her relationship with her father, too, will bear attention.

The *Harassed Wife* game also comes up in Dickens possibly as another result of his biography. Characteristically these women take on far too much, are unable to cope, fail dismally in achieving anything; this, too, is a way out of responsibility. Prime specimens are Mrs Gummidge and Mrs Quilp; the latter with a sneering husband to point out her shortcomings. The situation is magnificently achieved in George Douglas' Scots novel, *The House with Green Shutters,* where the classic slattern plays a splendid game which leaves her open at all points to the classic bully. Related to this is *Kick Me,* a paranoid game played by several Dickens heroes and heroines who persist in setting up the situations that will ruin them—by serving the wrong master, marrying the wrong woman, etc. Dickens has a soft spot for characters like this, and tends to treat them gently, not to say sentimentally. And so we are to feel sorry for Tom Pinch attached to the hypocritical Pecksniff and for Ruth Pinch subjected to the domestic tyranny of a parvenu. But even the name—Pinch—is an incitement to aggression. Good-natured Toby Weller suffers at the hands of his wife; so does Mr Snagsby; but there is a quality of masochism in their being henpecked; certainly they talk about it enough. Sometimes they swop hard luck stories: Mrs Gummidge, already mentioned, is a great hand at this, and her *Kick Me* stand (you haven't suffered like I have) gains greatly from the fact that her sufferings are genuine. Where, even in comedy, she is to be faulted, is in making no attempt to come to grips with them. Hence the (deliberate, I think) assault upon the nerves of the reader from her constant whining. Stagg, Sim and Black Hugh in *Barnaby Rudge*—all have reason to repine. But they are playing *Kick Me,* and their actions are anti-social ("I'll show them"). In more recent novels, such games, played by the afflicted, turn out socially and well, though this may be wishful thinking on the author's part. Graham Greene's whisky-priest is one example of this; his Scobie (in *The Heart of the Matter),* a man to whom everything beastly happens, is another. But there is so much wilful volition on the character's part in such situations that one may be forgiven for supposing that he wished his troubles on himself in the first place. Conrad is, I think, sharper in showing Captain Whalley—another unfortunate—navigating his ship when blind through a series of stratagems and for the best possible reasons, but the former fail dismally and the latter turn out for the worse. That is the more usual outcome of the Martyred Saint version of *Kick Me.*

Dickens devoted an entire book, one of his greatest, to a working-out of a particular game best described as *How Do You Get Out of Here?* It is closely related to *Debtor,* itself a variant of *Alcoholic,* where the central figure gets out of all his responsibilities by taking care never to have any money (*cf.* Micawber, Skimpole). Dickens' father was such an *Indigent Person* as this, and there can be little doubt that Dickens based the exceedingly bitter portrait of Mr Dorrit (in *Little Dorrit*) on his inability to face up to life. When we first see Mr Dorrit, he is helpless and trembling and being admitted into prison. He *means* to clear up his affairs, he means to; still, he never really does. In fact prison suits him. So though the convenient fiction of "I want out" is kept up, Mr Dorrit settles more and more into the shabby-genteel role of the biggest mouse in the trap, or the most respected prisoner in the gaol. Once—by an external agency—released into the outside world, he exhibits every sign of terror and immediately surrounds himself with a fixed system of rigid social decorum, putting himself in the hands of a Courier and his daughters in those of a female gaoler or chaperone bearing the appropriate name of Mrs General.

Mrs Clennam is a parallel to Dorrit: she is imprisoned in her room, through paralysis. But such confinement suits her: she is not so much afraid of the world, like Mr Dorrit, as totally antagonistic towards it. She does not want to move, respond, go out and around and discover things for herself. And so, however these characters speak against their hard lot, in fact they adapt to it extraordinarily well and it serves as a means of imposing their will on others.

Master Psychologist

PERHAPS THE MASTER-PSYCHOLOGIST of them all was George Eliot. And here we can see the dimension that Dr Berne's analysis brings into criticism. Simply, he sharpens our tools of value judgment. Everyone is agreed that *The Mill on*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Floss thins out as it proceeds, from the masterly observation of social life in the first chapters of the book to the appallingly sentimental denouement at the end. But Games Analysis shows this to be blatant dishonesty on the part of the author. Poor Maggie in the earlier part of the book is eight years old, plain, neglected and seeking to draw attention to herself. She is frequently reproached by her mother and her aunts for having coarse, black hair, like a Shetland pony. So she retaliates by cutting off her hair—really a gesture of abnegation; she will reduce the amount of her ugliness by reducing the amount of her hair. Of course, she does this intolerably badly. This brings in massive retaliation from parents, uncles, and aunts, who start the well-known Puritan game of moral indignation and self-righteous dismay. (Dr Berne defines this game as *Ain't It Awful?)* Whereupon Maggie, being prepared for this retaliation (she *has*, after all, cut her hair badly), runs to her father weeping, thus in effect apologising for her clumsiness and misconduct.

I have deliberately couched my summary so as to bring out the Game Element in Maggie's behaviour. From setting up a typical paranoid situation of *Kick Me,* she saves herself by moving into *Schlemiel*—the game where you atone for your mistakes by apologising; this absolves you and you can make them all over again, so long as you apologise; and so on.

Later in the book, though, Maggie is playing more dangerous games, and here we are uneasily aware of the author sympathising with her. For example, she goes away quite willingly with Stephen Guest, but has a change of heart during the elopement. In other words, she has encouraged a young man to make advances to her but reneges upon him. No doubt George Eliot thought that Maggie's *volte face* was a tribute to the innocence and virtue of a lovely nature. But there is a very rude name indeed for girls who play what Dr Berne has called the *Stocking Game*, and Maggie doesn't have the situational pressure that (say) Cleopatra has. She is doing no more than exhibit goods she doesn't mean to part with. And it may be felt that unconscious impulses of aggression are very near the surface in flirts and jilts generally and in Maggie in particular. It is difficult, because of the general flabbiness of George Eliot's writing at this point, to see quite what the motivation of the character is. The overt intention appears to be that Maggie should have a change of heart as a result of the dictates of her conscience. But the reader is likely to feel that a sensitive conscience would either have spoken sooner against the elopement or (if it were worth embarking upon in the first place) impelled her much more strongly into it. Such revelations as this reek more of the author than of the character.

No such weaknesses bedevil *Middlemarch.* Here we have the most complex set of games in English fiction—too complex, I'm afraid, to be analysed here in the depth they deserve. But it is possible to sketch an outline. Dorothea, for example, the impulsive girl who thinks herself in love with the aged pedant Casaubon, is playing *Gee, You're Wonderful, Mister Murgatroyd.* The susceptible may consider this description to be slighting, but in the earlier chapters, at any rate, Dorothea is seen in an ironic light.

> She felt sure that she would have accepted the judicious Hooker, if she had been born in time to save him from that wretched mistake he made in matrimony; or John Milton when his blindness had come on; or any of the other great men whose odd habits it would have been glorious piety to endure. . . . The really delightful marriage must be that where your husband was a sort of father and could teach you even Hebrew, if you wished it.

Her ecstasies are made fun of, and it is noticeable that her sister is under no illusion about her and nicknames her Dodo. Well, this young Dodo erects even the faults of her Mister Murgatroyd into virtues—"the set of his iron-grey hair and his deep eye-sockets made him resemble the portrait of Locke"! Romantic intensity could go no further—the young athlete, his rival, sees him as a mummy—and indeed is heavily punished.

For Mr Casaubon responds to all these ardours with a sustained game of *Frigid Man* —almost the only instance in fiction of what is even in life not a common neurosis. He withdraws from her caresses, deprecates her inspirations, at times repulses her—and George Eliot, without a four-letter word in her official vocabulary, shows in intimate detail the sexual malaise of a mismated partnership. Disappointed in her husband, Dorothea begins to play one or two of the few Good Games open to her. As *Happy to Help* she becomes the great philanthropist and driving force behind Dr Lydgate's new hospital. And as *Homely Sage* she is on tap to give good advice to all and sundry. After Casaubon's death, in fact, she plays a really fine game as a young, rich and beautiful widow, conferring benefits and good works on all around her. This is a long step from the frenzied girl who dropped unexpectedly on her knees in rustic cottages to implore mercy from Almighty God upon the unoffending heads of sick peasants. The frenetic qualities

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are directed now: a less forceful character, after such a marriage, might well have turned into a flirt or a jilt, playing a female version of *I'll Show Them.*

But of course sex rears its lovely head in the person of Will Ladislaw, and, after her period of grandeur, Dorothea relapses into normal womanhood for the first time in her life. Though I find Ladislaw a bit suspect: having played *Cavalier* (courtesy to women in whom one has no sexual interest) through the book, his transition to *Lover* lacks a certain inevitability. Or, to be cruder about it, one is inclined to say "What on earth can Dorothea see in him?" Which suggests that there are some enormous gaps in our understanding of feminine psychology: gaps which may well be filled by a judicious application of the principles of Dr Berne. I propose to use these for a study in some depth of *Emma.*

Three-cornered Games

SO FAR WE HAVE only skated on the surface of Bernean psychology. But to deal in greater detail with a given book it is necessary also to go more deeply into the psychology of the individual characters and the way in which they promote relationships, one with another.

Dr Berne posits three basic Ego states for any given individual. There is the Parent state when he is either behaving as his parents did or as they would have him do. There is the Adult state when he is making an appraisal of objective reality. And there is the Child state when he behaves as he would have done when a child either under parental control or naturally.

These states are immensely useful in categorising and so evaluating the movement of character in various games. For instance, Mr Woodhouse, father of the heroine in *Emma,* is a lot of the time in a natural child state—demanding, whinging, out of a totally egocentric need. This need is essential if a child, with all its vulnerabilities, is to survive; it is less admirable in an adult.

Jane Austen is very restrained in her treatment of Mr Woodhouse, and for a reason. Bad facts tend to speak for themselves: their bare recounting is likely to have all the force of rhetoric, and they are unlikely to be enhanced by embellishment. So what Jane Austen refers to as "gentle selfishness" is, in fact, far more pernicious than the crude variety. The literary critic will wait for an explicit condemnation that Jane Austen has too much artistry to deliver. Games Analysis reveals Mr Woodhouse to be the true villain of the book. Most of Emma's failings derive from her totally inadequate father. The whole novel develops through Emma progressively freeing herself from the Bad Games taught her, by precept and example, in early childhood. This development happens very much under the tutelage of Mr Knightley. And so, to understand the book, we should see it as, basically, a three-handed set of games played by Emma, Woodhouse, and Mr Knightley; the problem of which is how to get Emma married.

The game initiated by Mr Woodhouse is *Corner.* This is characteristically a parental game for getting the obedience of children without too much trouble. You know the sort of thing—"There, there, my dear, don't trouble to help me with the washing up, you're young, you go out dancing with your friends." This has the splendid effect of putting the child in the wrong whatever she does—explicitly to obey her parent is to falsify her own impulses.

But Mr Woodhouse is superlative at playing *Corner*—quite the best performer in literature. Jane Austen's commentary is full of quiet malice. Consider what she says. His talents could not have recommended him at any time. His spirits required support. He was easily depressed. He could never suppose that other people could feel differently from himself. He was fond of society—in his own way. Confined to gruel himself, his care for his visitors' health made him grieve that they would eat—"Mrs Goddard, what say you to *half* a glass of wine? A *small* half glass—put into a tumbler of water? I do not think it could disagree with you." Gamesmen will recognise the approach: appearing to encourage the victim in one direction while producing a very strong undercurrent of disapproval that biases her in the other. And since the first direction is where she wants to go, she is likely to take the second, or a modified version of it, with a very ill grace.

IN THE EARLIER PART of the book, Mr Woodhouse, as I said, is characteristically in the Ego state of a Child. And, since much of the time Emma is playing his game, she assumes the role of Parent. Thus he is able to exert parental rights over Emma without taking upon himself any concomitant responsibility. We first see him pitying the governess and companion Miss Taylor on her marriage; the mood in which a child sees his friend pass from his own school into a better one—"Poor Miss Taylor—I wish she were here again. What a pity it is that Mr Weston ever thought of her." Mr Woodhouse has, too, the selfishness of the Child. "Randalls is such a distance. I could not walk half so far."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The pattern is that of the "Yes, but. . ." exchange where the Aggressor puts forward objections hoping not to be convinced. Miss Taylor can be visited. "Yes, but. . . ." "We must go in the carriage." "Yes, but. . . ."

The childlike whimpering becomes unmistakable when, humourless like many paranoid people, Mr Woodhouse completely mistakes Emma's lighthearted irony.

> MR KNIGHTLEY: It must be better to have only one to please than two.
>
> EMMA: Especially when *one* of those two is such a fanciful, troublesome creature! That is what you have in your head, I know, and what you would certainly say if father were not by.
>
> MR WOODHOUSE *(with a sigh)*: I believe it is very true, my dear, indeed. I am afraid I am sometimes very fanciful and troublesome.
>
> EMMA *(cornered)*: My dearest Papa! You do not think I could mean *you*, or suppose Mr Knightley to mean you. What a horrible idea! *(Etc.)*

This prepares us for the next trick, which once again Mr Woodhouse wins. This time he is concerned to identify Emma with himself and so vindicate the anti-social feelings aroused in him by the wedding. Just as she is beginning to describe the happiness and decorum of the nuptial scene, Mr Woodhouse once more corners her by showing that there is a selfish substratum even in her wishing the quondam Miss Taylor happiness. "Dear Emma bears everything so well, but Mr Knightley, she is really very sorry to lose poor Miss Taylor, and I am sure she will miss her more than she thinks for." Since the characteristic position of the Victim in this game is to be torn between diverging emotions, we find Emma turning her head away, divided between tears and smiles.

For the specialist in *Corner*, every silver lining has its cloud. I am not attributing overt ill-will to Mr Woodhouse, nor do I think that Jane Austen intended this, but post-Freudians know that no conduct is altogether accidental, and it may be that what we have here is the author's delicate demonstration of a child's proclivities surviving long into adult life. Mr Woodhouse's valetudinarianism is a way of securing motherly attention for the remainder of his days. Hence his opposition to marriage. Since his need is self-centred and not viciously anti-social, it is possible for him to disguise his selfishness from himself and his neighbours under a quite legitimate cloak of solicitude. Thus he does not repine at his elder daughter's marriage so much as speak of her with compassion. Miss Taylor's marriage he refers to as a "grievous business," but again from the point of view of *her* comfort rather than his. And even when Emma speaks of a far less intimate acquaintance, Mrs Elton, the habit asserts itself —"Pray do not make any more matches, they are silly things, and break up one's family circle grievously." With the sure instincts of a child, Mr Woodhouse is defending himself against future annoyance, including the contingency of Emma's own secession from the family hearth.

And when, towards the end of the third volume, the contingency is upon him—

> Poor man! It was at first a considerable shock to him, and he tried earnestly to dissuade her from it. She was reminded, more than once, of her having always said she would never marry, and assured that it would be a great deal better for her to remain single; and told of poor Isabella, and poor Miss Taylor. . . .

This is a beautiful complex, combining implied accusations of untruth with suggestions of deceitfulness, betrayal, and a fine overlay—the first time ever—of parental wisdom. No one could stand against it, but the most determined Gamesman must lurch into dialogue some time. And, though Mr Woodhouse's dialogue is of the "Yes, but . . ." variety, it gives Emma a chance to assert her right against the (exceedingly dubious) claims of her father. The transaction can be skeletalised thus:

> MR WOODHOUSE: *(Ploy)* Isabella and Mrs Weston, and their marriage—grievous business.
>
> EMMA: *(Counter-ploy)* Emma's marriage is different since it would not take her away from home but would indeed bring in a new inmate, the indispensable Knightley who was so useful to him.
>
> MR WOODHOUSE: Mr Knightley cannot be here too often, I should be glad to see him every day as it is. Why can we not go on as we have done?

The situation is built up against Mr Woodhouse with great moral pressure from all sides. But it is finally resolved, as perhaps every *Corner* situation must be, by a *deus ex machina* or external event of some sort. "Mrs Weston's poultry-house was robbed one night of all her turkies." This awful event scares the wits out of Mr Woodhouse and so he accedes at length to the marriage since he—childlike as ever—requires the protection of a strong father-figure against dangers from outside. The situation has a message, too, for the psychologist: it is worth exploring the emotions behind a *Corner* situation to see if one can be enlisted higher in the scale of urgency than that presently operating.

In a sense, of course, the book ends up with everyone cornered. Mr Woodhouse has to agree to the most damaging of all possible changes within his social circle; Emma has to have her father round her neck still; and Mr Knightley has to give up his own home in order to come and Parent Mr Woodhouse.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is worth noticing how Knightley plays *his* game, and not just with the old father. His normal counter-play is a finely brusque version of *They'll Be Glad They Knew Me.* Berne defines this as one of the "Good Games." That is to say, it is one of the ways in which one can deploy one's neuroses without actually hurting anyone. The Childish version of this, *I'll Show Them,* is a means of drawing attention to oneself by exerting a power to hurt. Whereas Mr Knightley, clearly at 37 a frustrated bachelor, sublimates his frustration in good works of one sort or another—giving his last sackful of store apples to an old lady and refusing to be thanked, peremptorily ordering an aunt to stop her niece straining her voice at the piano, etc.

They'll Be Glad They Knew Me is more wear and tear on the performer than Dr Berne likes to admit. Why should Mr Knightley marry? the gossips enquire. He is as happy as possible by himself, with his farm, his sheep, and his library, and all the parish to manage. Besides, he is extremely fond of his brother's children. This last circumstance may give us the clue. With almost everyone, and particularly Emma, Mr Knightley assumes the role of Parent. A great example of what can be done by disciplining the will, he insists on the the same standard for everyone else. This is rather hard on those who, like Emma, are in rather happier life situations, or who do not have the same amount of experience. Mr Knightley will not concede for a moment Emma's claims to worldly wisdom. Thus:

> EMMA: A man always imagines a woman to be ready for anybody who asks her.
> MR KNIGHTLEY: Nonsense! a man does not imagine any such thing.

Or again, of Emma's friend Harriet Smith.

> EMMA: The sphere in which she moves is much above his. It would be a degradation.
> MR KNIGHTLEY: A degradation to illegitimacy and ignorance to be married to a respectable, intelligent gentleman-farmer!

In factual terms, Mr Knightley may be right. But notice the excess of rancour in his rebuke. Playing the part of a *Homely Sage* or *Universal Philanthropist* may disseminate some anti-social feelings, but it is excessively wearing. Certainly Mr Knightley's instincts are correct in leading him to narrow his focus of attention so that he concentrates increasingly on Emma and finally claims her for his wife. If one is to avoid aggression in human relationships, one must select the people in whom one can legitimately take an interest, or at least seek to achieve some kind of hierarchy among one's affections.

IT IS INTERESTING that Emma takes such rebuke from Mr Knightley. High-spirited with all others, Emma defers to Knightley probably because of some need in her. The strain of playing Parent to her father's Child makes her Childlike in other regards, and there is an area of her life where she requires a helping hand. This she finds in the consistently Parental Mr Knightley.

We see this especially in the composite set of games played at Box Hill—the veritable climax of the book. Here there is the splendid withdrawal of Mr and Mrs Elton to the tune of *I've Got You Now, You Bitch* aimed mostly at Emma. There is Frank Churchill's double game of *Sweetheart* with Jane Fairfax and *Cavalier* with Emma. There is Mr Weston's *Good Joe* designed to cover up the *Karate* which Emma aims as a counter to the habitual *Kick Me* of Miss Bates. This *Karate* of Emma's brings on her head a truly Parental reproof from Mr Knightley. Indeed, he rises to magnificent heights of dignity and rancour.

> MR KNIGHTLEY: Emma, I must once more speak to you as I have been used to do: a privilege rather endured than allowed, perhaps, but I still must use it. How could you be so insolent in your wit to a woman of her character, age and situation?—Emma, I had not thought it possible.
> EMMA: Nay, how could I help saying what I did? Nobody could have helped it. It was not so bad. I dare say she did not understand me.
> MR KNIGHTLEY: I assure you she did. She felt your full meaning. . . This is not pleasant to you, Emma—and it is very far from pleasant to me; but I must, I will—I will tell you truths while I can, satisfied with proving myself your friend by very faithful counsel, and trusting that you will some time or other do me greater justice than you can do now.

"Far from pleasant to me?" We cannot help detecting *some* quality of enjoyment in Mr Knightley's reproof: the undercurrent of *I'm Only Trying to Help* or *It's For Your Own Good* or even *This Hurts Me More* which we recognise from psychiatrists and schoolmasters. Only a man determinedly in a Parental role would wish it; only a girl equally determined to play Child would accept it. Odd though it may appear, this is a possible, though limited, basis for marriage. As we have seen, Emma has reasons of her own for knuckling under to Mr Knightley; indeed, the indications are that she enjoys the process.

After all, Emma's games with Mr Knightley are a way out of her usual role. She has, as I said, spent her life playing *Corner* with her father, Parent to his Child. And she holds her end up very well, all things considered, mostly by extreme ingenuity in replying to his "yes,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but . . ." gambit. However, there is no doubt that his is a retarding influence which causes her to play Parent in less appropriate circumstances. She exasperates Mr Knightley beyond endurance by claiming to have arranged a match between mature Miss Taylor and even more mature Mr Weston. And she causes endless trouble by Mothering Harriet. She encourages this commonplace girl, wholly without connections, to refuse a young man capable of looking after her. And she encourages her to set her cap at another man who doesn't want her at all. This is a very bad game indeed—mostly *Corner* with undertones of *I'm Only Trying to Help*. Notice Emma, in cross-questioning Harriet on the subject, deprecates Robert Martin, flatters Harriet, and—most of all—makes the acceptance or rejection of the young man a decisive factor in Harriet's relationship with herself.

> EMMA: Mr Martin, I suppose, is not a man of information beyond the line of his own business. He does not read?
>
> HARRIET: Oh yes!—that is, no—I do not know—but I believe he has read a good deal—but not what you would think anything of. He reads the Agricultural Reports and some other books, that lay in one of the window seats. . . .
>
> EMMA: What sort of a looking man is Mr Martin?
>
> HARRIET: Oh, not handsome—not at all handsome. I thought him very plain at first, but I do not think him so plain now. One does not, you know, after a time. But, did you never see him? . . . He has passed you often.
>
> EMMA: That may be—and I may have seen him fifty times, but without having any idea of his name. A young farmer is the very last sort of person to raise my curiosity. . . .

And so on. Emma manages in the next few exchanges to suggest that Mr Martin will not be solvent enough to marry for another half-dozen years, to sketch a particular kind of young woman (*not* Harriet's kind) who might do for a farmer's wife, and moves on to a particularly shocking *Corner* where she solemnly advises Harriet not to visit this hypothetical wife for fear of being pulled down socially and culturally. She adds the idea that the future Mrs Martin would not be a person *she* could possibly visit; and, beaten into the ground, Harriet meekly agrees.

Like all good players of *Corner*, Emma is able to make her selfish wishes felt as meant for the victim's own good. This has the effect of treating people as malleable Things, or, worse, extensions of herself. Obviously she has learned this game from her father, and from years of being more or less Cornered by him is able most skilfully to Corner others. But just as there is a quasi-sadistic element in her willingness to play *Corner* with her father, since she is able to do it at Parent level rather than Child, so the masochism manifest in all of Harriet's behaviour patterns allows her to be thoroughly pushed around by the superior force of Emma—and to enjoy the process as it goes on.

AND SO THE GAMES that chase each other through the book part-imitate, part-vary a basic pattern. Jane Austen is very clever at picking up the way in which children copy parents, or siblings influence each other. Indeed, a full-scale Bernean analysis would prove a useful way of expounding the structure of the plot. It would certainly show that a great novel is at once more plastic and more subtle than the accounts of critics would lead us to believe. Even what I have been able to do with *Emma* here should show that Games Psychology is capable of influencing literary criticism quite decisively. Possibly, also, the converse is true. We all know that there is a great deal more to literary criticism than talking about books.

Psychology & Criticism

I THINK MOST READERS would agree that psychologists and writers are first cousins. What the clinical psychiatrist diagnoses and the social psychologist observes, the writer recreates and sets down on paper as persuasively as possible. And, just as psychologists have learned from writers, so the process has gone the other way about. There is no doubt that Lawrence's marriage to Frieda von Richthofen quickened his interest in German psychology—which, in 1913, meant Freud. Certainly he was taken by contemporary critics to represent the most advanced application of this field of thought to literature. And a good deal of the interest in his novels is in the way in which he tried to map what was happening in the interior of his character—that subterranean monologue which we can only discover by flashes of insight if we are not to submit to endless psychoanalysis.

So the modern novel has been curiously Freudian in tone: writers have tended to take themselves, or the people they know most intimately, as subjects for their pens. Much of what has been written up is of the nature of disinterment: a slow, deliberate peeling off of the social layers that hide the tormented being within.

Critics, too, have gladly adopted the Freudian approach. One remembers the magnificent endeavours of Edmund Wilson to put Ben Jonson and Charles Dickens on the psychoanalyst's couch. And if we don't need to believe—we certainly can't know—that Ben

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jonson was an anal erotic, nevertheless we certainly can gather from Wilson's brilliant exegesis of *Volpone* and *The Alchemist* how it is that the central theme of hoarding comes over so powerfully.

But it must be said now that the Freudian approach will only do for plays which imitate a Freudian situation—the sort of play where a central protagonist dominates to the exclusion of free behaviour on the part of the other characters. Certain works of literature—*Hamlet*, most notably, and *Lear* to a lesser extent—lend themselves to the psycho-analytic approach, and the Freudians have done well by them. And most books written since Freud can be expounded in Freudian terms; but, as I said, this may be a result of the cross-fertilisation going the other way about.

However, there is a whole area of literature which cannot be adequately covered by critics like Ernest Jones or Edmund Wilson, and which, as a result, does not bulk largely in modern criticism. It is that area which we have been examining: that of social behaviour. We cannot always live life at the pitch of high *C*: we cannot always be in bed with our loved one or suffering the pangs of conscience solo in a prison of our own construction. A far wider realm is the social intercourse of man.

Modern criticism has been so much influenced by psychology that it is possible we do not know how foreshortened our vision is. Granted that Freudian critics have been able to isolate and analyse a central character to show all kinds of unconscious drives and motivations, they have some difficulty in describing what he does when in company. This is why Edmund Wilson came badly unstuck in trying to sort out Henry James: he put bogies into the heroine of *The Turn of the Screw* and so became badly puzzled by the plot. We cannot know what he would have done with *What Maisie Knew* or *Washington Square*, but the evidence of his other work is that he would have concentrated on the marginalia. Fine critics though Freud, Jones, and Wilson are, they have no techniques for describing, say, behaviour at a party; or casual conversation; or sophisticated upstaging. The importance of Eric Berne to literary criticism is that he has put instruments into our hands suitable for analysing those games of deception and self-deception played by two, three, four or even more actors: the psychology of relationships. So that it is likely the great social novels in the language will come much more into central orbit: *Our Mutual Friend, Vanity Fair, Coningsby, The Bostonians, Belchamber,* even *Studs Lonigan.*

That is the importance of Dr Berne to literary criticism. What of the importance of literary criticism to Dr Berne? Well, it is possible to say that in such novels as the ones I have just mentioned, as well as those I have already discussed, we see human behaviour at its richest and most complex, and observed by highly qualified analysts. So much mating and cross-fertilisation has already taken place between the two great perceptual studies of literature and psychology that it is possible a sphere of operations may transpire in which they could meet and conjoin as one.

The Match Girl

Nearby the Opera in the snow
Where minks and stoats and fitches go
Big as behemoths, to and fro,

The little match girl lights her hair.
The dead quicken. The quick stare.

Later Salomé serves her thing,
Cordon Bleu of the Horseshoe ring,
Triumph *au jus*, all glistering,

And yet she is upstaged. They go
Haunted by embers in the snow.

Jean Pedrick

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

"Bankrupt" Experiment?

I ENJOYED Gordon Rattray Taylor's account of the exciting new developments in brain physiology (ENCOUNTER, February) and I cannot blame him if he feels that, by comparison, psychology does not have much to show for itself. But it was naughty of him to cite, as an example of the "intellectual bankruptcy" of "many current experiments" (footnote 11) one which was published in 1924! The experiment which he there describes in which subjects were photographed watching rats being decapitated, looking at pornographic pictures or at photographs of skin diseases etc. is that of C. Landis (see "Studies of Emotional Reactions: General Behaviour and Facial Expressions", *J. Comp. Psych.* vol. 4, 1924, pp. 447-501).

This experiment has rightly been criticised before on the grounds of cruelty to animals (the students were commanded to decapitate the rats themselves!) and I very much doubt whether such an experiment would anywhere be permitted at the present time, certainly not in this country. But it had a serious purpose.

The point is that previous studies on the recognition of facial expressions had relied on *posed* photographs; Landis wanted to have the real thing. What he then found was that even though there could be no doubt that his subjects were genuinely affected by these experiences it was not possible for outside judges to tell at all accurately from the photographs alone the nature of the experience in question. This may not amount to an epoch-making contribution to science but it hardly deserves to be stigmatised as the product of intellectual bankruptcy.

Department of Psychology,
University of Edinburgh JOHN BELOFF

An Oxford Provocation

THOUGH DR TAMIE WATTERS hopes not to be charged with redeeming Rhoda Broughton at the expense of Mark Pattison, her article in your April issue seemed to me notable for the mist of anti-Pattison bias which obscured even from her eyes the implications of the facts she presented.

The remark "for one dedicated to the increase of knowledge he [Pattison] published surprisingly little" is gratuitous. Pattison's commitment to the increase of knowledge was personal, and he writes at the beginning of his *Memoirs:* "If there is anything of interest in my story, it is a story of mental development". Perhaps if more of us filled our own buckets instead of sprinkling others with a little learning, scholarship might be better served.

Be that as it may, and accepting the fact that dry, old Pattison was disliked by many at Oxford, Dr Watters documents *(a)* that he managed to find himself a wife twenty-seven years younger than he *(b)* that he had sympathetic nieces at hand as well as a bevy of young female disciples ready to minister to his needs and *(c)* that his relationship with a girl 40 years his junior was not platonic. Clearly, some parts of the dry, old boy were still charismatic.

Furthermore Dr Watters' narrative gives evidence that Rhoda, also 27 years younger than he, fell under Pattison's spell. After stating that between 1878 and 1880 Pattison "prized" Rhoda's company above others, Dr Watters follows with a paragraph which details Pattison's alternating appointments with Meta and Rhoda, and this in turn is followed by the statement "he committed himself wholly to Meta" . . . . No wonder that "Rhoda viewed the presumptuous young woman's sway over her good friend with apprehension"!

As for Mrs Pattison, Dr Watters writes benignly that "she harboured tender feelings for a younger man who became her second husband"; and conjectures whether Rhoda knew of this attachment. In point of fact C. W. Dilke and Mrs Pattison began corresponding in 1875 (they had known each other earlier), and by 1879 when Rhoda and Meta were on the Oxford scene, the two were sometimes exchanging daily letters. It should be noted that in 1875 Mrs Pattison's arthritis necessitated not only visits to the south of France, but tying her hands to her sides so that she could not even turn the pages of a book. She continued to suffer from arthritis the rest of her life, but whether it necessitated such stringent measures after she married Dilke is unknown.

Moreover, while Dr Watters footnotes Meta's letter to Pattison of 12 May 1882 in which the girl writes of preparing their correspondence for posterity, less than a week earlier, on 6 May 1882, it was Dilke who greeted Mrs Pattison in London on her return from France. Dilke also knew Rhoda and described her as "a very ignorant, very honest, good-hearted sort of woman with a loud, abrupt, country-family sort of manner"; and he had also, in 1879, met the very same Miss Laffan (Pattison's "young protégée" to quote Dr Watters) sent as an emissary to Rhoda. Of her Dilke wrote to Mrs Pattison, "she is great fun, but she looks immodest . . . ."

So the Broughton-Pattison situation was more of a mess than meets the eye. As to where to put your sympathies? You do your homework and "you takes your choice."

ESTELLE GILSON

New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fairlie's "Left at the Post"

HENRY FAIRLIE'S ARTICLE ("Left at the Post", ENCOUNTER, May) must be welcomed by those of us in this country also who are engaged in trying to minimise the effect on the innocent and gullible young of the maunderings of our own "plastic hippies", the inanities of our own unprincipled media-men, equally "unable or unwilling to differentiate." The peaks of their lunacy, like Hans Keller's use of the word "genius", without any qualification, to describe George Best, or Tony Palmer's incomprehensible statement that the Beatles are the greatest song-writers since Schubert, are so obviously mad that they cannot do much harm to anyone who has even heard of Schubert; but their implications are appalling. *Trahison des clercs* is an overworked phrase, but it still best describes the sin of men like these.

It seems a pity, then, that Fairlie, who advocates as an antidote to this lack of differentiation "unsparing critical attention to detail, and a constant questioning of the association of every image," should not have checked that the Stations of the Cross are fourteen—the Last Words from the Cross are seven—and that, though Clem Attlee may well have said the bit about the devil and the best tunes, even he would have hesitated to claim it as his own.

THOMAS A. QUINN

Dunbartonshire,
Scotland

Khrushchev & the Experts

Brumberg's "Crystal Ball"—By TIBOR SZAMUELY

MR ABRAHAM BRUMBERG ["Khrushchev & the Experts", ENCOUNTER May] has constructed an ingenious explanation for the provenance of the Khrushchev "memoirs"—one that is also considerably more fantastic than any of the theories he sets out to criticise. In the course of this exercise, I am afraid, Mr Brumberg (1) commits gross factual errors, (2) takes substantial liberties with the texts of the reviewers he attacks, including my own, and (3) repeatedly contradicts himself.

According to Mr Brumberg's theory, "the hard core (if not the bulk) of *Khrushchev Remembers*" was supplied to *Time* Inc. by a Khrushchev supporter "motivated by a desire to clear Khrushchev's name in the eyes of the world". The transaction was eventually discovered and terminated by the KGB. This, says Mr Brumberg, would explain the absence of material reflecting favourably on Khrushchev and damagingly on his successors—or perhaps, muses Mr Brumberg, Khrushchev is reluctant to touch upon such matters even in the privacy of his home. Perhaps he is—only in that case how did the unknown Khrushchev admirer hope to clear his name? Mr Brumberg has no time for this interesting problem: he hurries on to Victor Louis.

Mr Brumberg can never make up his mind about Victor Louis. At first he "quite agrees" with my description of Louis as a man who has in recent years carried out a number of delicate jobs in the field of misinformation on behalf of the Soviet authorities. He even agrees that Mr Louis was involved "at least at one time" (which time?) as an intermediary between *Time* Inc. and the KGB. And then Mr Brumberg delivers a powerful blow at my explanation: the fact of Mr Louis's involvement, he declares, is no proof "of KGB authorship". A typical instance of Mr Brumberg's fallacious arguments: in my article I made it quite clear that I did *not* ascribe the book's authorship to the KGB. Why rebut statements I have never made?

Yet Victor Louis's role as an intermediary is too well established, so Mr Brumberg suddenly brings Louis into his own "scenario". After the mysterious Source *X* had dried up, he explains, Mr Louis "got into the act" as supplier of additional material. Since there was only one place where Louis could have been given the stuff, Mr Brumberg's story so far sounds merely like a more colourful version of the "KGB theory" he is at such pains to discredit. However, Mr Brumberg—out to be original at all costs—adds a bizarre twist to the ending. Unlike plodders like Mr Robert Conquest, Professor Leonard Schapiro or myself, all of whom, as Mr Brumberg indulgently states, argue either from the evidence or from plausibility, he himself relies solely on the powers of his imagination. And a most vivid imagination it is: having discovered that the material at their disposal was rather scanty, the *Time* Inc. publishers decide to "beef it up" and hire, in strictest secrecy, a group of Russian émigrés to forge a text which they then palm off on the unsuspecting public and dozens of publishers in other lands.

THE FORGERS ARE CRAFTY—but not too crafty for Mr Brumberg, who detects them grinding a political axe: they attribute to Khrushchev a statement about the Nazi collaborator General Vlasov "which had been lifted out bodily from a biography published by his followers in Frankfurt in 1948!" I do wish Mr Brumberg would stick to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his fantasies: whenever he gets down to mundane facts he makes such a hash of things. The nonsensical account of Vlasov's career in *Khrushchev Remembers* most certainly was not taken out of Vlasov's many times reprinted official biography. It contains glaring howlers (*e.g.* Vlasov having been in command of the Moscow counter-offensive, or escaping a second time from German encirclement in the Valdai sector—where in fact he was captured) which none of his "followers" could have perpetrated (I am unfamiliar with the Frankfurt publication cited by Mr Brumberg).

Incidentally, while the forgers were about it, why couldn't they have cooked up something spicy—or at least "added bits and pieces from published sources"—about Khrushchev's successors, thus adding verisimilitude to the book? Surely they did not suffer from the same inhibitions as poor old Khrushchev (according to Mr Brumberg).

THE FUNNY THING IS that Mr Brumberg raises his hands in horror at my imputation of less than snow-white purity to *Time* Inc. My "rather startling assertion" that *Time* Inc. had knowingly bought the material from the Soviet authorities, exclaims Mr Brumberg, "admits of one of two possibilities": either "they are abysmally innocent" or "they are unscrupulous cynics". "Mr Szamuely", he concludes accusingly, "does not choose to spell out these conclusions, but I don't see how he can escape them. I find it difficult to accept either one or the other". What *I* find difficult is to understand why Mr Brumberg regards deliberate fraud and a cold-blooded confidence trick—for that is what he describes—as less reprehensible than either innocence or cynicism.

Not that Mr Brumberg is unkind to me. On the contrary, he makes a number of flattering references. The trouble is that even there he manages to get everything wrong. For instance: "The book, as Mr Szamuely demonstrated in devastating fashion . . . contains a staggering number of errors (even including the misplacing of Mr K's own birthplace!)". Now, in my *Spectator* article I devote a whole paragraph to what I call "the mistake that never was": the misplacing of Khrushchev's birthplace, the one error that Khrushchev did *not* commit, but of which he was accused by several other reviewers (it was inserted by *The Times*, for reasons unknown). Mr Brumberg's compliments are infinitely more damaging to one's reputation than his attacks.

To refute my argument that the KGB, before handing over the material to *Time* Inc., excised from it anything embarrassing to the present Soviet leadership, Mr Brumberg declares: "*Khrushchev Remembers* contains an overwhelming amount of material (however apocryphal) that should cause no end of embarrassment to the men in the Kremlin". What a pity that in his long review he could find no space to mention just a few such embarrassing passages.

ONE FINAL POINT. Mr Brumberg rightly singles out as one of my chief pieces of evidence for the KGB being the source of the Khrushchev "memoirs" the admission by Mr Louis Heren, Deputy Editor of *The Times*, "that the 'complete manuscript' was in the possession of the KGB, 'which for its own reasons decided to sell excerpts in the West' ". Mr Brumberg chuckles and swiftly moves in to demolish me: "Now had Mr Heren *actually* made this disclosure, it would have surely obviated any further discussion on the provenance of *Khrushchev Remembers*. Think of it—straight from the horse's mouth! Alas, he didn't *exactly* say that (*The Times*, Nov. 20, 1970): it was all, Mr Heren allowed, a 'surmise'."

But alas for Mr Brumberg: I was quoting *The Times* of November 17, not of November 20. And this is what Mr Heren wrote: "The complete manuscript has not been made available in the west. There is reason to believe that it is in the possession of the KGB, the Soviet secret police, which for its own reasons decided to sell excerpts in the west". Exactly as I had quoted. As for Mr Brumberg's version, the only time the word "surmise" appears in either of Mr Heren's two statements is in connection with speculation about "progressive" and "conservative" forces in the KGB.

I feel sorry for Mr Brumberg: by his slipshod methods he has placed himself in a position where he has no choice but to accept that Mr Heren *did* actually make the statement to which I referred, and that, in his own words, "this has surely obviated any further discussion on the provenance of *Khrushchev Remembers*"—including, by the same token, his own article.

Tokyo Tally

MAY I make a few comments, mostly on the articles concerning Japan in your February number?

1. D. J. Enright speaks of Mishima's suicide as though, after failing to set off a coup, Mishima chose it as the only thing left to do. All other accounts contradict this. It seems far more likely that Mishima intended to kill himself from the very beginning. His suicide was a way of remonstrance, in the view of some. In any case, it should be self-evident that in order to perform *seppuku* very careful advance preparations are necessary. It is not something one can elect to do on the spur of the moment. This of course still leaves the possibility that Mishima might have planned to kill himself only if his appeal for a coup failed. But the accounts I have read here suggest that he did not expect a coup to be the result of his speech, and planned from the beginning to end his "invasion" of the Self-Defence Force headquarters with his own death.

2. Christopher Driver, in his "Emperor's Tea Water" quotes (on p. 84) the word "*kizi*". Any normal English reader without a knowledge of the different systems by which Japanese can be written in romanisation would pronounce the "*z*" like the "*z*" in "Zazi" (*dans le métro*) or

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London

REMARKING *that "we have had to wait an unconscionable time for any collection of correspondence by Walter Pater," a* Tribune *review of such a collection, made by an American scholar, says disappointedly that "many of these epistles are little more than bread-and-butter literary 'thank-yous' in return for books often wished upon him."*

Oddly enough, I myself [Peter Simple writes] came upon an example of Pateriana of this kind in the library at Simpleham the other day —a bread-and-butter literary "thank-you" to my grandfather, not for an unwanted book but for a pleasant weekend in the country.

"Dear Simp," it began, "just a line to say what a ring-a-ding old bang-up we had down at your pad—the grub was spot-on, the booze fantastic and my guts are still aching! I'm sorry about your carpet, but mixing brown ale and Tokay always makes me come over a bit queer.

"All the same, I wish I hadn't put the boot into that Ming vase and I hope your butler's bad leg is better. I hope the fag-burns on the Sheraton don't show up too chronic, either.

"Well, must finish now. Regards to the Missus and kids—and keep that hard, gem-like flame burning, you old scrounger!

Yours, Wal."

If any student of Pater is interested, I am of course, prepared to make this document available.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

SORRY, SIR! In the magazine last week, in an article about an exhibition of enamelled art, we inadvertently referred to "Sir Charles Clore" and we now offer Mr Clore sincerest apologies.

SUNDAY TIMES

Cambridge

ACADEMIC STANDARDS: *Your correspondent, Mr R. Skidelsky, tells us that students "are no longer prepared to tolerate the exclusion from Arts courses of readings and points of view that fall outside the hitherto accepted liberal consensus. . . . Today students are starting to be aware of a sizable Shadow Cabinet of thinkers . . . who have been systematically displaced from university courses by second-hand and often second-rate purveyors of the conventional wisdom. They are no longer prepared to put up with this shoddy intellectual diet, and they are quite right too."*

I hope [J. P. Stern writes] you will allow me to correct these wholly unsubstantiated and demogogic innuendoes. Who exactly are those "thinkers" whom teachers in the Arts conspire to neglect? In the Department in which I teach [at St. John's College, Cambridge] "courses of readings", lectures and seminars are offered on every major German literary figure of the last two hundred years, and on some aspects of the writings of most German philosophers and social thinkers of that period. The latter list, to allay Mr Skidelsky's predictable suspicions, includes the names of Leibnitz, Kant and Hegel; Marx and Nietzsche; Georg Lukács and Alfred Rosenberg; Oswald Spengler and T. W. Adorno; Max Weber and Professor H. Marcuse. It is the inclusions (some of us would argue) that need justifying, not the omissions. And I have every reason to think that the situation is not very different in other universities.

Whether what we offer is "shoddy intellectual diet" or whether our discussions reach the exacting standard of Mr Skidelsky's own seminar in the United States, I don't know. My own experience of American graduate students (in recent years admittedly limited to the time they could spare from more serious pursuits) makes me think that their standard compares well with our best undergraduate courses. At all events, I can assure Mr Skidelsky that we are doing our dim liberal best.

THE TIMES

Hong Kong

"MAO-MADE-EASY" *courses have blossomed in southwest China after the discovery that a person needs to know only one-third as many Chinese characters to understand the "Thoughts of Mao Tse-tung" as to read newspapers and magazines.*

Chairman Mao's "brilliant teachings" now are within the reach of the simplest workers and peasants, thanks to Teng Chi-ming, a miner in Yunnan Province.

Noticing that many illiterates were incapable of studying the little red book, Mr Teng put down his pick and shovel and began counting. He calculated that a person needed to know 2,500 to 3,000 Chinese characters to read newspapers and magazines.

But the Mao book is much simpler. Mr Teng found that 92.6 percent of the words in Chairman Mao's most-read works are written with only 600 different characters. Another 400 less frequently used characters made a total of 1,000, which accounted for 97.4 percent of the words in Chairman Mao's writings.

INTERNATIONAL HERALD-TRIBUNE

Detroit

TROUBLE: Pontiac has changed the name of its new compact car to Ventura II from Cirrus. Several Jewish car dealers had complained that Cirrus sounded too much like the Yiddish word "Tzores," which means trouble.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"zebra". But this would be wrong. It is pronounced as the "*j*" in "jumper" (though slightly softer). The system of romanisation being used is the one the Diet Library uses on its catalogue cards and that some American schools use in teaching Japanese in the first year. But I have never seen it used anywhere else. The more common system is that which would spell the word "kiji." This system would save those of your readers who might wish to read the poem aloud (are there such?) from mispronunciations. The poet says, by the way, that he longs for his parents when he hears the pheasant's cry, not that he remembers them.

Lower down on the same page, Driver says that a friend of his was offered a satsuma in Kagoshima. Kagoshima, in pre-1868 Japan, was part of the Satsuma feudal domain. Its sweet potatoes were (and still are) called *satsuma-imo*. *Imo* means "potato". *Satsuma-imo*, therefore, means "potatoes from Satsuma" literally, but has come to mean "sweet potatoes", even if they're from Georgia. So why didn't he just say he was handed a sweet potato?

Ochanomisu (p. 88) is incorrect. The name is *Ochanomizu*. And I would be inclined to write it as *Ocha-no-mizu* or *Ocha no mizu*. "Ocha" means tea; "*no*" is the possessive particle, equivalent to the apostrophe *s;* and "*mizu*" means water. The subway station is named after the area on which it stands, which is right next to the moat that encloses what used to be the Shógun's castle. If it means anyone's tea water, it means the Shógun's, not the Emperor's.

Except for the above, I enjoyed the article; and I'm glad to see something giving Oë, and John Nathan (who I agree is a superb translator), a boost. I couldn't agree more that it is a scandal so little Japanese literature is translated into Western languages in comparison to what is translated from Western languages into Japanese.

After these remarks, may I say that I found this issue endlessly fascinating—especially, the story by Jhabvala, Bradbury on Writers Today, the delightful visit to Lévi-Strauss.

One question: Arnaldo Momigliano in the article on Eduard Fraenkel says, "Readiness for suicide has been a steadying feature of Jewish life at least in recent periods (but the roots go deep into the centuries)." Could he please explain? One is very curious. . . .

JANINE BEICHMAN YAMAMOTO

Hongo Palace,
Tokyo, Japan

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXVI

THE INDEX to Volume XXXVI (January-June 1971) is now available and will be sent, free of charge, on application to ENCOUNTER, 59 St. Martin's Lane, London W.C.2. Standing orders for future indexes can also be accepted.

Readers who have already applied to be put on the standing order list need not apply again, as they will receive the new index automatically.

AUTHORS

Walter Laqueur is the Director of the Institute of Contemporary History in London and co-editor of the *Journal of Contemporary History*. He is visiting Professor of History at the University of Tel Aviv. Among his books are three studies of the Middle East and an analysis of Russian-German relations, a history of the German Youth Movement, and a history of Europe since 1945. His latest book is the semi-autobiographical *Out of the Ruins of Europe*, just published by The Library Press in New York (later this year by André Deutsch, London). . . .

Henry Fairlie is the author of *The Life of Politics* (1968) and a regular contributor to ENCOUNTER. Among his recent articles are "The Lives of Politicians" (July 1967), "Martin Luther King" (June 1968), "The Senator & World Power" (May 1968), "Walter Bagehot" (March 1971) and "Left at the Post" (May 1971). He is at present living in Washington, D.C. . . .

Edward Lucie-Smith (born 1933 in Kingston, Jamaica) was educated in England. He has written art criticism for *The Listener*, the *New Statesman*, *The Times* and the *Sunday Times*, and used to be a regular member of the BBC Critics. His most recent books are *Movements in Art Since 1945* (Thames and Hudson) and *Art in Britain 1969–70* (Dent); he is currently working on a history of culture in Britain since the war . . . .

Douglas Dunn has until recently been working in Hull University Library; he is now a freelance writer. His book of poems, *Terry Street* (a Poetry Book Society Choice), was published by Faber . . . .

Derwent May has been literary editor of *The Listener* since 1965. He is the author of two novels, *The Professionals* and *Dear Parson* (both published by Chatto & Windus). His short story, "Crossword with a Kitten," appeared in the January issue . . . .

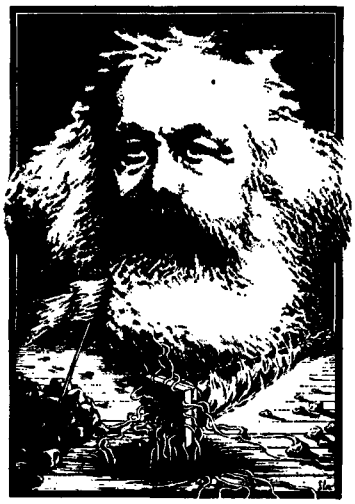
ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd. (59 St. Martin's Lane, London W.C.2).

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jaroslav Bradac's drawings for Encounter (1970)

Paradise Now (November)



Marx (November)

Pasternak (July)

Lenin (December)

Koestler (May)

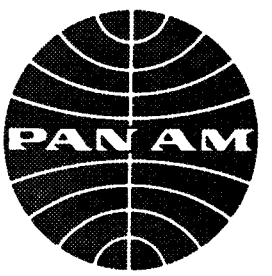
London (October)

Wilde (September)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's all a question of experience.
You've either got it or you haven't.
And Pan Am have got it.

We've just carried
our 2,000,000th 747 passenger!



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED